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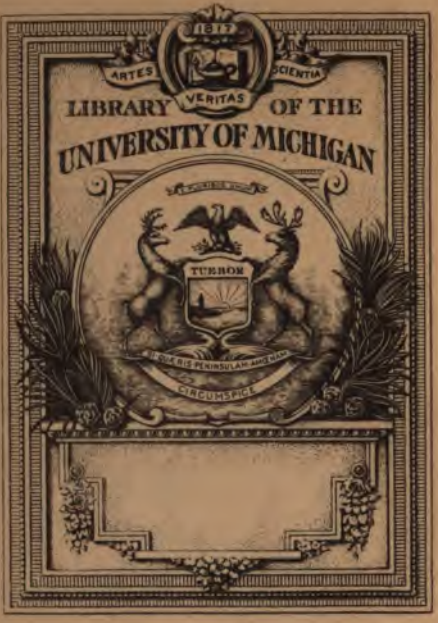
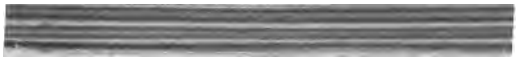


THE GIFT OF

Albert Greene

John Dickinson

1786



ROWE.
From a Bust in Westminster Abbey.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, E. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, L. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

ROWE

AND

ICKELL.

POEMS

BY

MR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in tranſlating theſe Verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of turn in Engliſh poetry to ſo dry a ſubject. The ſenſe of the Author is, I hope, no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome places to be ſome additions in the Engliſh verſes to the Greek text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained ſenſe of the Author's ſhort precept. I have in ſome few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict compariſon will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greateſt this, and firſt of laws, obey:
Perform thy vows, obſerve thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy juſt regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the ſtars preferr'd,
To light and endleſs life, their virtue's ſure reward.
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wife, to every pious ſhade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred ſhow:
For what concerns the reſt of human kind,
Chooſe out the man to virtue beſt inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy boſom bind.
Poſſeſt of ſuch a friend, preſerve him ſtill;
Nor thwart his counſels with thy ſtubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgive;
For ſtrong neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itſelf unknown before, t' exert.
By uſe thy ſtronger appetites aſſwage,
Thy gluttony, thy ſloth, thy luſt, thy rage:
From each diſhoneſt act of ſhame forbear;
Of others, and thyſelf, alike beware.

Let reverence of thyſelf thy thoughts controi,
And guard the ſacred temple of thy ſoul.
Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide,
And reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy paſt life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill moſt juſtly be repaid.
For wealth, the periſhing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to paſs;
Revolve the getter's joy and loſer's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'ſt, from wiſdom ſeek relief,
And let her healing hand aſſwage thy grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cauſe ſoever multiplies thy pains,
Let not thoſe pains as ills be underſtood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reaſoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy reſolution ſwerve;
The dazzling pomp of words *does oft* deceive,
And ſweet *perſuaſion wins the eaſy* to believe.

When fools and lyars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and firſt, thyſelf concern;
Let not example, let no ſoothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's ſong,
To do thy ſoul's immortal eſſence wrong,
Of good and ill by words or deeds expreſt,
Chooſe for thyſelf, and always chooſe the beſt.
Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy taſk before begun,
Leſt folly ſhould the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs labours with diſgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
Act without thought, and thoughtleſs words they waſte.
But thou, in all thou doſt, with early cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a fate like theirs;
That ſorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor ſharp repentance make thee wiſe too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever ſhall increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but ſhare
A juſt proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all ſupply'd.

Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair;
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits chear.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong,
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte.
Yet flying theſe, be watchful, leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I trangreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what-e'er from firſt to laſt,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has paſt.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.
These thoughts, and chiefly theſe thy mind ſhould move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred lore
Firſt to mankind explain'd the myſtic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy prayers aſcend,
And to thy gods thy labours firſt commend:
From them implore ſucceſs, and hope a proſperous end.
So ſhall thy abler mind be taught to ſoar,
And wiſdom in her ſecret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So ſhalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How univerſal Nature is the ſame;
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched man, thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborn cauſe of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happineſs they dwell.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid, to their own ſad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in every boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And every yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Would'ſt thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the Dæmon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celeſtial eſſence part.
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd.
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from every pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul;
So rightly judge; thy reaſon ſo maintain;
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death *ſecurely ſhalt thou* brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM

ON

THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coaſt,
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
Vouchſafe the Muſe's humbler joy to hear;
For ſacred numbers ſhall be ſtill thy care;
Though mean the verſe, though lowly be the ſtrain,
Though leaſt regarded be the Muſe, of all the tuneful train,
Yet riſe, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Aſſert th' inſpiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verſe; to heaven belong
The counſels of the wiſe, and battles of the ſtrong.
To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her juſtice wretches to redreſs,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;

Thence is her power, her ſceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the ſtubborn, and repreſs the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to aſſwage,
To heal their breaches, and to ſooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which preſides
In each deſign, and every action guides;
Thence is ſhe taught her ſhining court to grace,
And fix the worthieſt in the worthieſt place,
To truſt at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And ſend victorious Churchill forth to war.
Ariſe, ye nations reſcued by her ſword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Ariſe, and join the heroine to bleſs,
Behold ſhe ſends to ſave you from diſtreſs;
Rich is the royal bounty ſhe beſtows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and ſafety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, diſdain
To wear inſlav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For ſee! the Britiſh genius comes, to chear
Thy fainting ſons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their ſouls ſhe warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land! the foremoſt once in fame,
Once lifting to the ſtars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms ſevere,
The weſtern kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conſcious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy firſt renown?
How art thou ſunk among the nations now!
How haſt thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they ſtood,
And doubly dy'd their croſs in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And thoſe who fought for freedom, ſigh'd for love.
Like one, thoſe ſacred flames united live,
At once they languiſh, and once revive;
Alike they ſhun the coward and the ſlave,
But bleſs the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verſe untrue;
Though we diſdain that man ſhould man ſubdue,
Yet all the free-born race are ſlaves alike to you.
Yet, once again that glory to reſtore,
The Britons ſeek the Celtiberian ſhore.
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowſy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Auſtria, waves his ſhining ſword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a ſure ſucceſs;
Then leaps exulting on the hoſtile ſtrand,
And thinks the deſtin'd ſceptre in his hand.
Nor fate denies, what firſt his wiſhes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juſter claim,

With

With the firſt laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath beſtows.
But ſoon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his hoſt, then ſcorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler ſpoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breaſts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawleſs love, not vengeance, nor deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, ſtriving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel ſtrife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs ſuſpended conqueſt hung;
Till, forc'd at length, diſdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the Britiſh valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conſcious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to ſhare,
Above diſt-reſs, unconquer'd by deſpair,
Still to defend the town, and animate the war.

But

But lo! when every better hope was paſt,
When every day of danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far on the diſtant ocean, they ſurvey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy deſcry,
Upon the chief's tall top-maſts waving high,
The Britiſh croſs and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of eccſtaſy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle through the ſpacious ſkies;
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the ſhores, repel the ſound,
Ring with the deafening ſhock, and thunder all around.
Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's ſiege diſtreſs'd,
Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Aſcanius, then in arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and every other want ſupply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd;
Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.

But oh! what verſe, what numbers, ſhall reveal
Thoſe pangs of rage and grief the vanquiſh'd feel!
Who ſhall retreating Philip's ſhame impart,
And tell the anguiſh of his labouring heart!
What paint, what ſpeaking pencil, ſhall expreſs
The blended paſſions ſtriving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorſe,
With thoughts of glory paſt, the loſer's greateſt curſe.

Fatal

Fatal ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain.
All hail! ye ſofter, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſt with learned eaſe;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, Goddeſs Muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, ſafe, no pleaſures, there no pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns, but what thy groves beſtow.
Me, nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
Nor wiſhing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Fall by their ſacred hill, and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune ſeems to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate,

From

From hence!---But oh! too ſoon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate;
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame, the noble ſtrife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But fought in the cold ſhade, and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſted eaſe and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference
Turn'd to their reſt, and left the world to chance.
So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of ſleep in ſhades below;
Nodding and ſlow, his drowſy head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred meſſage heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And ſunk to his firſt ſloth and indolence again.

But oh, my Muſe! th' ungrateful toil forſake,
Some taſk more pleaſing to thy numbers take,
Nor chooſe in melancholy ſtrains to tell
Each harder chance the juſter cauſe befel.
Or rather turn, auſpicious turn thy flight,
Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
Where higheſt deeds the poet's breaſt inſpire
With rage divine, and fan the ſacred fire.

See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wondering eyes,
And ſhock my labouring ſoul with vaſt ſurprize;
At once the wide extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar aſcends promiſcuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe.
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightening dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and inſatiate ſlaughter roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents rapid in their courſe
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſtening ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear, what *ills it ſhould* portend,
And wonder *why the watery gods contend.*

High in the midſt, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleaſing Liberty his labours chear'd;
But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The union-croſs his ſilver ſhield did bear,
And in his decent hand he ſhook a warlike ſpear.
While Victory celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his ſword with ſure ſucceſs,
Dooms him the proud oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or ſuch the * painter did the hero feign,
Where ruſhing on, and fierce, he ſeems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majeſtic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his ſide.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;

* Le Brun.

He

He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's ſide;
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy ſhade,
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what heaven had deſtin'd to deſtroy.
What vaſt reward, O Europe, ſhalt thou pay,
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed,
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wondering ſons the hero's praiſe;
To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.
O happy thou! where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main:
What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd,
When fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!

How didſt thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve,
And fixt ſucceſs where thou haſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil,
Like kings of old returning from the ſpoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare;
Lowly he kneels before the royal ſeat,
And lays its proudeſt wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for eaſe,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, ſhare.
Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds freſh luſtre to each beauteous face;
Britain preſerv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleaſure each fair boſom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's ſtore
So rich ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with graces never known before;
Fierce with tranſporting joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft feature takes a ſprightly turn;

New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheek freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war.
No rude deſtroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe,
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The chearful voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various bounties round,
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Conſenting join their happineſs to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conquering ſword.
O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greateſt William once below!
What place ſoe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright ſource of *everlaſting bliſs*,

Where-e'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with ſtars, thou tread'ſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy heaven a-while forſake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are,
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counſels, and laborious wars;
Like thee, aſpires by virtue to renown,
Fights to ſecure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himſelf, and gives away a crown.
At length thy prayer, O pious prince! is heard,
Heaven has at length in its own cauſe appear'd
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithleſs breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and juſtice, ſhall ſucceed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muſe, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the Gaul ſhall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hoſtile Britain feels;

Swift to her friends diſtreſs'd her ſuccours fly,
And diſtant wars her wealthy ſons ſupply:
From ſlow unactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languiſhing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious ſtateſmen riot in exceſs,
And lazy prieſts whole provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd ſoldier ſues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treaſure ſends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field, he ſpeeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul ſhall dear repay
The ſpoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Chear'd by the preſence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each ſoldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their creſts the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and ſoon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and ſucceſsful haſte,
O'er every barrier fortunate they paſs'd,
Which nature or the ſkilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends;

Vainly in war's myſterious rules is wiſe,
Lurks where tall woods and thickeſt coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a conqueſt from ſurprize.
Now with ſwift horſe the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he ſeems,
Secur'd by ſteepy banks and rapid ſtreams;
While river-gods in vain exhauſt their ſtore;
From plenteous urns the guſhing torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt margins to the plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the warrior's haſte in vain;
Alike they paſs the plain and cloſer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the ſwelling flood,
Unſhaken ſtill purſue the ſtedfaſt courſe,
And where they want their way, they find it or they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infeſt,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breaſt;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And ſadly thinks on loſt Bavaria's fate,
The hapleſs mark of fortune's cruel ſport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg ſupport
From the ſlow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his laſt retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient ſeat,
He ſees from far where wide deſtructions ſpread,
And fiery ſhowers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd ſtate,
And curſe the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had reſolv'd it, and he would be there;

Not

Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itſelf unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the ſun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus conſtant to his courſe ſets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is born,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly ſuccour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the ſteep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they ruſh, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions ſeem
To ſtem the rage of the reſiſtleſs ſtream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the field;
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquiſh'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their ſight,
'Tis all or conqueſt or inglorious flight;
Swift to their reſcued friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they chear,
And ſave them in the moment of deſpair.
So timely to the aid of ſinking Rome,
With active haſte did great Camillus come:
To the Capitol he forc'd his way,
From the proud Barbarians ſnatch'd his prey,
And ſav'd his country in one ſignal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis ceaſe!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Leſt heaven diſcloſe ſome yet more fatal ſcene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Leſt from thy hand thou ſee thy ſceptre torn,
And humbled in the duſt thy loſſes mourn:
Leſt urg'd at length thy own repining ſlave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Purſue thy hoary head with curſes to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY * HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with ſafety I commend
This verſe, the ſecret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I ſecurely truſt,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be juſt.
The Muſe, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance and the light would run;
Conſcious of folly, fears attending ſhame,
Fears the cenſorious world, and loſs of fame.
Some confident by chance ſhe finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verſe undo)
Whoſe fond compaſſion ſooths her in the ſin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.

Sure,

* Anne Counteſs of Winchelſea.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods beſt gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own,
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
Now could the cenſor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.
Ill-natur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bays grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verſe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.

The

The Stage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jeſt:
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come,
Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten Saints do more than ſuch a One.
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her ſway,
And all Parnaſſus her bleſs'd laws obey.

Say, from what ſacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treaſures flow, which in thy verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breaſt?
Our ſordid earth ne'er bred ſo bright a flame,
But from the ſkies, thy kindred ſkies, it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that "All is Vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verſe the leaſt vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to thoſe bleſs'd manſions reach,
And mortal Muſes may immortal teach,

In

In verſe like his, the heavenly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure, no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic ſtream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſque comes in!
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope, and falſer fears;
Each vice, each paſſion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bays 's dance, confuſedly round they run,
Stateſman, Coquet, gay Fop, and penſive Nun,
Spectres and Heroes, Huſbands and their Wives,
With Monkiſh Drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs through my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The ſullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſaferſhade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the Twin-ſtars, ſo fam'd for friends,
Who ſet by turns, and riſe;
When one to Thetis' lap deſcends,
His brother mounts the ſkies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
Theſe nymphs by turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling does prepare
The riſing to ſuſtain.

The joys of either ſex in love,
In each of them we read;
Succeſſive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Maſter Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both *tranſlated.*

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Latian Signors come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT:

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM:

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great Original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play:
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:

With

* See, The Wild-Gooſe Chace.

With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe, and will to rove,
With language, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
There 's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurprize;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhould e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy power to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you 've turn'd him off a week;
As princes when they reſty ſtates-men doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn them out.
What-e'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
As much, ev'n for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man for Marriage Rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;

Mark

Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't--let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN LIOCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for alimony ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the plaintiff ſtage, and the defendant town.
When firſt you took us from our father's houſe,
And lovingly our intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect.
Some times, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, puite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, bus'neſs, duels, and a dun.

Have

Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wits embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that 's the curſe,
They were ſo like you, that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on 't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th, 1709, at her playing in LOVE FOR LOVE with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton.

AS ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance diſaſtrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels ſoft pity urge his generous breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in mail, he ſallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.

So we, to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid Old Thomas, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd,
You ſee what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Though old, yet find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But true as ſteel he 's metal to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that 's in his power;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, though preſent praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roſcius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakeſpeare's ghoſt had ris'n to do him right.
With indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſe's labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?

But

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle claſp him round the waſte.

But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work compleat:
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buſkin * there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT.

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'ſcape my Lover made,
That Cup and Meſſage—I was ſore afraid—
Was that a Preſent for a new-made Widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was—Oh! Gad! a naſty Heart and Blood †,

* Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Segiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is ſent by the Father to his Daughter, as a preſent.

If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His Bowl ſhould have inclos'd a Cordial rather,
Something to chear me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè—or comfortable Nants * !
He thought it paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our ſex's ſeciets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
Let but the Bridegroom prudently provide
All other Matters fitting for a Bride,
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miſs the Heart, does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion Hearts of late are made in,
They are the vileſt Baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With Hearts of Oak, ſo much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to Mother-Church and State;
When their falſe Hearts were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of Soul-Inſurers,
The Tyburn Tribe of ſpeech-making Non-jurors;
Who, in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen, damn'd Double-Meaning.
Oh! would you loſt integrity reſtore
And boaſt that Faith your plain fore-fathers bore;

What

* i. e. Citron-Water and good Brandy.

What ſurer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind!
See how his Looks his honeſt Heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future Reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR.

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our ſureſt, beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muſe preſumes to mention here.

* The prince of Wales then preſent.

Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky:
While theirs-----but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the juſtice's enquiring clerk.
In cloſe back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There ſafe, he lets his thundering cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lye,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born ſtate?
Here, every hour, freſh, hateful, objects riſe,
Peace and proſperity afflict their eyes;
With anguiſh, prince and people they ſurvey,
Their juſt obedience, and his righteous ſway.
Ship off, ye ſlaves, and ſeek ſome paſſive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your Tranſalpine maſter's rule reſort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your poſſeſſions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordſhips at Urbino.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber's * Pegg inflame
The ſober earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That, careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To play-houſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

* Signora Franceſco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongſtreſs.

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At griſly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected:
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waſte, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend: for why?
My lady marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhould hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth *."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toaſt their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonſon, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt fellow living.

TONSON.

I 'm in with captain Vanburgh at the preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes, and models,
And builds dukes houſes upon very odd hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;

And

* Tonſon (Sen.) his dialect.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.

And though for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my * Bunnians at your fire;
If I to Bow-Street ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay ſailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your ſake I 'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Caſk, whoſe venerable head
With hoary down and ancient duſt o'er-ſpread,
Proclaims, that ſince the vine firſt brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the ſprightly juice thou doſt contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or ſenſeleſs noiſe and lewdneſs move,
Or ſleep, the cure of theſe and every other pain.

II. Since

* Jacob's term for his corns.

II.

Since to ſome day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou was deſign'd by fate;
This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich ſtream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And Socrates himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would ſometimes unbend
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And ſoon grew pleas d, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly power that chear'd his gloomy ſoul.

IV.

With kind conſtraint ill-nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling cynic to a friend.
The ſage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The ſwain, who did ſome credulous nymph perſuade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toaſts the abandon'd maid.

V. The

V.

The wretch who, preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
R viv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidſt his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude diſdain,
And vows to be a ſlave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendſhip do incline,
Crown this auſpicious Caſk, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away;
Ye tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the moon, and each pale ſtar,
Your beams ſhall yield to none, but his who brings the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breaſt
Late, with long eaſe and peaceful pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the wretch, that ſtill has been thy ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle ſway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful breaſts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy ſwans their gloſſy wings expand,
And ſwiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy ſlave, and fit for thy command.
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his rivals with ſucceſs,
In gold and marble ſhall thy ſtatues ſtand.

Beneath

Beneath the ſacred ſhade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouſe's gentle flood,
With odorous beams a temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy praiſe,
Till the fair ſtream, and wood, and love itſelf decays.
There while rich incenſe on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and ſwains,
In melting, ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Mix'd with the ſofter flutes, ſhall tell their flames by turns.
As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours ſhall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a bluſhing maid,
A troop of either ſex ſhall lead,
And twice the Salian meaſures round thy altar tread.
Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together riſe, together ſit:
But, goddeſs, do thou ſtay, and bleſs alone the night.
There may'ſt thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more falſe beauty ſhall my paſſion move;
Nor ſhall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the proteſting maid.
With love the ſprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my brow,
And round my chearful temples fragrant odours ſhed.
But tell me, Cynthia, ſay, bewitching fair,
What mean theſe ſighs? why ſteals this falling tear?

And when my ſtruggling thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my tongue refuſe to move;
Tell me can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and ſeas, the ſcornful maid purſue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV. IMITATED.

TO

RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq*.

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou doſt in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muſe inſpires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of ſome grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyſelf thou all thoſe rules doſt ſhow,
That good men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy maſs of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celeſtial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;

And

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

And though they did profuſely wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true uſe of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurſe wiſh for her darling boy
A happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition aſk beyond
A ſoul by wiſdom's nobleſt precepts crown'd?
To this fair ſpeech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock the ſecret treaſures of the mind,
And make the bleſſing common to mankind.
On theſe let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an eſtate as no extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.
Amidſt uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
Tumultuous ſtrife, and miſerable fears,
Prepare for all events thy conſtant breaſt,
And let each day be to thee as thy laſt.
That morning's dawn will with new pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy eyes.
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in eaſe you 'll find, ſleek, freſh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine* you 'll find
His true diſciple, and your faithful friend.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.

THE

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brighteſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt opening beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle from a neighbouring field,
With fond deſires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the *gentle flower* with ſofter arts.
Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
With pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing pair* combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning year,
One ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting grace, thou, O my Roſe! ſhalt be,
The warlike Thiſtle's *arms*, a ſure *defence to thee.*

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD *.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the wealthy and the great appear'd;
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt level of mankind,
Where nor *too little* nor *too much* gives the *true*
peace of mind.

* In his Meditationes Sacræ.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND

THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day, from every part, the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering duſt,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The reverend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all thoſe tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more ſacred friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from paſſion, and the dregs of ſenſe,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlaſting Being ſhall commence:
There, like their days, their joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No night ſhall riſe, to ſhade heaven's glorious ſun,
But one eternal holy-day go on.

COLIN'S

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?

To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy falſe-one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Though through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He 's wretched, to ſhew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin 's a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt, where he once beg'd to lie
And the ſtream, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Though ſecret yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata ſui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ſiccis Cælia fixa ſedet;
At quanquam lacrymis faſtus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Diſtorquent aliæ vultus, ſimulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè ſincera eſt Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura eſt, non perſonata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The hearts-eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid;
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee!

VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1776.

THY Guardian, bleſt Britannia, ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows, to *ſave*, is greater than *deſtroy*.

VERSES
MADE TO A SIMILE OF MR. POPE.

WHEN at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

SONG

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine;
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The ſummit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like ſervants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they ſaid,
That every thing look'd freſh and fair;
Her herds in flowery paſtures ſtray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood ſhade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneaſy grown within my breaſt,
My breath come ſhort, and in each part
Some new diſorder ſeem to ſtart,
Which pain'd me ſore and broke my reſt:

IV.

Some noxious vapour ſure, I ſaid,
From this unwholſome ſoil muſt riſe;
Some ſecret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that ſhade,
That does the powers of life ſurprize.

V. Soon

V.

Soon as the ſkilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike ſhe kills in every air,
The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS

TO LADY WARWICK ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the ſea!
Who chain loud ſtorms, and ſtill the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover ſafe again.

II.

When Albion's ſhore with chearleſs heart he left,
Penſive and ſad upon the deck he ſtood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his ſorrows in the ſwelling flood.

III. Ah,

III.

Ah, faireſt maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his juſt reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wiſhes join,
That thou at length may'ſt pay him for his pain.

IV.

And ſince his love does thine alone purſue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And ſhun thy ſex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and ſtate,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre ſhall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit ſhall ſpeak thy beauty's praiſe;
When harmony ſhall thy ſoft ſoul ſurprize,
Sooth all thy ſenſes, and thy paſſions raiſe:

VII.

Amidſt whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight ſincere,
Till thy own trueſt Lycidas return.

THE

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t' other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Converſation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever ſmiling,
All the pleaſures here below,
Men can aſk, or gods beſtow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell* and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——.

I.

AS on a ſummer's day
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II. And

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

II.

And as ſhe paſſed by
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And doſt thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed?

IV.

There 's not a ſingle ſwain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

V.

Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull ſwain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI. Alas!

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear deſert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beſide?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely ruſſet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and ſo ſheen;
Or the brighteſt Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a ſilken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this ſhade,
And a ſhepherd all thy own.

SONG. AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME, IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin ſat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet ſtream, he cry'd ſadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye ſoft ſlumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care. Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy ſoft murmurs might lull her to ſleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never cloſe,
Ah willow, &c.
So the ſleep that I loſe brings my fair-one repoſe,
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loſs of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

If

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be chear'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to loſe thyſelf, haſte;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verſe is my laſt;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To ſoften every pain!
How do we catch the healing ſound,
And feel the ſoothing ſtrain!

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off every ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recalls the ſpring.

SONG,

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doted on every feature;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of ſo ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton ſymptoms of ranging;
Still I reſolv'd againſt being wife,
And lov'd you in ſpite of your changing.

SHE.

Why ſhould you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithleſs maid,
But nature's inclination.

'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new-one.

TO LORD WARWICK ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love;
The Muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning day,
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the ſoul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aſpire,
Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire:
All various praiſe, all honours, let him prove,
Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love:
With honeſt zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind.
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.

Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date.

TO LADY JANE WHARTON, ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but chearleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And oh! when yet ere many years are paſt,
Thoſe beams on other objects ſhall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero, with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw thoſe eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How ſhall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want thoſe ſuns that riſe for them no more?
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

TO MRS. PULTENEY, UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain.
One only joy which in her heart ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's diſgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious riſing year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train;
Muſe, ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.

But oh! what ſkill, what maſter hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band!
Looſe like my verſe they dance, and all without command.
Images of faireſt things,
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet proſperity,
Faith and chearful loyalty,
With ſmiling love and deathleſs poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling ſhades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,
Jealous fear, and falſe ſurmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honeſt grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the ſacred ſcyon ſprings,
See the glad promiſe of a line of kings!

Royal

Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure?
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell
His voice attempering to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth?
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe!
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace,
Still pour the bleſſings forth, and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,

Whether

Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent planets who aſcend the ſky,
On the opening year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and eaſy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine ſuſtains.
Britannia's angel, be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh ſpread thy ſacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er,
To the long expected ſhore:
Nore preſuming to withſtand
Thy celeſtial armed hand,
While his ſacred head to ſhade,
The blended croſs on high thy ſilver ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

But oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of mind, and joy ſerene,
In her ſacred eyes are ſeen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beſide her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.

A

A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence,
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, ſtanding by,
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold Deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs wild, and the bleak northern hill;
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping winds, the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, Hope, with ſmiling chear,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a choſen band!
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increaſe and chaſte connubial love;

Flora

Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch, thus, they raiſe the public voice.
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
Better ſuns for thee ariſe,
Purer breezes fan the ſkies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dreſt,
Joy abounds in every breaſt,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is bleſt.

SONG
FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II. Majeſty

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Faireſt month, in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Though the Graces ſmile beſide thee:
Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI. Though

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offspring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable ſire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inſpire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow ſo glad!

II.

Now I ſee the reaſon plain,
Now I ſee thy jolly train:
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next ſucceeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year.

III.

While from the froſty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conſcious ſire exulting ſees
The ſeaſons ſpread their rich increaſe;

So duſky night and chaos ſmil'd
On beauteous form their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliſs thou doſt ſupply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleaſures die,
Some new one ſtill is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our paſſions, like the ſeaſons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppreſs'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better viſage now ſhe wears,
And now at once ſhe quits her fears:
Strife and war no more ſhe knows,
Rebel ſons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty maſter,
In ſecurity ſhe ſits;
Plants her looſe foundations faſter,
And her ſorrows paſt forgets.

VII.

Happy iſle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining ſtill obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII. Though

VIII.

Though he parted from thy ſhore,
While conteſting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE, FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU faireſt, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring Peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs!

II.

Hoary winter ſmiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and ſeaſons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddeſs, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is bleſt;
In thee the deareſt of the purple eaſt:
'Tis thine immortal pleaſures to impart,
Mirth to inſpire, and raiſe the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful ſtring belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's ſong.

IV. Awake

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's faireſt creatures,
Can deſcribe her heavenly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you ſee her ſuch as Jove
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every ſweetly-ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures:
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offspring bleſs us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæſar and indulging Heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial Muſe, and ſay,
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſons bleſt?
Is it in Fate, that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the Eaſt?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar year!

IV. Now

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea's or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides through poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer ſing.
Not, Danube, thou whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raiſe:
In the great Mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES, FOR THE YEAR 1719.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly ſtars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;
From thy tributary ſeas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and ſeaſons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the ſkies,
Auguſta's hallow'd domes ariſe;
And there thy ample boſom pours
Her numerous ſouls and floating towers;
Whoſe terrors late to vanquiſh'd Spain were known,
And Ætna ſhook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fulleſt flags thou doſt ſuſtain,
While thy banks confine thy courſe;
Emblem of our Cæſar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

V. So

V.

So may'ſt thou ſtill, ſecur'd by diſtant wars,
Ne'er ſtain thy cryſtal with domeſtic jars:
As Cæſar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming year.

VI.

On thy ſhady margin,
Care its load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle reſt:
Britain thus diſarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall ſleep on Cæſar's breaſt.

VII.

Sweet to diſtreſs is balmy ſleep,
To ſleep auſpicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding ſheep,
To thirſt, thy ſilver ſtreams:
More ſweet than all, the praiſe
Of Cæſar's golden days:
Cæſar's praiſe is ſweeter;
Britain's pleaſure greater;
Still may Cæſar's reign excel;
Sweet the praiſe of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindeſt fate;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts beſtow;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair aſſembly broke;
The ſea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-ſpread main,
Swift to the ſafer ſhore returns again.
There o'er the ſandy margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs footſteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in ſome winding creek's ſecure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and ſhuns the noonday's heat.
Her Glaucus ſaw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the ſeas, and late receiv'd a god.
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandiſhment he ſtrove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he ſues, the more ſhe wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
Steep ſhelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodleſs ſtood;
Here, by the place ſecur'd, her ſteps ſhe ſtay'd,
And, trembling ſtill, her lover's form ſurvey'd.
His ſhape, his hue, her troubled ſenſe appall,
And dropping locks that o'er his ſhoulders fall;
She ſees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fiſh's wreathy tail below:
She ſees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god, or monſter kind.
This Glaucus ſoon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear
(His hand ſupporting on a rock lay near)
Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needleſs fear.

Nor fiſh am I, nor monſter of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excell,
Nor he whoſe breath inſpires the ſounding ſhell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myſelf but late a mortal was:
Ev'n then in ſeas, and ſeas alone, I joy'd;
The ſeas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
In meſhes now the twinkling prey I drew;
Now ſkilfully the ſlender line I threw,
And ſilent ſate the moving float to view.
Not far from ſhore, there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water ſpread:
There, nor the horned heifers browſing ſtray,
Nor ſhaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
There, nor the ſounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural ſwains their genial chaplets pull;
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the buſhy graſs:
Thither, ſure firſt of living race came I,
And ſat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My ſcaly prize, in order all diſplay'd,
By number on the greenſword there I lay'd,
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold! yet what avails a lye?
I ſaw them bite the graſs, as I ſate by;
Then ſudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
They ſpread their finns, as in their native main:
I paus'd, with wonder ſtruck, while all my prey
Left their new maſter, and regain'd the ſea.

Amaz'd, within my ſecret ſelf I ſought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
But ſure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd;
And ſtrait I pluck'd ſome neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taſte,
When ſtrong convulſions ſhook my troubled breaſt;
I felt my heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Reſtleſs I grew, and every place forſook,
And ſtill upon the ſeas I bent my look.
Farewell, for ever! farewell, land! I ſaid;
And plung'd amidſt the waves my ſinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away.
The watery parents to their ſuit agreed,
And thrice nine times a ſecret charm they read,
Then with luſtrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred ſtreams:
A hundred ſtreams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come ruſhing down.
Thus far each paſſage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
But then oblivion dark on all my ſenſes fell.
Again at length my thought reviving came,
When I no longer found myſelf the ſame;
Then firſt this ſea-green beard I felt to grow,
And theſe large honours on my ſpreading brow;
My long-deſcending locks the billows ſweep,
And my broad ſhoulders cleave the yielding deep;

My

My fiſhy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail theſe uſeleſs honours now?
What joys can immortality beſtow?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it, while fair Scylla ſcorns my love?
Thus far the god; and more he would have ſaid;
When from his preſence flew the ruthleſs maid.
Stung with repulſe, in ſuch diſdainful ſort,
He ſeeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

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THE

POEMS

OF

MR. TICKELL.

TO THE SUSPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear;
And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
Thy glaſs betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor ſhare the fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit;
From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee.
His miſs the frolic Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;
And the raſh fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quakes at thunder, and confeſs his God.
The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.

A ſauntering

A ſauntering tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With *yea* and *no* in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd each to his fields retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the ſquires;
From pert to ſtupid, ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight
Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
Fame, heaven and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.
Such hints alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend;
A debt ſo borrow'd is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame when ſhar'd with him is double fame.
So, fluſh'd with ſweets by Beauty's Queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous ſtrifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, ſo in friendſhip vie.
Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things:
Receiv'd by thee, I propheſy, my rhymes,
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall ſee,
But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee.
So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;

Through

Through the new pupil foſtering juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow.
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A P O E M,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY-SEAL, ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

" —— Sacerdos
" Fronde ſuper Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva."
VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with ſlain!
Exhauſted themes! a gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning peace in ſofter lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade:
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And Heaven and Anna bleſs Britannia's iſle.

Well ſends our queen her mitred Briſtol forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heaven by prayer,
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail.
So when great Moſes, with Jehovah's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening ſtreams to putrid gore;
Plenty and gladneſs mark'd the prieſt of God,
And ſudden almonds ſhot from Aaron's rod.
O thou, from whom theſe bounteous bleſſings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To ſtile companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the ſecond place)
From Britain's iſle, and Iſis' ſacred ſpring,
One hour, oh! liſten while the Muſes ſing.
Though miniſters of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts to learn their maſters' fate,
One hour forbear to ſpeak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected ſtands;

The

The blifsful proſpects, in my verſe diſplay'd,
May lure the ſtubborn, the deceiv'd perſuade:
Ev'n thou to peace ſhalt ſpeedier urge the way,
And more be haſten'd by this ſhort delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'er-thrown,
Now ceas'd to think the weſtern world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boaſting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks ſmoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the ſaints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and ſkulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feaſts he ſtarts, and ſeems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory paſt reflects with ſecret pain,
On mines exhauſted, and on millions ſlain.
To Britain's Queen the ſceptred ſuppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Chriſtian blood to buy,
Nor aſks for glory at a price ſo high.
At her decree, the war ſuſpended ſtands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns diſguiſe,
But gentler paſſions ſparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,

Doubt if they 're thoſe, whom dreadful to the view
In forms ſo fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whoſe dire names ten thouſand widows preſt
Their helpleſs orphans clinging to the breaſt.
In ſilent rapture each his foe ſurveys;
They vow firm friendſhip, and give mutual praiſe.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are ſecret friends;
Their generous diſcord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence diſſenſion roſe,
And aſk how ſouls ſo like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly ſhouts rebound,
And ſocial clarions mix their ſprightly ſound.
The Britiſh flags are furl'd, her troops diſband,
And ſcatter'd armies ſeek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a ſcar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to ſhare his friends' illuſtrious doom,
And in the battle find a ſoldier's tomb,
Leans on his ſpear to take his farewell view,
And ſighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with ſmiles,
O'er-pay their ſleepleſs nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant ſoldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boaſtful Spain conſpires,
When Engliſh valour Engliſh beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings deſpair
Of chiefs ſo brave, till they have nymphs ſo fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,

Hangs

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And ſmiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies;
His little liſtening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements ſings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic ſpells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to diſtant nations run,
To viſit fields, their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's ſhore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania ſhews her blaſted face.
Th' exulting Briton aſks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the loſt Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney gave the ſtone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the Houſhold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On theſe ſteep banks, near Danube's raging flood,
The Gauls thrice ſtarted back, and trembling ſtood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they ſtood not long,
But plung'd amidſt the waves, a deſperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds diſtain'd with the watery bed,
And drove the current to its diſtant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courſer on the canvas ſtands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or ſet young Ammon on the Granic ſhore;
If chance a generous ſteed the work behold,
He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold;
So, Hocſtet ſeen, tumultuous paſſions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's ſoul,
In fancy'd fights he ſees the troops engage,
And all the tempeſt of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye powers, with ſcenes leſs nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muſe delight,
Content to ſee the honours of the field
By plough-ſhares level'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er ſhatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And graſs luxuriant clothe the harmleſs mine.
Tame flocks aſcend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the baſtion, now a fruitful ground;
While ſhepherds ſleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable ſhade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blaſt his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the liſt of fame!
Who, fond of lawleſs rule, and proudly brave,
Firſt ſunk the filial ſubject to a ſlave,
His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltleſs blood the ſacred ermine ſtain'd,
Laid ſchemes for death, to ſlaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curſt ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills, that mortals bear below.

Curſt

Curſt by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's whole ſweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curſt by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curſt, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.
Oh, ſacred Briſtol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal love?
Then, mix'd with rubbiſh by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To ſhades obſcure the glittering ſword purſues
The gentle poet, and defenceleſs Muſe.
A voice like thine, alone, might then aſſwage
The warrior's fury, and control his rage;
To hear thee ſpeak, might the fierce Vandal ſtand,
And fling the brandiſh'd ſabre from his hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizly Coſſacks reign;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs eyes,
To death gray heads and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb,
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings:

And here the ore, whoſe melted maſs ſhall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear diſputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams ſhall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's ſword hang o'er the proſtrate foe;
In comely wounds ſhall bleeding worthies ſtand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dreſt,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntleſs breaſt,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's ſpoils enroll'd,
And Guiſcard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muſe, O Briſtol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre ſhould be,
The lyre for Granville, and the croſs for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and ſo monarchs praiſe.
O'er diſtant times ſuch records ſhall prevail,
When Engliſh numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling ſong the Muſe can only yield,
And ſooth her ſoldiers panting from the field.
To ſweet retirements ſee them ſafe convey'd,
And raiſe their battles in the rural ſhade.
From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muſe, and ſoftly touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to ſing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fair Britannia's iſle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;

Where

Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in ſoft alcoves,
The nobleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muſe preſage, ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite ſound.

Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The Muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wild career.
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſooth thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt.
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world, thyſelf enjoy.

Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt:
Toſt through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs thy friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan:
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.

When

Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by Anna's name;
The line and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.

Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's ſtraits to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The ſight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk, now a guiltleſs ſhore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,
And in the midſt the ſubject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, acroſs the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vaſt Coloſſus ſtood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcarce reach'd the further ſide)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counſels Dunkirk now reſtor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which ſwell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his ſovereign's frown,
And ſcorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His ſon was born the raviſh'd prey to claim,
And France ſtill trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort ſo dreadful to our Engliſh ſhore,
Our fleets ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſts more,
Whoſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul ſcarce furniſh'd out th' account,
Whoſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt towers reſtrain,
Its weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boaſt great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendſhip, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief caſt down,
Sees the new glories of the Britiſh crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
Soon may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſwage
Their ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the ſea, o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the ſkies,
Scorn'd worth to raiſe, and vice in robes chaſtiſe,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chace the brib'd judge, and huſh the wordy war,
Deny the curſt blaſphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Bleſt change! the ſoldier's late deſtroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Miſtaken zealots ſhall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our ſacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen ſhall ſmile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite iſle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;

He

He bears a tempeſt on his ſounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his deſtin'd ſtar,
To ſhed kind fate, and lucky hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne ſhall faithful nobles wait,
Theſe guard the church, and thoſe direct the ſtate.
To Briſtol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious ſon t' aſſert her cauſe,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,
With holy zeal the ſacred work begin,
To bend the ſtubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought ſhall ſtand,
To raiſe his queen, and ſave a ſinking land.
The wealthieſt glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own,
Content with hands unſoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the ſtore with undeſiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Heſperian gold,
The ſacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untaſted prey,
The ſleepleſs guardian waſted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride ſhall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt ſhall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the Muſe's friend.)
With piercing eye ſome ſearch where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darkſome maze,

Whence

Whence health from herbs; from ſeeds how groves begun,
How vital ſtreams in circling eddies run.
Some teach why round the ſun the ſpheres advance,
In the fix'd meaſures of their myſtic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by preſſing moons, o'erflow,
And ſun-born Iris paints her ſhowery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall ſport no more in arbitrary ſound,
But buſkin'd bards henceforth ſhall wiſely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's ſtage:
Till Congreve bids her ſmile, Auguſta ſtands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators ſhall their ſtrength combine
To mend our morals, and our taſte refine,
Fight virtue's cauſe, ſtand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into ſenſe.
Nor, Prior, haſt thou huſh'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre ſhall now revive her mirthful ſtrain,
New tales ſhall now be told; if right I ſee,
The ſoul of Chaucer is reſtor'd in thee.
Garth, in majeſtic numbers, to the ſtars
Shall raiſe mock heroes, and fantaſtic wars;
Like the young ſpreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with ſtrength, and riſes into fame;
With Philips ſhall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a ſecond Spenſer ſing.
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Briſtol's praiſes ſhall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for juſt thinking, and poetic laws,

To growing bards his learned aid ſhall lend,
The ſtricteſt critic, and the kindeſt friend.
Ev'n mine, a baſhful Muſe, whoſe rude eſſays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aſpire to praiſe,
Cheriſh'd by you in time may grow to fame,
And mine ſurvive with Briſtol's glorious name.
Fir'd with the views this glittering ſcene diſplays,
And ſmit with paſſion for my country's praiſe,
My artleſs reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where ſacred Iſis rolls her ancient ſtream;
In cloiſter'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preſide,
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Creſſy, yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have ſtruck the warbling ſtrings,
The ſeat of ſages, and the nurſe of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaſter, inflame
My eager breaſt to raiſe the Britiſh name,
Urge on my ſoul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the Muſe, whom Addiſon enjoy'd,
See that bold ſwan to heaven ſublimely ſoar,
Purſue at diſtance, and his ſteps adore.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

" ——— Ne fortè pudori
" Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo."

THE Opera firſt Italian maſters taught,
Inrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil ſtrong.
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And muſic borrows helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
The height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Landſkips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and laviſh fancy builds!
What art can trace the viſionary ſcenes,
The flowery groves, and everlaſting greens,
The babbling ſounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy ſhade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elyſium to one view confin'd!

No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the dome.

Ten thouſand pangs my anxious boſom tear,
When drown'd in tears I ſee th' imploring fair;
When bards leſs ſoft the moving words ſupply,
A ſeeming juſtice dooms the nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring ſwans complain);
Each verſe ſo ſwells expreſſive of her woes,
And every tear in lines ſo mournful flows;
We, ſpite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.

Let joy ſalute fair Roſamonda's ſhade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addiſon.

Accept, great monarch of the Britiſh lays,
The tribute ſong an humble ſubject pays.
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the god of verſe and light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be ſtill thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boaſt of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the ſtrings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies
Feels correſponding joys or ſorrows riſe,
And views thy Roſamond with Henry's eyes.

TO

TO THE SAME, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TOO long hath love engroſs'd Britannia's ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage:
By that alone did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thyſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.
How do our ſouls with generous pleaſure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero ſtands beneath the weight
Of all his ſufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains ſtill ſheltering by his ſide,
With conſcious virtue and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare;
'Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes, he maintains his ſtate,
Fixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.
Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our patriots ſadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great buſineſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, and ſigh for Cato's fate.

Here taught how ancient heroes roſe to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And kings and prieſts without a bluſh appear.
France boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh arms, and Britiſh wit:
No more ſhe 'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman breaſt,
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's judgement, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunſwick firſt appear'd, each honeſt heart,
Intent on verſe, diſdain'd the rules of art;
For him the ſongſters, in unmeaſur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the ſultan's head.

One

One, in old fables, and the pagan ſtrain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome druid, to foretel
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My Muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view;
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.

By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With ſecret grief his god-like ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crowds of mourners choke their ſovereign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure riſe;

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
And ſuch thy gifts, celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighbouring kings;
Mature in wiſdom, his extenſive mind
Takes in the blended intereſts of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy reſt;
Henceforth thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By rocks or ſtreams, the mounds which heaven deſign'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy hills, Pirene, riſe in vain.

But ſee! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watery proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
Ten thouſand veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's ſtores:

Behold

Behold the tributes haſtening to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.
Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound;
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding main.
As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide-ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above ſhade, now riſes to the ſight:
His woods ordain'd to viſit every ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.
The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crowded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.

For

For thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſperous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.

So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which enquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heavenly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden carrs ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain.

So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathleſs ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From eaſt to weſt burns through the ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now

* Mr. Flamſtead's houſe.

Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth conſign'd.
Her coin, while Naſſau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding time ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.
The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Albion's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK III. ODE XXV.

" Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
" Indictum ore alio : non ſecus in jugis
" Ex ſomnis ſtupet Euias
" Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
" Thracen, ac pede barbaro
" Luſtratam Rhodopen." HOR.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome call duke)
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair and viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and ſecond-ſighted.
The grizly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,
And into theſe tremendous ſpeeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I ſee!
Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!

Proud

Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home;
I ſee them dreſt in bonnets blue
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew);
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The ſhield, the piſtol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-rooſts of ſome peacefull village,
Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land ſheep,

What boots thy high-born hoſt of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popiſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Forſter's troop of raggamuffins?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal ſoul) thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight?
Doſt thou not generous Ilay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head?
Undaunted doſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and ſquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houſhold-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot—if thou hadſt any.
But ſee Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army ſhakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's ſkill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.
Is thus thy haughty promiſe paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didſt oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalſhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy ſhall command,
With Highland ſceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
-----Then down ſhall fall the king of Perth.
'Tis ſo decreed: for George ſhall reign,
And traitors be forſworn in vain.

Heaven

Heaven ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyll.
While thou, purſued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shall burn thy clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE
FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friends,
The health, ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends.
Though much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
Worſe than an exile on my native ſhore.
Companions in your maſter's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's ſide
You ſhare his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles ſwell.
Say, for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
The paſſive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
The ſtrength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From ſaints departed, or from prieſts alive?
Nor ſaints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops withſtand,
And beads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand;

Heaven

Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But ſkill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
But now, with fears and public cares poſſeſt,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my reſt.
The poſtboy on my pillow I explore,
And ſift the news of every foreign ſhore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies march from Sweden in diſguiſe;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her bleſſings, and her gold:
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to ſtrays
Croſs many a region marks the winding way;
From ſea to ſea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a meer geographer by love:
But ſtill Avignon, and the pleaſing coaſt
That holds thee baniſh'd, claims my care the moſt:
Oft on the well-known ſpot I fix my eyes,
And ſpan the diſtance that between us lies.
Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, deſpair,
Whilſt on his ſide he reckons half the fair:
In Britain's lovely iſle a ſhining throng
War in his cauſe, a thouſand beauties ſtrong.
Th' unthinking victors vainly boaſt their powers;
Be theirs the muſket, while the tongue is ours.
We reaſon with ſuch fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,

Againſt

Againſt her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt;
A crown, though late, thy ſacred brows may boaſt;
Heaven ſeems through us thy empire to decree;
Thoſe who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Haſt thou not heard that when, profuſely gay,
Our well-dreſt rivals grac'd their ſovereign's day,
We ſtubborn damſels met the public view
In lothſome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
In virgin roſes whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe poſſeſt,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt!
Leſs ſcar'd than Medway's ſtream the Norman ſtood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering ſhade?

Thoſe who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune croſt,
At leaſt more courage than thy men can boaſt:
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought ſtreet.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought,
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his eaſy chair.
Meanwhile, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint,
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows;
Nor muſt the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy ſilent grove
The pheaſant now may perch, the hare may rove:
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the ſylvan war;
Thy brinded boars may ſlumber undiſmay'd,
Or grunt ſecure beneath the cheſnut ſhade.
Inconſtant Orleans (ſtill we mourn the day
That truſted Orleans with imperial ſway,)
Far o'er the Alps our helpleſs monarch ſends,
Far from the call of his deſponding friends.

Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terrors of the Brunſwick race!
Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd!
For this did heaven diſplay to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward ſhow'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe auguries! th' inſulting victor's ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtrued on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!
To Rome then muſt the royal wanderer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.
Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his truſty vote!
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year!
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoke!

Forbid it, heaven! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
Turns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
And ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due:
To James's my paſſion and my weakneſs guide,
But reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
Though griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, ſincere.
In vain did falſehood his fair frame diſgrace;
What force had falſehood, when he ſhow'd his face!
In vain to war our boaſtful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled:
France ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town ſees fifty churches riſe:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And ſits more firmly on his ſhaken throne.
To my ſad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long proſpect of ſucceeding years.
The ſon, aſpiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his ſire: another and the ſame.
He, bleſt in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:

With

With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half ſickening at the ſight, too well I ſpy
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye;
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princeſs! happy by thy foes confeſt!
Bleſt in thy huſband! in thy children bleſt!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and unfading bloom,
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendants of thy ſacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the weſtern world ſhall ſpread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain;
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me!

Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtues ſhall ſecure thy fame:
Say theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, heaven vouchſafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve;
Say this to them; but ſwear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

"Idem
"Pacis eras mediuſque belli." HOR.

I.

FAIR daughter once of Windſor's woods!
In ſafety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boaſt and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The miniſter of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor riſing ſtorm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

II.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded ſails
Already ſwell with weſtern gales;

Already

Already Albion's coaſt retires,
And Calais multiplies her ſpires:
At length has royal Orleans preſt,
With open arms, the well-known gueſt;
Before in ſacred friendſhip join'd,
And now in counſels for mankind:

III.

Whilſt his clear ſchemes our patriot ſhows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repoſe,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleſs whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunſwick ſhall decree
What flag muſt awe the Tyrrhene ſea;
From whom the Tuſcan grape ſhall glow,
And fruitful Arethuſa flow.

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maeſe, and diſtant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy ſingle rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thouſands ſlain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrors ſleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth ſhall reign, what ſtates be free,
Is fix'd at length by Anna's juſt decree:
Whoſe brows the Muſe's ſacred wreath ſhall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, ſhall decide their fate;
Secure, when to theſe learned ſeats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whoſe whole renown
Is but the praiſe of a capricious town;
While, with mock-majeſty, and fancy'd power,
He ſtruts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature muſt he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombaſt break his heart:
In turn and ſimile reſign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We bluſh, when plays like theſe receive applauſe;
And laugh, in ſecret, at the tears we cauſe;
With honeſt ſcorn our own ſucceſs diſdain,
A worthleſs honour, and inglorious gain.
No trifling ſcenes at Oxford ſhall appear;
Well, what we bluſh to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our ſtandard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to ſing:
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till beſtow'd by you.

Great

Great Cato's ſelf the glory of the ſtage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he ſubmits his cauſe;
He reſts not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the ſenate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the ſecret, delicate the art,
To wind the paſſions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous ſoul in love with woe;
To raiſe the ſhades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the taſk! how rare the godlike rage!
None ſhould preſume to dictate for the Stage,
But ſuch as boaſt a great extenſive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd;
Who from the ancient ſtores their knowledge bring,
And taſted early of the Muſes' ſpring.
May none pretend upon her throne to ſit,
But ſuch as, ſprung from you, are born to wit:
Choſen by the mob, their lawleſs claim we ſlight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

" —— Animum pictura paſcit inani
" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum."
VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be ſunk by heaven to ſuch a diſmal ſtate!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What ſteady ſadneſs, and auguſt deſpair!
In thoſe ſunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And ſorrow ſeems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart diſdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to ſurvey God's ſubſtitute below,
In ſolemn anguiſh, and majeſtic woe.
When ſpoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his ſlaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had ſweeten'd anxious life,
His helpleſs children, and his boſom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to ſtand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was ſeen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the ſaint to mourn.—
How could'ſt thou, artiſt, then thy ſkill diſplay?
Thy ſteady hands thy ſavage heart betray:

Near

Near thy bold work the ſtunn'd ſpectators faint,
Nor ſee unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'ſt paint.
What brings to mind each various ſcene of woe,
Th' inſulting judge, the ſolemn-mocking ſhow,
The horrid ſentence, and accurſed blow.

Where then, juſt heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine ſhield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treaſon and fraud ſhall thus the ſtars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this ſad reward!
So ſad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blaſphemy.

O power ſupreme! How ſecret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace the myſtic maze,
With fooliſh wiſdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the ſpheres, and mend the ſky's deſign,
And ſound th' immenſe with his ſhort ſcanty line.
Do thou, my ſoul, the deſtin'd period wait,
When God ſhall ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal diſpenſations clear,
And make all wiſe and beautiful appear;
When ſuffering ſaints aloft in beams ſhall glow,
And proſperous traitors gnaſh their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conſcience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image ſeem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to ſtone, and warn'd him to the tomb,

While

While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the ſtorm wings his ſpotted ſoul away.
A blaſt more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er the Britiſh land.
Not that more kind, which daſh'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her cruſh'd Armada round the main;
Not thoſe more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's ſhore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race reſtore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
O Clarke, to whom a Stuart truſts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath ſworn,
Tranſmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This fight ſhall damp the raging ruffian's breaſt,
The poiſon ſpill, and half-drawn ſword arreſt;
To ſoft compaſſion ſtubborn traitors bend,
And, one deſtroy'd, a thouſand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

" Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
" Auſpicio, Diana, tuo—— GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beaſts, that range the rural chace,
The huntſman's choſen ſcenes, his friendly ſtars,
The laws and glory of the ſylvan wars,

I firſt in Britiſh verſe preſume to raiſe;
A venturous rival of the Roman praiſe.
Let me, chaſte Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and ſprightly train:
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouſe the foe, and preſs the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the taſk to join,
And grant me genius for the bold deſign.
In this ſoft ſhade, O ſooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-ſtring to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we ſing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

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Thy care be firſt the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers diſtinct the different clans excel,
In ſight, or ſwiftneſs, or ſagacious ſmell;
By wiles ungenerous ſome ſurprize the prey,
And ſome by courage win the doubtful day.
Seeſt thou the gaze-hound! how with glance ſevere
From the cloſe herd he marks the deſtin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's ſtretch diſplays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckleſs prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntleſs wolf-dogs ſhake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boaſts ſuperior ſkill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with ſcorn,
True to the maſter's voice, and learned horn.

His

His noſtrils oft, if ancient fame ſing true,
Trace the ſly felon through the tainted dew;
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the choſen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentleſs, and to death purſues.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor leſs we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reaſoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the ſcent divert the wiſer train;
For the foe's footſteps fondly ſnuff their own,
And mar the muſic with their ſenſeleſs tone;
Start at the ſtarting prey, or ruſtling wind,
And, hot at firſt, inglorious lag behind.
A ſauntering tribe! may ſuch my foes diſgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I ſing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Doſt thou in hounds aſpire to deathleſs fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient ſtem.
Each tribe with joy old ruſtic heralds trace,
And ſing the choſen worthies of their race;
How his ſire's features in the ſon were ſpy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Leſs ſure thick lips the fate of Auſtria doom,
Or eagle noſes rul'd almighty Rome.

Good ſhape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praiſe the Greek, and ſome the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.

Immenſe

Immenſe to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thouſand families of hounds:
Firſt count the ſands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough ſent to ſhades below.
The taſk be mine, to teach Britannia's ſwains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'ſt to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtraight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry ſol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide noſtrils ſnuff the ſavory ſteam,
And from his eyes he ſhoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and cheſt that daſh the morning dew:
He beſt to ſtem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the ſylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whoſe womb ſhall beſt produce
The hopes and fortune of th' illuſtrious houſe,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign ſeed,
For various nature loaths inceſtuous breed,
Is like the ſire throughout. Nor yet diſpleaſe
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer eaſe.
In Spring let looſe thy pairs. Then all things prove
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flowers.

Hence

Hence juices mount, and buds, emboldened, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight,
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
All Nature ſmiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year;
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſwift, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great ſire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
The huntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold

Bold Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courſer in his mid career:
Ah! had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the duſty field;
Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No ſport, I ween, nor blaſt of ſprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and bask before the ſun;
Near thy full table let the favourite ſtand,
Strok'd by thy ſon's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Careſs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if ſmall things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muſe's imitate,
So, ſtretch'd in ſhades, and lull'd by murmuring ſtreams,
Great Maro's breaſt receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluſe, ſerene, the muſing prophet lay,
Till thoughts, in embryo, ripening, burſt their way.

Hence bees in ſtate, and foaming courſers come,
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

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TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin purſued,
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip poſſeſt:

II.

I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fugitive ſtays;
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic below:
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal word phyſic ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond god of wiſdom, then, alter thy phraſe,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy raviſhing rays,
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for 't, the damſel will fly to thy arms.

THE

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The laviſh praiſes of the babler, Fame:
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
Reſolv'd to find ſome fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vaſſal heart, that durſt rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On thoſe dear eyes, with ſweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and ſoul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious poiſon run,
And, in a look, the haſty conqueſt won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And ſports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Raviſh'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in ſo clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright deſtruction, and a ſhining tomb.

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play ſo wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchleſs Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambroſial ſweets;
Her virgin boſom chaſter fires ſupplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom diſcloſe,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding roſe;
Eaſe in your mien, and ſweetneſs in your face,
You ſpeak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time ſhall urge theſe beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years ſhall ſteal away:
The fair, whoſe youth can boaſt the worth of age,
In age ſhall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change ſtill lovely, ſtill the ſame,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX:

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmoſt ocean lies a lovely iſle,
Where ſpring ſtill blooms, and greens for ever ſmile
Which ſees the ſun put on his firſt array,
And hears his panting ſteeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they ruſh with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious courſe;
When firſt appear the ruddy ſtreaks of light,
And glimmering beams diſpel the parting night.
In theſe ſoft ſhades, unpreſt by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy ſeat,

Far

Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whose endless round of years
Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the cryſtal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And ſlak'd by ſtreams which eaſtern ſeas convey;
Still he renews his life in theſe abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes ſhoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thouſand glories play;
High on his creſt, a ſtar celeſtial bright
Divides the darkneſs with its piercing light;
His legs are ſtain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with ſpangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the ſon;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind deſtruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new ſtrength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thouſand times the ſummer ſun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal ſigns have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the ſtately pine, that proudly grew,
The ſhade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blaſts, and ſpouting clouds o'er-ſpread,
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by ſickly rains,
And waſting age deſtroys the poor remains.

Then, as the ſilver empreſs of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and ſhut from light's ſupplies,
In lazy rounds ſcarce roll his feeble eyes,
And thoſe fleet wings, for ſtrength and ſpeed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Myſterious arts a ſecond time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the ſun's intenſeſt rays;
The pile deſign'd to form his funeral ſcene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his ſpicy heap at once become
A grave deſtructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with perſuaſive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the ſuppliant from afar,
And ſtops the progreſs of his heavenly carr.
" O thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs fires ſhall burn,
" Thy age the flame to ſecond youth ſhall turn,
" An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
" Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
" To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,

" Thy

"Thy life, thy ſtrength, thy lovely form renew,
"And with freſh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the aromatic bed
A golden beam he toſſes from his head;
Swift as deſire, the ſhining ruin flies,
And ſtraight devours the willing ſacrifice,
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile fire,
Sink into ſtrength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the ſky,
The moon and ſtars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature ſtartles at the doubtful ſight;
For, whilſt the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddeſs labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly flames,
The nobleſt product of the ſkill ſhe claims.
Th' enlivening duſt its head begins to rear,
And on the aſhes ſprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix ſtarting from the flame,
Obtains at once a ſon's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life diſplays,
In the ſhort moment of one tranſient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majeſtic pride,
The balmy neſt, where firſt he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual ſight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;

In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppreſs the air, and cloud the ſpacious ſky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged race
Obſtruct his journey through th' aethereal ſpace;
The hawk and eagle uſeleſs wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy flight of their ambroſial king.

Leſs glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the duſty field;
Though ſparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head ſurround;
Though rich embroidery paint his purple veſt,
And his ſteed bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.

Fam'd for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
A ſacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whoſe altar's conſecrated blaze
The ſeeds and relicks of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
The wafted ſmell to far Peluſium flies,
To chear old ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
With nectar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.

Theſe

Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyſelf thyſelf's ſurviving heir;
By death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruin all the world beſide;
Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging ocean burſt his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-ſpread;
When the raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the ſkies, and ſtar'd the deathleſs gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greateſt ſwain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our ſhepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his ſofter fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior grace,
And ſhe the loveliеſt of the loveliеſt race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, ſhed,
And crown the pleaſures of the genial bed:

Raiſe

Raiſe thence, their future joy, a ſmiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhower thy choiceſt gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO A LADY;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choiceſt ſtores that youthful ſummer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliſa hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt garland to the ſweeteſt maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them reſt
On the Elyſium of thy ſnowy breaſt,
And there regale the ſmell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchleſs power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips out-bluſh the opening roſe:
The lily's ſnow betrays leſs pure a light,
Loſt in thy boſom's more unſullied white;
And wreaths of jaſmine ſhed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial incenſe of thy balmy breath.
Ten thouſand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting charms decay,
The fading luſtre of one haſtening day.

This

This night ſhall ſee the gaudy wreath decline,
The roſes wither, and the lilies pine.
The garlands fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, ſhall check thy pride:
Be wiſe, my fair, the preſent hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waſte of love;
Each drooping bloom ſhall plead thy juſt excuſe,
And that which ſhew'd thy beauty, ſhew its uſe.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE:

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ;

AS Damon Chloe's painted form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting ſhade:
For Cupid taught the artiſt hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold hands the ſwelling boſom preſs;
The ſwain drinks-in deep draughts of vain deſire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inſpires, may life itſelf impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;

Claſp

Claſp, new Pygmalion, claſp the ſeeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which ſhall with fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæſar, having reſolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the ſame field. The behaviour of their ſoldiers, at their ſeeing and knowing one another, is the ſubject of the following verſes.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering ſoldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural ſtrife,
And the ſon arm'd againſt the father's life:
Curſt civil war! then conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb ſorrow all at once they ſtand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltleſs hand;
To vent ten thouſand ſtruggling paſſions move,
The ſtings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with tranſport, to the longing foe:
Here the long-loſt acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,

Youths

Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hoſts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kiſſes, broke by ſobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was ſpilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage deſign'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitleſs pain,
Beat ye thoſe breaſts? why guſh thoſe eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourſelves make great?
Bids he the trumpet ſound? the trumpet flight.
Bids he the ſtandards move? refuſe the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A ſon and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whoſe bliſsful reign
Holds this vaſt globe in one ſurrounding chain,
Whoſe laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom cloſe from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal ſpring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddeſs bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly ſtain the times.
No veil henceforth for ſin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wiſh! from blood ſhort muſt the reſpite be,
New crimes, by love inhanc'd, this night ſhall ſee:
Such is the will of fate, and ſuch the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The ſoldiers mingling chearful feaſts prepare:

On the green ſod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And haſty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one ſhews his ſcars,
One tells what chance firſt led him to the wars;
Their ſtories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle liſtens to the tale;
They own they fought, but ſwear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
A ſhort-liv'd bleſſing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreius firſt the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions ſold.
Swift with the guards, his head-ſtrong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hoſtile crew;
Cuts claſping friends aſunder with his ſword,
And ſtains with blood each hoſpitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out. 'Oh! loſt to fame!
'Oh! falſe to Pompey, and the Roman name!
'Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
'Oh! die at leaſt; 'tis all that Rome demands.
'What! will ye own, while ye can wield the ſword,
'A rebel ſtandard, and uſurping lord?
'Shall he be ſued to take you into place
'Amongſt his ſlaves, and grant you equal grace?
'What? ſhall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
'And life abhorr'd, on ſuch conditions bought!
'The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
'Too mean a prize in ſuch a dreadful ſtrife;
'But peace would lead to ſervitude and ſhame,
'A fair amuſement, and a ſpecious name.

'Never

'Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
'Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
'Ne'er had the ſteed in harneſs fought the plain,
'Or fleets encounter'd on th' unſtable main;
'Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd
'Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
'By guilty oaths the hoſtile army bound,
'Holds faſt its impious faith, and ſtands its ground;
'Are you perfidious, who eſpouſe the laws,
'And traitors only in a righteous cauſe?
'Oh ſhame! in vain through nations far and wide,
'Thou call'ſt the crowding monarchs to thy ſide,
'Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
'Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce. The ſoldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his boſom burns.
So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Leſs grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he taſtes forbidden gore,
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
He glares, he foams, he aims a deſperate bound,
And his pale maſter flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
On ſtubborn fate, or undiſcerning night,
Had not their guilt the lawleſs ſoldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breaſts are ſtabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity awhile their hands from ſlaughter kept.
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept,

But

But every blow their wavering rage aſſures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
deſcry,
But ſires by ſons, and ſons by fathers die.
Black, monſtrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
Drags his ſlain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt, that throws the only ſhame
On Pompey's cauſe, and blots the Roman name.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I firſt entered upon this tranſlation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myſelf that honour, by the unſpeakable loſs which our country hath ſuſtained in the death of that extraordinary perſon, I hope I ſhall not be blamed for preſuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatneſs of his name will juſtify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deſerved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inſcribed to his lordſhip, that will eſcape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from ſuch a dedication, that nothing, I could ſay in it, would be ſuſpected of flattery. Beſides that the world would take a pleaſure in hearing thoſe things ſaid of this great man, now he is dead, which he himſelf would have been offended at when living. But though I am ſenſible, ſo amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the publick, were I able to draw it in its full extent: I ſhould be cenſured very deſervedly, ſhould I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His conſummate knowledge in all kinds of buſineſs, his winning eloquence in public aſſemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the ſhare he had in conveying the ſupreme power to an illuſtrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are ſubjects eaſy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhauſted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of ſo generous and univerſal a patron.

He reſted not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a maſter; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inſpire: which gave riſe to many excellent writers, who have caſt a light upon the age in which he lived, and will diſtinguiſh it to poſterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been publiſhed for ſeveral years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or ſupported by his approbation, or recompenſed by hi bounty. And if the ſucceſſion of men, who excel in moſt of the refined arts, ſhould not continue; though ſome may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; thoſe, who are unacquainted with his lordſhip's character, will know more juſtly how to account for it.

The cauſe of liberty will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that moſt of thoſe, who were eminent in the ſeveral parts of polite or uſeful learning, were

were by his influence and example engaged in the ſame intereſt.

I hope therefore the publick will excuſe my ambition for thus intruding into the number of thoſe applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: eſpecially ſince I am alſo prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot ſuffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

TO THE READER.

I Muſt inform the reader, that when I began this firſt book, I had ſome thoughts of tranſlating the whole Iliad: but had the pleaſure of being diverted from that deſign, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the publick to a tranſlation of Homer's Odyſſeis, wherein I have already made ſome progreſs.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence diſcord roſe,
That brought the ſons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddeſs, ſing. Full many a hero's ghoſt
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coaſt,
While in promiſcuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feaſt for dogs, and every bird of prey.

So did the ſire of gods and men fulfil
His ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike ſon.
What god in ſtrife the princes did engage?
Apollo burning with vindictive rage
Againſt the ſcornful king, whoſe impious pride
His prieſt diſhonour'd, and his power defy'd.
Hence ſwift contagion, by the god's commands,
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian ba
For, wealth immenſe the holy Chryſes bore,
(His daughter's ranſom) to the tented ſhore:
His ſceptre ſtretching forth, the golden rod,
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relief:
'Great Atreus' ſons and warlike Greeks attend.
'So may th' immortal gods your cauſe befriend,
'So may you Priam's loſty bulwarks burn,
'And rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece return,
'As for theſe gifts my daughter you beſtow,
'And reverence due to great Apollo ſhow,
'Jove's favourite offspring. terrible in war,
'Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from afar.'
Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs riſe,
The prieſt to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the great king, incens'd, his ſilence broke
In words reproachful, and thus ſternly ſpoke:
'Hence, dotard, from my ſight. Nor ever mor
'Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden ſhore;

'Left thou ſtretch forth, my fury to reſtrain,
'The wreaths and ſceptre of thy god, in vain.
'The captive maid I never will reſign.
'Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
'To diſtant Argos ſhall the fair be led:
'She ſhall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
'Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
'Hence, on thy life: nor urge me by thy ſtay.'
He ended frowning. Speechleſs and diſmay'd,
The aged ſire his ſtern command obey'd.
Silent he paſs'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely ſhore;
Far from the camp he paſs'd: then ſuppliant ſtood;
And thus the hoary prieſt invok'd his god:
'Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear.
'Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
'To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
'Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redreſs my wrongs.
'If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
'The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
'O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
'And with thy ſhafts avenge thy ſervant's woe.'
Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry.
Down ruſh'd the vengeful warrior from the ſky;
Acroſs his breaſt the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-ſtor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal ſight;
Then took his ſtand, the well-aim'd ſhaft to throw:
Fierce ſprung the ſtring, and twang'd the ſilver bow.

The dogs and mules his firſt keen arrow flew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire, he vex'd th' embattled hoſt,
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coaſt
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heaven's ſceptre in her ſnowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now incloſe
The hero, ſwiftly ſpeaking as he roſe:
'What now, O Atreus' ſon, remains in view,
'But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
'Doom'd to deſtruction, while our waſted powers
'The ſword and peſtilence at once devours?
'Why haſte we not ſome prophet's ſkill to prove,
'Or ſeek by dreams? (for dreams deſcend from Jove.)
'What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
'What vow withheld, what hecatomb unſlain:
'And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
'The price for guilt, and turn this curſe away?'
Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas roſe,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians choſe;
The prince of augurs, whoſe enlighten'd eye
Could things paſt, preſent, and to come, deſcry:
Such wiſdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man:
'Me then command'ſt thou, lov'd of Jove, to ſhow
'What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
'Firſt plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
'By words to aid me, or by arms defend.

'For

'For I foreſee his rage, whoſe ample ſway
'The Argian powers and ſceptred chiefs obey.
'The wrath of kings what ſubject can oppoſe?
'Deep in their breaſts the ſmother'd vengeance glows,
'Still watchful to deſtroy. Swear, valiant youth,
'Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I ſpeak the truth?
To this Achilles ſwift replies: 'Be bold.
'Diſcloſe, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
'By him, who, liſtening to thy powerful prayer,
'Reveals the ſecret, I devoutly ſwear,
'That, while theſe eyes behold the light, no hand
'Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded ſtrand.
'Not Atreus' ſon. Though now himſelf he boaſt
'The king of men, and ſovereign of the hoſt.'
Then boldly he. 'Nor does the god complain
'Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unſlain.
'Chryſeïs to her awful ſire refus'd,
'The gifts rejected, and the prieſt abus'd,
'Call down theſe judgments, and for more they call,
'Juſt ready on th' exhauſted camp to fall;
'Till ranſom-free the damſel is beſtow'd,
'And hecatombs are ſent to ſooth the god,
'To Chryſa ſent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
'The gifts may expiate, and the prieſt aſſuage.'
He ſpoke, and ſat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upſtarted from his throne.
Diſdain and vengeance in his boſom riſe,
Lour in his brows, and ſparkle in his eyes:
Full at the prieſt their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.

'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
'Did that moſt inauſpicious voice decree)
'For ever ready to denounce my woes,
'When Greece is puniſh'd, I am ſtill the cauſe;
'And now when Phœbus ſpreads his plagues abroad,
'And waſtes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
'Becauſe my blooming captive I detain,
'And the large ranſom is produc'd in vain.
'Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
'Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
'Not Clytæmneſtra boaſts a nobler race,
'A ſweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
'In works of female ſkill hath more command,
'Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
'Yet ſhe ſhall go. The fair our peace ſhall buy:
'Better I ſuffer, than my people die.
'But mark me well. See inſtantly prepar'd
'A full equivalent, a new reward.
'Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his ſhare,
'Your chief ſhould loſe his portion of the war:
'In vain your chief; whilſt the dear prize, I boaſt,
'Is wreſted from me, and for ever loſt.'
To whom the ſwift purſuer quick reply'd:
'Oh ſunk in avarice, and ſwoln with pride!
'How ſhall the Greeks, though large of ſoul they be,
'Collect their ſever'd ſpoils, a heap for thee
'To ſearch anew, and cull the choiceſt ſhare
'Amid the mighty harveſt of the war?
'Then yield thy captive, to the god reſign'd,
'Aſſur'd a tenfold recompence to find,

'When

'When Jove's decree ſhall throw proud Ilion down,
'And give to plunder the devoted town.'
'Think not,' Atrides anſwer'd, 'though thou ſhine,
'Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
'Think not, thy wiles, in ſpecious words convey'd,
'From its firm purpoſe ſhall my ſoul diſſuade.
'Muſt I alone bereft ſit down with ſhame,
'And thou inſulting keep thy captive dame?
'If, as I aſk, the large-ſoul'd Greeks conſent
'Full recompence to give, I ſtand content.
'If not: a prize I ſhall myſelf decree,
'From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.
'While the proud prince, deſpoil'd, ſhall rage in vain.
'But break we here. The reſt let time explain.
'Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the ſhore,
'With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
'Incloſe the hecatomb; and then with care
'To the high deck convey the captive fair.
'The ſacred bark let ſage Ulyſſes guide,
'Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preſide:
'Or thou, O mighty man, the chief ſhalt be.
'And who more fit to ſoothe the god than thee?'
'Shameleſs, and poor of ſoul,' the prince replies,
And on the monarch caſts his ſcornful eyes,
'What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
'In ſearch of danger on the doubtful ſtrand?
'Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
'Or tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night?
'Not I, be ſure. Henceforward I am free.
'For ne'er was Priam's houſe a foe to me.

'Far

'Far from their inroads, in my paſtures feed
'The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd ſteed,
'On Phthia's hills our fruits ſecurely grow,
'And ripen careleſs of the diſtant foe,
'Between whoſe realms and our Theſſalian ſhore
'Unnumber'd mountains riſe, and billows roar.
'For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
'Acroſs thoſe ſeas, diſdainful man, I came;
'Yet, inſolent! by arbitrary ſway,
'Thou talk'ſt of ſeizing on my rightful prey,
'The prize whoſe purchaſe toils and dangers coſt,
'And given by ſuffrage of the Grecian hoſt.
'What town, when ſack'd by our victorious bands,
'But ſtill brought wealth to thoſe rapacious hands?
'To me, thus ſcorn'd, contented doſt thou yield
'My ſhare of blood in the tumultuous field;
'But ſtill the flower of all the ſpoil is thine;
'There claim'ſt thou moſt. Nor e'er did I repine.
'Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it beſt,
'With ſlaughter tir'd, and panting after reſt.
'To Phthia now, for I ſhall fight no more,
'My ſhips their crooked prows ſhall turn from ſhore.
'When I am ſcorn'd, I think I well foreſee
'What ſpoils and pillage will be won by thee.
'Hence! cry'd the monarch, hence! without delay:
Think not, vain man! my voice ſhall urge thy ſtay.
'Others thou leav'ſt to the great cauſe inclin'd,
'A league of kings thou leav'ſt, and Jove behind.
'Of all the chiefs doſt thou oppoſe me moſt:
'Outrage and uproar are thy only boaſt.

'Diſcor

'Diſcord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
'If thou art ſtrong, 'tis Jove hath made thee ſo.
'Go, at thy pleaſure. None will ſtop thy way.
'Go, bid thy baſe-born Myrmidons obey.
'Thou, nor thy rage, ſhall my reſolves ſubdue;
'I fix my purpoſe, and my threats renew.
'Since 'tis decreed I muſt the maid reſtore,
'A ſhip ſhall waft her to th' offended power;
'But fair Briſeïs, thy allotted prize,
'Myſelf will ſeize, and ſeize before thy eyes:
'That thou and each audacious man may ſee,
'How vain the raſh attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the ſoul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a paſſage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl th' imperial boaſter from his throne,
He now reſolves: and now reſolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm reſtrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reaſon ſway'd,
And half unſheath'd he held the glittering blade;
That moment, Juno, whoſe impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, ſent Pallas from the ſky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddeſs ſhin'd.)
Sudden he turn'd, and ſtarted with ſurprize;
Rage and revenge flaſh'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with haſty words: 'O! heavenly-born,
'Com'ſt thou to ſee proud Agamemnon's ſcorn?
'But thou ſhalt ſee (my ſword ſhall make it good)
'This glutted ſand ſmoke with the tyrant's blood.'

'To ſooth thy ſoul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the ſkies.
'Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command!
'Suppreſs thy wrath, and ſtay thy vengeful hand.
'Be all thy rage in tauntful words expreſt;
'But guiltleſs let the thirſty falchion reſt.
'Mark what I ſpeak. An hour is on its way,
'When gifts tenfold for this affront ſhall pay.
'Suppreſs thy wrath; and heaven and me obey.'
Then he: 'I yield; though with reluctant mind.
'Who yields to heaven ſhall heaven propitious find.'
The ſilver hilt cloſe-graſping, at the word,
Deep in the ſheath he plung'd his mighty ſword.
The goddeſs, turning, darted from his ſight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
'Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl!
'Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward ſoul!
'War's glorious peril ever ſhow to ſhare:
'Aloof thou view'ſt the field; for death is there.
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to ſway,
'And peel the Greeks, at will, who diſobey:
'A tyrant lord o'er ſlaves to earth debas'd;
'For, had they ſouls, this outrage were thy laſt.
'But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpoſe hear.
'By this dread ſceptre ſolemnly I ſwear:
'By this (which, once from out the foreſt torn,
'Nor leaf nor ſhade ſhall ever more adorn;
'Which never more its verdure muſt renew,
'Lopp'd from the vital ſtem, whence firſt it grew:

'But

'But given by Jove the ſons of men to awe,
'Now ſways the nations, and confirms the law)
'A day ſhall come, when for this hour's diſdain
'The Greeks ſhall wiſh for me, and wiſh in vain;
'Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
'When heaps on heaps ſhall fall by Hector's ſword:
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall thy heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
He ſaid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He daſh'd his ſtudded ſceptre on the ground;
Then ſat. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compoſe,
The Pylian prince, the ſmooth-ſpeech'd Neſtor roſe.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee:
And, his firſt race of ſubjects long decay'd,
O'er their ſons ſons a peaceful ſceptre ſway'd.
'Alas for Greece! he cries, and what with joy
'Shall Priam hear, and every ſon of Troy!
'That you, the firſt in wiſdom as in wars,
'Waſte your great ſouls in poor ignoble jars!
'Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
'Greater than you have the wiſe Neſtor heard.
'Their equals never ſhall theſe eyes behold:
'Cæneus the juſt, Pirithous the bold,
'Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
'Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
'Theſeus unrival'd in his ſire's abodes,
'And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.

'They,

[illegible]

[illegible] story know,
[illegible]
[illegible] their prey pursued,
[illegible] subdued.
[illegible] was pleas'd to roam
[illegible] my sweet native home;
[illegible] wars. No living hand
[illegible] their strength withstand;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the beauteous slave,
[illegible] Grecian [illegible] gave.
[illegible]
[illegible] that sacred throne,
[illegible] more
[illegible] before.
[illegible] divine.
[illegible] a power more great than thine.
'[illegible], O king, forbear. My elf will sue
'Great Thetis, son his vengeance to subdue:
'Great Thetis, valiant son, our country's boast,
'The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host.'
'Wise are thy words, O sire, the king began,
'But what can satiate this aspiring man?
'Unbounded power he claims o'er human-kind,
'And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
'Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
'Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!
'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
'My name,' the prince, precipitate, replies.

'In

'In vain thou nodd'ſt from thy imperial throne.
'Thy vaſſals ſeek elſewhere: for I am none.
'But break we here. The fair, though juſtly mine,
'With ſword undrawn I purpoſe to reſign.
'On aught beſide, I once for all command,
'Lay not, I charge thee, thy preſumptuous hand.
'Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance.
'Or thy heart's blood ſhall reek upon my lance.'
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his ſeparate way.
Achilles ſeeks his tent with reſtleſs mind;
Patroclus and his train move ſlow behind.
Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the ſand,
Twice ten ſelected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intruſted to Ulyſſes' care.
They mount the deck. The veſſel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the ſurge, and leſſens to the ſight.
Next he ordains along the winding coaſt
By hallow'd rites to purify the hoſt.
A herd of choſen victims they provide,
And caſt their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the ſavory ſteam aſcends the ſky.
The Greeks to heaven their ſolemn vows addreſt;
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breaſt.
Obſequious at his call two heralds ſtand:
To them in frowns he gives this harſh command.
'Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
'Thence ſwift the female ſlave Briſeïs bear.

'With

'With arms, if diſobey'd, myſelf will come.
'Bid him reſign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the ſea-beat ſhore they ſpeed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter paſt,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Diſturb'd the ſolemn meſſengers he ſaw:
They too ſtood ſilent, with reſpectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither ſpoke.
He gueſs'd their meſſage, and the ſilence broke:
'Ye miniſters of gods and men, draw near,
'Not you, but him whoſe heralds ye appear,
'Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
'The damſel forth for this diſdainful king.
'But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
'And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
'Ev'n to your thoughtleſs king; if ever more
'My aid be wanted on the hoſtile ſhore.
'Thoughtleſs he is, nor knows his certain doom,
'Blind to the paſt, nor ſees the woes to come,
'His beſt defence thus raſhly to forgo,
'And leave a naked army to the foe.
He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And uſher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore ſigh'd ſhe, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back ſlow-moving o'er the ſtrand.
The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends ſat bath'd in tears alone.
On the cold beach he ſat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with ſtorms the curling billows riſe,

And

And as the ſea wide-rolling he ſurvey'd,
With out-ſtretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
'Since to ſhort life thy hapleſs ſon was born,
'Great Jove ſtands bound by promiſe to adorn
'His ſtinted courſe, with an immortal name.
'Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
'The ſon of Atreus, proud of lawleſs ſway,
'Demands, poſſeſſes, and enjoys my prey.'
Near her old ſire enthron'd, ſhe heard him weep
From the low ſilent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning miſt her head ſhe rears,
Sits by her ſon, and mingles tears with tears;
Cloſe graſps her darling's hand. 'My ſon, ſhe cries,
'Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
'Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
'That both may know it, and that both may ſhare.'
'Oh! goddeſs!' cry'd he, with an inward groan,
'Thou know'ſt it all: to thee are all things known.
'Eëtian Thebes we ſack'd, their ranſack'd towers,
'The plunder of a people, all was ours.
'We ſtood agreed the booty to divide.
'Chryſeïs roſy-cheek'd, and gloſſy-ey'd,
'Fell to the king; but holy Chryſes bore
'Vaſt gifts of ranſom, to the tented ſhore:
'His ſceptre ſtretching forth (the golden rod
'Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
'Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
'But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relief.
'Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs ran,
'To yield her to the venerable man;

'But the harſh king deny'd to do him right,
'And drove the trembling prophet from his ſight.
'Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry,
'And dealt his arrows through th' infected ſky;
'The ſwift contagion, ſent by his commands,
'Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
'The guilty cauſe a ſacred augur ſhow'd,
'And I firſt mov'd to mitigate the god.
'At this the tyrant ſtorm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
'And now too ſoon hath made his threatnings good.
'Chryſeïs firſt with gifts to Chryſa ſent,
'His heralds came this moment to my tent,
'And bore Briſeïs thence, my beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.
'Thou goddeſs, then, and thou, I know, haſt power,
'For thine own ſon the might of Jove implore.
'Oft in my father's houſe I 've heard thee tell,
'When ſudden fears on heaven's great monarch fell,
'Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
'And ſav'd the mighty thunderer from ſhame.
'Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
'The ſire in chains, and hem'd their ſovereign round.
'Thy voice, O goddeſs, broke their idle bands,
'And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
'The prodigy, whom heaven and earth revere,
'Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
'His father Neptune he in ſtrength ſurpaſs'd;
'At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
'Proud of his might. The gods with ſecret dread,
'Beheld the huge enormous ſhape and fled.

'Remind

'Remind him then: for well thou know'ſt the art:
'Go, claſp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
'Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
'Seek the laſt verge of this tempeſtuous main:
'There let them periſh, void of all relief,
'My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall his heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
Then ſhe (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
'Why bore I thee! or nouriſh'd, when I bore!
'Bleſt, if within thy tent, and free from ſtrife,
'Thou might'ſt poſſeſs thy poor remains of life.
'Thy death approaching now the fates foreſhow;
'Short is thy deſtin'd term, and full of woe.
'Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
'But hence to the celeſtial courts I fly,
'Where, hid in ſnow, to heaven Olympus ſwells,
'And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
'Meantime, my ſon, indulge thy juſt diſdain:
'Vent all thy rage, and ſhun the hoſtile plain,
'Till Jove returns. Laſt night my waves he croſs'd,
'And ſought the diſtant Ethiopian coaſt:
'Along the ſkies his radiant courſe he ſteer'd,
'Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
'A bright proceſſion. To the holy feaſt
'Of blameleſs men he goes a grateful gueſt.
'To heaven he comes, when twice ſix days are o'er!
'Then ſhall his voice the fire of gods implore,
'Then to my lofty manſion will I paſs,
'Founded on rocks of ever-during braſs:

'There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
'Nor doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart.'
She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,
Chryseïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.
'All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
'Sends offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee.
'But thou intreat the power, whose dreadful sway
'Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away.'
He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful prayer:
'Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear:
'Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
'About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
'Still have my vows thy power propitious found.

'Rous'd

'Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
'And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
'Hear me once more; and let the suppliant foe
'Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow.'
He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
And heaven-ward turn each victim's destin'd head:
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcase rend the smoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow:
Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths, in decent order, stand.
On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
Adorn the feast, see every dish well-stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.

When now the various feasts had chear'd their souls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls,
The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in Iö Pæans loud they sing,
And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.
At evening, through the shore dispers'd, they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,

The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their courſe renew.
The breezes freſhen: for with friendly gales
Apollo ſwell'd their wide, diſtended, ſails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarſe murmurs break on either ſide.
In ſafety to the deſtin'd port they paſs'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulſers faſt;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coaſt,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the hoſt.

But fierce Achilles, ſtill on vengeance bent,
Cheriſh'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' aſſembled chiefs he ſhun'd with high diſdain,
A band of kings: nor ſought the hoſtile plain;
But long'd to hear the diſtant troops engage,
The ſtrife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were paſt; and now th' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to riſe,
Shot through a big-ſwol'n wave, and pierc'd the ſkies.
At early morn ſhe reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the reſidence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart ſhe found,
Above the reſt. The earth beneath diſplay'd
(A boundleſs proſpect) his broad eye ſurvey'd.
Her left hand graſp'd his knees, her right ſhe rear'd,
And touch'd with blandiſhment his awful beard;
Then, ſuppliant, with ſubmiſſive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's ſon, the god by gods ador'd:

'If e'er, by rebel deities oppreſt,
'My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one requeſt.
'Since to ſhort life my hapleſs ſon was born,
'Do thou with fame the ſcanty ſpace adorn.
'Puniſh the king of men, whoſe lawleſs ſway
'Hath ſham'd the youth, and ſeiz'd his deſtin'd prey.
'Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
'And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She ſaid. The god vouchſaf'd not to reply
(A deep ſuſpence ſat in his thoughtful eye):
Once more around his knees the goddeſs clung,
And to ſoft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! ſpeak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
'Fear not to ſpeak, what I am doom'd to bear;
'That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
'The moſt deſpis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep ſigh the Thundering Power replies:
'To what a height will Juno's anger riſe!
'Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
'My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
'I grant thy ſuit. But, hence! depart unſeen,
'And ſhun the ſight of heaven's ſuſpicious queen.
'Believe my nod, the great, the certain ſign,
'When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
'The ſign that ratifies my high command,
'That thus I will: and what I will ſhall ſtand.'
This ſaid, his kingly brow the ſire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick ſhadowing the ſtern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddeſs ſmil'd: and, with a ſudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celeſtial towers:
And, as he roſe, up-roſe th' immortal powers:
In ranks, on either ſide, th' aſſembly caſt,
Bow'd down, and did obeiſance as he paſs'd.
To him enthron'd (for whiſpering ſhe had ſeen
Cloſe at his knees the ſilver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep reſides)
Big with invectives, Juno ſilence broke,
And thus, opprobrious, her reſentments ſpoke:
'Falſe Jove! what goddeſs whiſpering did I ſee?
'O fond of counſels, ſtill conceal'd from me!
'To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
'One ſingle thought of thy cloſe-cover'd heart.'
To whom the Sire of gods and men reply'd;
'Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
'Laborious were the ſearch, and vain the ſtrife,
'Vain ev'n for thee, my ſiſter and my wife.
'The thoughts and counſels, proper to declare,
'Nor god nor mortal ſhall before thee ſhare:
'But, what my ſecret wiſdom ſhall ordain,
'Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.
'Dread Saturn's ſon, why ſo ſevere?' replies
'The Goddeſs of the large majeſtic eyes.
'Thy own dark thoughts at pleaſure hide, or ſhow;
'Ne'er have I aſk'd, nor now aſpire to know.
'Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unſeen
'To thy high throne the ſilver-footed queen,

'Daughter

'Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
'Aged and hoary in the deep reſides.
'Thy nod aſſures me ſhe was not deny'd:
'And Greece muſt periſh for a madman's pride.'

To whom the god, whoſe hand the tempeſt forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,
Thus wrathful anſwer'd: 'Doſt thou ſtill complain?
'Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
'Should'ſt thou diſcloſe the dark event to come,
'How wilt thou ſtop th' irrevocable doom!
'This ſerves the more to ſharpen my diſdain;
'And woes foreſeen but lengthen out thy pain.
'Be ſilent then. Diſpute not my command;
'Nor tempt the force of this ſuperior hand:
'Left all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
'In vain to ſhield thee from my kindled rage.'

Mute and abaſh'd ſhe ſat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majeſtic eye,
Nor further durſt th' offended ſire provoke:
The gods around him trembled, as he ſpoke.
When Vulcan, for his mother ſore diſtreſt,
Turn'd orator, and thus his ſpeech addreſs'd:

'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
'Stir up debate among the powers divine,
'If things on earth diſturb the bleſt abodes,
'And mar th' ambroſial banquet of the gods!
'Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
'Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be:
'Let me adviſe her ſilent to obey,
'And due ſubmiſſion to our father pay.

'Nor

'Nor force again his gloomy rage to riſe,
'Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the ſkies.
'For ſhould he toſs her from th' Olympian hill,
'Who could reſiſt the mighty monarch's will?
'Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
'And tempt him kindly on us all to ſmile.'
He ſaid: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
'Nor urge a more diſgraceful puniſhment,
'Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, diſmay'd,
'Muſt ſtand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
'Great Jove ſhall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
'Remember, when I took thy part of old,
'Caught by the heel he ſwung me round on high,
'And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal ſky:
'From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
'Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a moſt piteous ſight,
'The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,
'Giddy and gaſping with the dreadful fall.
She ſmil'd: and, ſmiling, her white arm diſplay'd
To reach the bowl her aukward ſon convey'd.
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the roſy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they ſpy'd
The buſy ſkinker hop from ſide to ſide.
Thus, feaſting to the full, they paſs'd away,
In bliſsful banquets, all the live-long day.
Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
The Muſes ſung; each Muſe perform'd her part,

Alternate

Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The ſun at length declin'd, when every gueſt
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to reſt;
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
A maſter-piece of Vulcan's matchleſs ſkill.
Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great ſcepter ſways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
His bed of ſtate aſcending, lay compos'd;
His eyes a ſweet refreſhing ſlumber clos'd:
And at his ſide, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!

What

What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd preiate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!'
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To ſtrew freſh laurels, let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aiſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;

No

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battle'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well-ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, ſo the heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care;
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;

If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove;
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong:
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!

Theſe

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel,
Farewel! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

There

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die:
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow, in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare!
"But know, fond maid; and know, falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding-ſheet."

She

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gray, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's ſhades, and Hounſlow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer flights in vain,
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boaſtful Muſe, of others fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The Great, the Fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts ſolicit thee.

How canſt thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe ſever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every diſtant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Haſt thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He ſtill was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Coſmo choſe thy glowing form to place,
Amidſt her maſters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Heſperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom firſt, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's ſhore,
Nor mean the talk, each breathing buſt explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:

Vain

Vain care of parts; if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
The kindeſt miſtreſs, and the ſureſt guide,
To catch a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careleſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.

A mind that graſps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.

Such be thy life, O ſince the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unſubdued by age;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy ſated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may riſe an impious line,
Coarſe manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,
The laſt, Cadogan, to the grave deſcends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory ſprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
From his cold corſe though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's hearſe to mourn;
Thus wept inſidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blaſt the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wiſh a Britiſh heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and riſe from fame to fame.
An hour muſt come, when thou ſhalt hear with rage
Thyſelf traduc'd, and curſe a thankleſs age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous ſtrife,
Theſe ills, brave man, ſhall quit thee with thy life;
Alive though ſtain'd by every abject ſlave,
Secure of fame and juſtice in the grave.
Ah! no——when once the mortal yields to Fate,
The blaſt of Fame's ſweet trumpet ſounds too late,
Too late to ſtay the ſpirit on its flight,
Or ſooth the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardleſs, while fond man, diſtreſs'd,
Hangs on the abſent, and laments the bleſt.

Farewell

Farewell then Fame, ill ſought through fields and blood,
Farewell unfaithful promiſer of good:
Thou muſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incenſe waſted on the funeral bier!
Through life purſued in vain, by death obtain'd,
When aſk'd deny'd us, and when given diſdain'd.

AN ODE INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR.

I.

THOU dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought:
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

II.

Once more a ſon of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whoſe proweſs gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd.
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll;
In the blue heavens the Lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

VI. Then,

* Names of Constellations.

VI.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.
What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt!
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye!

VII.

The ſage who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine
Shall leave, if right the Muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads ſlain.

VIII.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?
My guiltleſs Muſe his brow ſhall bind
Whoſe godlike bounty ſpares mankind.
For thoſe, whom bloody garlands crown,
The braſs may breathe, the marble frown,
To him, through every reſcued land,
Ten thouſand living trophies ſtand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

"—Campos, ubi Troja fuit." VIRG.

WHERE Kenſington high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Midſt greens and ſweets, a regal fabric, ſtands,
And ſees each ſpring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkneſs lies,
They breathe in ſun-ſhine, and ſee azure ſkies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes beſpread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and gloſſy damaſks glow,
And chints, the rival of the ſhowery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, ſurrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the ſhades. She, towering o'er the reſt,
Stands faireſt of the fairer kind confeſt,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunſwick's cauſe deny'd,
And charm a people to her father's ſide.
Long have theſe groves to royal gueſts been known,
Nor Naſſau firſt prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in Britiſh air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our iſle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The ſcene of wars, and ſtain'd with lovers' blood.

You,

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and paſſions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguiſh for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or ſhiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleaſing dale,
And liſten to my melancholy tale.

That hollow ſpace, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's ſad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfaſhion'd cave.
The landſkip now ſo ſweet we well may praiſe:
But far, far ſweeter in its antient days,
Far ſweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midſt thoſe verdant pillars ſpring,
Roſe the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded ſtreet was ſeen;
Nor all thoſe leaves that now the proſpect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whoſe lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the ſprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every ſhade.
But, foes to ſun-ſhine, moſt they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human ſight:

There

There hew'd their houſes in the arching rock;
Or ſcoop'd the boſom of the blaſted oak;
Or heard, o'erſhadow'd by ſome ſhelving hill,
The diſtant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd ſpoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched ſons of earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis ſaid, the hinds o'erhear their ſtrain,
And ſtrive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the ſhy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilſt poor mortals ſtartle at the ſound
Of unſeen footſteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd ſeat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy ſtate,
Who, rank'd in council round the ſacred ſhade,
Their monarch's will and great beheſts obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling ſtage diſplay'd,
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court ſurvey'd,
May gueſs, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and ſplendor of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by ſpells encompaſs'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, thoſe alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of ſome terreſtrial dame:

For

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left ſome ſickly changeling in their ſtead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foſter'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in charms and many a myſtic ſound,
As through the regal dome ſhe ſought for prey,
Obſerv'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And ſtole him from the ſleeping mother's ſide.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time ſhall come when thou ſhalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn ſhalt like the queen repine,
And all her ſorrows doubled ſhall be thine:
He who adorns thy houſe, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, ſhall at length deſtroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale courſe had ſeen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals meaſure time.
Fluſh'd with reſiſtleſs charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For ſkilful Milkah ſpar'd not to employ
Her utmoſt art to rear the princely boy;
Each ſupple limb ſhe ſwath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin ſtandard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daiſy's root,

Whence

Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confest;
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd,
She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chac'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high?
He shum'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young,
[illegible] inscription on their eggs he read.
[illegible] ye clerks, the youth whom Malkah bred)

To

To her he ſhow'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers diſtinguiſh'd, and deſcrib'd their uſe:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well ſung Ovid, "There 's no herb for love."

As when a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell ſome ſecret woe,
The poor ſhade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not break
His painful ſilence, till the mortal ſpeak:
So far'd it with the little love-ſick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He ſaw her anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
And ſpar'd the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
The ſighs they laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore
In words ſo melting, that compar'd with thoſe
The niceſt courtſhip of terreſtrial beaux
Would ſound like compliments, from country clowns
To red-cheek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah, luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſt:

'All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:

'Nor

'Nor moon nor ſtar in heaven's blue arch is ſeen
'With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green,
'Grateful to fairy eyes; they ſecret take
'Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake.
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh, ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns,
'When the ſky opens, and the evening dawns!
'Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
'Soft as the blow-bell! as the daiſy, fair!
'Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
'And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
'And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breaſt with equal ardour burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods ſhall riſe.
'O ſpeak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
'And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away.'
To whom (the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:
'By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
'I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon,
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
'May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,

'May the keen eaſt-wind blight my favourite flowers,
'And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers.
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade
'There rather pine I a neglected maid,
'Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,
'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
She ended: and with lips of roſy hue
Dip'd five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing ſight!)
The monarch'd iſſued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidſt his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with antient birth combin'd,
A faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe, was thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.

Where

Where now the ſkies high Holland-Houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All fairy ſhouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſt,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſide their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Mean-while, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The chearleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns
Ill-meaſur'd by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now, its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.

On

On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſt.
'If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
'Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
'Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive ſound,
'And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
'To grace his offspring, and aſſert my birth.'
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep reſides.
Rouz'd at the news, the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore:
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driv'n up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pygmy legions ſpread
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his ſires;
'The ocean's god, by whom ſhall be o'erthrown,
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
'See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
'Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall.'

She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhields up-bore
With ſhouts their new-ſaluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick embattled troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy Muſe, great Bard *, whoſe lofty ſtrains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verſe ſhould ſhine.
But ſimple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that ſooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,
And ſing the battles, that my nurſe inſpir'd.
Now the ſhrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the ſtraggling ſwarms.
Thick rows of ſpears at once, with ſudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Looſe in the winds ſmall ribbon ſtreamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly-bow,
And the gay hoſt, that now its march purſues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thouſand hues.

On

* Mr. Addiſon.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming Brunſwick, near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades.
In hope already vanquiſh'd by ſurprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear.
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſier in a magic ring,
A ſubtle ſpright, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!
Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.

No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting;
But, toſt in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſeven-fold ſhield, and ſilken veſt,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Rouz'd at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waſte he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion wields no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mold,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hand
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;

The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curſt ſabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt, to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs die;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna, farewell!' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly carr:
With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)

The next huge ſtep reach'd the devoted ſhade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquiſh'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners ſtood combin'd.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and ſcorn he paſt,
And on their town his eye vindictive caſt.
In deep foundations his ſtrong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vaſt ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghaſt the legions, in th' approaching ſhade,
Th' inverted ſpires and rocking domes ſurvey'd,
That downward tumbling on the hoſt below
Cruſh'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together loſt,
And a whole empire falls to ſooth ſad Albion's ghoſt.
Such was the period, long reſtrain'd by fate,
And ſuch the downfal of the fairy ſtate.
This dale, a pleaſing region, not unbleſt,
This dale poſſeſt they; and had ſtill poſſeſt;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Raſh to diſſolve the contract ſeal'd above,
The ſolemn vows and ſacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves ſo ſprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daiſy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A ſhapeleſs ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of ſmoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole ſummer's day,

A

At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits!) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Through buſh, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtept and ſtarted at each ruſtling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent glooms impervious to the ſky;
Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtream o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhade retreat:
And ſome on mountains chooſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeen,
Or ſhepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while ſad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.

What could ſhe do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer tells
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the ſnow-drop ſtyl'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe view'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death each ſpring ſhe ſees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable ſnow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains,
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the ſun's genial fires,
Mid froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurſt, the mark of Neptune's rage,

Till

* Odyſſ. Lib. x.

Till great Naſſau recloath'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when ſhe ſaw th' ennobled garden ſhine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wiſe her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plann'd that landſkip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the ſire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare;
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm ſurvey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in theſe ſhades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

TO

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, canſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O! liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah! ſooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travel'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night;
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dies;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;

And

And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter though the glade.
What chearing ſcents thoſe bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſkies.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the ſky.
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-ſpread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night;

Mark how th' embroider'd colonel ſneaks away,
To ſhun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, loſt his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame;
This coxcomb's ribband coſt him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his ſorrows were too few,
Acquires ſtrange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And ſleeps, perverſe, the chearful ſuns away;
From goblets high-emboſt, his wine muſt glide,
Round his clos'd ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp muſt riſe,
And three untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withſtood,
The voice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood;
This wiſdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and ſcorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage.
And yet, juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
And the ſame errors be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
My reed with warblings chears th' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble ſhades where truth and ſilence dwell!
Thou noiſy town, and faithleſs court, farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame!

In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.
Here ſhall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE COUT.

" Magni magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra——
——Podagra hæc otia fecit."

HAIL! ancient book, moſt venerable code!
Learning's firſt cradle, and its laſt abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we ſee,
By lazy plagiaries are ſtol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy ſufficient ſtore,
Shall ne'er preſume to add one letter more.
Thee will I ſing, in comely wainſcot bound,
And golden verge encloſing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preſerving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron ſaint in armour ſhines,
With ſword and lance, to guard thy ſacred lines:
Beneath his courſer's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies;
Th' inſtructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,
Leſt wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
And liquoriſh learning to thy babes extend;

Or

Or ſugar'd plane, o'erſpread with beaten gold,
Does the ſweet treaſure of thy letters hold;
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my ſong———Apollo's choir
I ſcorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verſe inſpire:
'Twas Cadmus who the firſt materials brought
Of all the learning which has ſince been taught,
Soon made compleat! for mortals ne'er ſhall know
More than contain'd of old the Chriſt-croſs row;
What maſters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wiſe matrons hence, e'en to our children teach:
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peaſant knows its power)
Phyſicians in myſterious cant expreſs,
T' amuſe the patient, and inhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek ſcrawls, a myſtery too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men ſtrike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And needleſs youth catch at the ſhining bait;
The pregnant boys the noiſy charms declare,
And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers ſtare;
Th' uncommon ſounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what 's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the ſame,
Taught by the Grecian maſter, or the Engliſh dame.
But how ſhall I thy endleſs virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other books excell?
No greaſy thumbs thy ſpotleſs leaf can ſoil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy ſmooth corners ſpoil;

In

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

In idle pages no errata ſtand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulſome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verſe, to praiſe the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various readings to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal ſenſe agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an antient date,
Or read what modern hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
" * Too high the floods of paſſion us'd to roll,
" And rend the Roman youth's impatient ſoul;
" His haſty anger furniſh'd ſcenes of blood,
" And frequent deaths of worthy men enſued:
" In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
" None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious tide,
" Thy ſacred line he did but once repeat,
" And laid the ſtorm, and cool'd the raging heat."
Thy heavenly notes, like angels muſic, cheer
Departing ſouls, and ſooth the dying ear.
An aged peaſant, on his lateſt bed,
Wiſh'd for a friend ſome godly book to read;
The pious grandſon thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this ſavory lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely read; th' important ſound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:

Th'

* The advice given to Auguſtus, by Athenodorus the ſtoic philoſopher.

feet;

Surprizing

Surprizing ſtrength comes every moment on,
I ſtand, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me ceaſe, my hobbling numbers ſtop,
And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERSITES; OR, THE LORDLING

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed:
By the dam from Lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride,
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward:
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing.
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.

* Votiva Tabula. HOR.

Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
'Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's ſcoundrel race,
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they maſons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muſe an anſwer,
From his atavus and grandſire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien,
In his dreſs and figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and ſmile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon-ſide.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.

May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.
In him, tell me, which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

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John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

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ROWE'S

LUCAN.

VOLUME I.

THE FOUR FIRST BOOKS.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Eſq;

" Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,
" Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires."

VIRG.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

"Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
"Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires."

VIRG.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceaſed huſband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little ſupported in it, by the honour which he propoſed to himſelf of dedicating it to your ſacred Majeſty. This deſign, which had given him ſo much pleaſure for ſome years, out-laſted his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was deſpaired of, and this part of the book remained unfiniſhed, he expreſſed to me his deſire, that this Tranſlation ſhould be laid at your Majeſty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majeſty's Royal Perſon and virtues. Had he lived to have made his own addreſs to your Majeſty upon this occaſion, he would have been able in ſome meaſure to have done juſtice to that exalted character, which it becomes ſuch as I am to admire in ſilence: being incapable of repreſenting my dear huſband in any thing, but in that profound humility and reſpect, with which I am,

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt dutiful

and moſt obedient ſervant,

ANNE ROWE.

reaſon why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's reſentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had ſacrificed to his revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equeſtrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been tranſplanted from Italy to Spain a conſiderable time before, and were inveſted with ſeveral dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a diſtinguiſhed merit and intereſt in his country, and not the leſs in eſteem for being the brother of the great philoſopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the moſt eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The ſtory that is told of Heſiod and Homer, of a ſwarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewiſe told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high eſteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might

might take the firſt impreſſion of the Latin tongue in the city where it was ſpoke in the greateſt purity. I wonder then to find ſome critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwiſe, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promiſing genius, and the rank of his family. His maſters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and laſtly, Cornutus, the ſtoic philoſopher; to which ſect he ever after addicted himſelf.

It was in the courſe of theſe ſtudies he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Aulus Perſius, the ſatiriſt. It is no wonder that two men, whoſe geniuſes were ſo much alike, ſhould unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we conſider Lucan critically, we ſhall find in him a ſtrong bent towards Satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuſe than Perſius: but Satire is ſtill in his view, and the whole Pharſalia appears to me a continued invective againſt ambition and unbounded power.

The progreſs he made in all parts of learning muſt needs have been very great, conſidering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a ſuitable education: nor is it to be queſtioned, but beſides the maſters I have named, he had likewiſe the example and inſtructions of his uncle Seneca, the moſt conſpicuous man then of Rome for

learning, wit, and morals. Thus he ſet out in the world with the greateſt advantages poſſible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendſhip and protection of an uncle, who, beſides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But Rhetoric ſeems to have been the art he excelled moſt in, and valued himſelf moſt upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with univerſal applauſe. To this purpoſe it is obſervable, that he has interſperſed a great many orations in the Pharſalia, and theſe are acknowledged by all to be very ſhining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the beſt judge in theſe matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly maſter of both theſe arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the emperor: and it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he ſent for him from Athens, where he was at his ſtudies, to Rome for that purpoſe. Every one knows, that Nero, for the five firſt years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philoſopher. It muſt have been in this ſtage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that *poetical incenſe* we find in the Firſt Book of the Pharſalia; for

it

It is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in ſo groſs a manner, if he had then thrown off the maſk of virtue, and appeared in ſuch bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's ſoul ſeems to have been caſt in another mold; and he that durſt, throughout the whole Pharſalia, eſpouſe the party of Pompey, and the cauſe of Rome againſt Cæſar, could never have ſtooped ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monſter in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome Commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for ſome time in the higheſt favour and friendſhip with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made Quæſtor, and admitted into the College of Augurs, before he attained the age required for theſe offices: in the firſt of which poſts he exhibited to the people of Rome a ſhow of gladiators at a vaſt expence. It was in this ſun-ſhine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accompliſhed in all parts of learning; inſomuch, that the three Firſt Books of the Pharſalia are ſaid to have been reviſed and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in hiſtory; and it is agreed by all that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter averſion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, muſt make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the caſe, blended with his other prejudices againſt him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the ſpirit and height of the Roman poetry was ſomewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Auguſtus, yet it was ſtill an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt degree, but, as moſt bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himſelf more upon his ſkill in that art, and in muſic, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or muſician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honeſt and too open to applaud the bombaſt ſtuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philoſopher; who, for not approving the verſes of Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promiſe of amendment, the philoſopher was ſet at liberty; but Dionyſius repeating to him ſome of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to diſpute

the

the prize of eloquence with Nero in a ſolemn public aſſembly. The judges in that trial were ſo juſt and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*; but in return he loſt for ever the favour of his competitor. He ſoon felt the effects of the emperor's reſentment, for the next day he had an order ſent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were uſed to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conſcious enough of a ſuperior genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occaſion to treat Nero's verſes with the utmoſt contempt, and expoſe them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was ſeconded by his friend Perſius; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone at the emperor's expence. Perſius went ſo far, that he dared to attack openly ſome of Nero's verſes in his firſt ſatire, where he brings-in his friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a ſample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as tranſlated thus by Mr. Dryden:

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe.
'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecyntian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never ſtarts.
" The Dolphin brave,
" That cut the liquid wave,

" Or

" Or he who in his line,
" Can chime the long-rib Apennine."

PERSIUS. All this is dogrel ſtuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."

PERSIUS. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe!
He 's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?

PER. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
" With blaſts inſpir'd: and Baſſaris, who flew
" The ſcoraful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mœnas, when with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the ſpotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes ſound.

The verſes marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of ſo delicate a taſte as Lucan and Perſius could not digeſt them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thouſand monſtrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuſe of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt rank, headed by Piſo, formed a conſpiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double ſcore; as

his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the deſign. When it was juſt ripe for execution, it came to be diſcovered by ſome of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the firſt of the conſpirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occaſion ſome authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal ſtain upon his name, that, to ſave his life, he informed againſt his mother. This ſtory ſeems to me to be a meer calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the moſt unlikely thing in the world, conſidering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble ſcheme of philoſophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which ſhines in every page of his Pharſalia. It is probable, Nero himſelf, or ſome of his flatterers, might invent the ſtory, to blacken his rival to poſterity; and ſome unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on truſt, without examining into the truth of it. We have ſeveral fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and, which makes it ſtill the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accuſed her unjuſtly. As this accuſation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, ſo it does the manner of his death. It is univerſally agreed, that, having choſe to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he ſupped chearfully with his friends, and then, taking leave of them with the greateſt tranquillity of mind

and

and the higheſt contempt of death, went into the bath, and ſubmitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's laſt alarm in every part, he called to mind a paſſage of his own in the IXth Book of the Pharſalia, which he repeated to the ſtanders-by, with the ſame grace and accent, with which he uſed to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The paſſage was that where he deſcribes a ſoldier of Cato's dying much after the ſame manner; being bit by a ſerpent, and is thus tranſlated by Mr. Rowe:

" So the warm blood at once from every part
" Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart,
" Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
" The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace.
" Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
" There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray.
" His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
" And ev'n the pores ouſe out the trickling blood;
" In the red deluge, all the parts lie drown'd,
" And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be ſeen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inſcription:

MARCO ANNAEO LVCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE,
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inſcription, if done by Nero's order, ſhows, that, even in ſpite of himſelf, he paid a ſecret homage

to

ucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned
me meaſure for the injuries and the death he gave

But he needed no marble or inſcription to per-
ite his memory; his Pharſalia will out-live all
:.

:can wrote ſeveral books, that have periſhed by
injury of time, and of which nothing remains
the titles. The firſt we are told he wrote, was a
1 on the Combat between Achilles and Hector,
Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it is
he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age.
reſt were, The Deſcent of Orpheus into Hell;
burning of Rome, in which he is ſaid not to
ſpared Nero that ſet it on fire; and a Poem in
e of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote like-
ſeveral Books of Saturnalia; ten Books of Silvæ;
nperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the
ing of Troy, and the Fate of Priam; to which
have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piſo,
xtant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of
er age. But the Book he ſtaked his fame on
his Pharſalia; the only one that now remains,
which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in
ſt of what it would have been, if he had lived
iſh it.

itius in his Sylvæ gives us the catalogue of
n's works in an elegant manner, introducing
Muſe Calliope accoſting him to this purpoſe:
hen thou art ſcarce paſt the age of childhood
ys Calliope to Lucan) thou ſhalt play with the

" valour

" valour of Achilles, and Hector's ſkill in driving " of a chariot. Thou ſhalt draw Priam at the feet " of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead " body of his darling ſon. Thou ſhalt ſet open the " gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus ſhall " have the preference in a full theatre, in ſpite of " Nero's envy;" alluding to the diſpute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's deſcent into hell. " Thou " ſhalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame which " the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in aſhes the " miſtreſs of the world; nor ſhalt thou be ſilent in " the praiſes that are juſtly due to thy beloved wife; " and when thou haſt attained to riper years, thou " ſhalt ſing, in a lofty ſtrain, the fatal fields of Philippi, " white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of " Pharſalia, and the thundering wars of that great " captain, who, by the renown of his arms, merited " to be inrolled among the gods. In that work " (continues Calliope) thou ſhalt paint, in never- " fading colours, the auſtere virtues of Cato, who " ſcorned to out-live the liberties of his country; and " the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. " Thou ſhalt, like a true Roman, weep over the " crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy; and ſhalt " raiſe to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, " a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids. " The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the " learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted " the Argonauts through ſuch vaſt ſeas to the con-

" queſt

" queſt of the golden fleece, the other that could " ſtrike an infinite number of forms from the firſt " atoms of matter, both of them ſhall give place to " thee without the leaſt envy, and even the divine " Æneid ſhall pay thee a juſt reſpect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the Pharſalia has promiſed himſelf immortality to his Poem. The firſt is in the Seventh Book, which I beg leave to give in proſe, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thouſand times better in verſe. " One day (ſays he) when theſe wars ſhall " be ſpoken-of in ages yet to come, and among na- " tions far remote from this clime, whether from the " voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given " them by this my hiſtory, thoſe that read it ſhall " alternately hope and fear for the great events therein " contained. In vain (continues he) ſhall they offer " up their vows for the righteous cauſe, and ſtand " thunderſtruck at ſo many various turns of fortune; " nor ſhall they read them as things that are already " paſt, but with that concern as if they were yet to " come, and ſhall range themſelves, O Pompey, on " thy ſide."

The other paſſage, which is in the Ninth Book, may be tranſlated thus: " Oh! Cæſar, profane thou " not through envy the funeral monuments of theſe " great patriots, that fell here ſacrifices to thy ambi- " tion. If there may be allowed any renown to a " Roman Muſe, while Homer's verſes ſhall be " thought worthy of praiſe, they that ſhall live after

" us, ſhall read his and mine together: My Phar-
" ſalia ſhall live, and no time nor age ſhall conſign it
" to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himſelf, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is ſcarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greateſt reſpect and the higheſt encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more inſtances.

I deſign not to enter into any criticiſm on the Pharſalia, though I had ever ſo much leiſure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain ſet of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and ſeem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell theſe gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by thoſe rules of an Epic Poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the ſame foot with Homer or Virgil, they muſt do him the juſtice at leaſt, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The Pharſalia is properly an Hiſtorical Heroic Poem, becauſe the ſubject is a known true ſtory. Now with our late critics, Truth is an unneceſſary trifle for an Epic Poem, and ought to be thrown aſide as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty genius in the Epic way. Hence it is, theſe critics obſerve, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the higheſt wonder and ſurprize; and the more improbable

the

the ſtory is, ſtill the more wonderful and ſurprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taſte, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with ſurprizing circumſtances, big with the higheſt events, and conducted with all the arts of the moſt conſummate wiſdom, does not ſtrike the leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting impreſſion on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants theſe ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compaſs of his ſtory. I am of opinion, that, in his firſt deſign of writing this poem of the civil wars, he reſolved to treat the ſubject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no ſhare in the work: but the force of cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor ſlavery, the principal deſign of the poem, induced him to embelliſh it with ſome fables, that without them his books would not be ſo univerſally read: ſo much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any ſhall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an hiſtorian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the Sixth book, where Sixtus enquires of the Theſſalian witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be anſwered, that perhaps the ſtory was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believed to be ſo in his

Lucan, though never ſo much his enemy, has not omitted his generous uſage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his priſoners in Spain. What can be then ſaid for Lucan, when he repreſents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharſalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landſkip of Slaughter and Blood, and forbidding the bodies of ſo many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one paſſage of Cæſar's life gives countenance to a ſtory like this: and how commendable ſoever the zeal of a writer may be, againſt the oppreſſor of his country, it ought not to have tranſported him to ſuch a degree of malevolence, as to paint the moſt merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the moſt ſavage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the beſt of men are not guilty of them in ſome degree or other. How many inſtances have we in hiſtory of the beſt princes treated as the worſt of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced againſt them!

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, ſmarting under the laſhes of Nero's tyranny, ſhould exclaim in the bittereſt terms againſt the memory of Julius Cæſar, ſince it was from him that Nero derived that power to uſe mankind as he did? Thoſe that lived in Lucan's time, did not conſider ſo much what Cæſar was in his own perſon, or temper, as what he was the occaſion of to them. It is very probable, there

there were a great many dreadful ſtories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of ſenſe might give credit to them ſo far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devaſtations committed by his ſucceſſors. Reſentments of this kind in the ſoul of a man, fond of the ancient conſtitution of the commonwealth, ſuch as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight grounds, whatever was to the diſadvantage of one he looked upon as the ſubverter of that conſtitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards ſtabbed him; for perſonal prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato ſcorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæſar would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæſar; but would only beg the ſame indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other authors; for I cannot help believing all hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan ſhould thus miſtake this part of Cæſar's character, and yet do him ſo much juſtice in the reſt. His greatneſs of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generoſity, his conſummate knowledge

in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all ſet forth in the beſt light, upon every proper occaſion. He never makes him ſpeak, but it is with all the ſtrength of argument, and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every inſtance of this; and I ſhall only mention the ſpeech to his army before the battle of Pharſalia, which in my opinion ſurpaſſes all I ever read, for the eaſy nobleneſs of expreſſion, the proper topics to animate his ſoldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few miſtakes in matters of fact, may be added thoſe of geography and aſtronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken ſome notice of them in his notes, I ſhall ſay nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to viſit the ſcenes where the actions he deſcribes were done, as ſome other hiſtorians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit ſome minute errors in theſe matters. As to aſtronomy, the ſchemes of that noble ſcience were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been ſince.

The method and diſpoſition of a work of this kind, muſt be much the ſame with thoſe obſerved by other hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better judgments: an hiſtorian who like Lucan has choſen to write in verſe, though he is obliged to have ſtrict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as

other

other hiſtorians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute paſſage, or circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main ſtory; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear heavy and flat, and conſequently incumber his genius, or his verſe. All theſe trifling parts of action would take off from the pleaſure and entertainment, which is the main ſcope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a ſiege, or the ſituation of a camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the relation of ſome great and important event, had better be ſpared than inſerted in a work of that kind. In a proſe writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable inſtances in moſt ancient hiſtorians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan againſt this rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary enumeration of the ſeveral parts of Gaul, where Cæſar's army was drawn together in the Firſt Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with ſome beautiful verſes he throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but ſtill in the main it is dry, and but of little conſequence to the ſtory itſelf. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæſar's confederates, as thoſe in the third book were Pompey's; and theſe laſt are particularly named, to expreſs how many nations eſpouſed the ſide of Pompey. Thoſe reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæſar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned

tioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garriſons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewiſe think, that the digreſſion of Theſſaly, and an account of its firſt inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great conſequence to his purpoſe. I am ſure, it ſignifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharſalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Theſſaly, or which of its mountains lies Eaſt or Weſt.

But if theſe be faults in Lucan, they are ſuch as will be found in the moſt admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The ſtory itſelf is Noble and Great; for what can there be in hiſtory more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the higheſt importance to mankind, carried-on between the two greateſt Leaders that ever were, and by a people the moſt renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time maſters of the world? What a poor ſubject is that of the Æneid, when compared with this of the Pharſalia! And what a deſpicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by ſaying only, "be thou a King," made far greater kings than him! The ſcene of the Iliad contained but Greece, ſome iſlands in the Ægean and Ionian ſeas, with a very little part of the Leſſer Aſia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almoſt all the nations of the then known world.

Troy

Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then miſtreſs of an empire, that reached from the ſtraits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caſpian ſeas, to Æthiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more ſtraitened in his ſubject. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, ſettles at laſt in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vaſt a diſproportion there is between the importance of the ſubject of the Æneid and that of the Pharſalia, that we find one ſingle Roman, Craſſus, maſter of more ſlaves on his eſtate, than Virgil's hero had ſubjects. In fine, it may be ſaid, nothing can excuſe him for his choice, but that he deſigned his hero for the anceſtor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an inſtance of Cæſar himſelf, when but proconſul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæſar's letters to him ſome time before. The words are theſe; "As to what concerns Marcus "Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if "you pleaſe, make him king of Gaul; but, if you "would have me advance any other friend of yours, "ſend him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, ſuch as Cæſar was, to diſpoſe of kingdoms

as

as they pleaſed; and Cæſar himſelf had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one ſurprizing inſtance more, of the prodigious greatneſs of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was maſter of all Egypt; and, marching to the conqueſt of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the ſenate, and refuſes to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, ſtartled at the command that was contained in them, to ſtop the progreſs of his victories, aſked a ſhort time to conſider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a ſtick he had in his hand, "Return me an anſwer," ſaid he, "before thou ſtirreſt out of this circle, or "the Roman people are no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a ſhort pauſe, told him with the loweſt ſubmiſſion, he would obey the ſenate's commands. Upon which, Popilius gives him his hand, and ſalutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up ſo great a monarchy, and ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reaſon to ſend word to the ſenate, as he did by his ambaſſadors, that he had obeyed their commands, with the ſame ſubmiſſion, as if they had been ſent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digreſſion. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever ſo little from Homer or Virgil,

who

who have kept poſſeſſion of the firſt places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for ſo many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I ſay there are ſeveral paſſages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that ſhines almoſt in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I ſhall only take notice of one inſtance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæſar, in a ſtorm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greateſt confuſion and deſpair, though he had aſſurance from the gods that he ſhould one day ſettle and raiſe a new empire in Italy. Cæſar, on the contrary, is repreſented perfectly ſedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten-up as much upon this occaſion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharſalia and Munda. Courage would have coſt Virgil nothing, to have beſtowed it on his hero; and he might as eaſily have thrown him upon the coaſt of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very ſevere upon Virgil on this account, and has criticized upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

"Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
"Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c."

"Seized as he is," ſays St. Evremont, "with this "chilneſs through all his limbs, the firſt ſign of life "we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his "hands to heaven, and, in all appearance, would "implore

" implore its ſuccour, if the condition wherein the " good hero finds himſelf, would afford him ſtrength " enough to raiſe his mind to the gods, and pray " with attention. His ſoul, which could not apply " itſelf to any thing elſe, abandons itſelf to lamen- " tations; and like thoſe deſolate widows, who upon " the firſt trouble they meet with, wiſh they were in " the grave with their dear huſbands, the poor Æneas " bewails his not having periſhed before Troy with " Hector, and eſteems them very happy who left their " bones in the boſom of ſo ſweet and dear a country. " Some people," adds he, " may perhaps believe he " ſays ſo, becauſe he envies their happineſs; but I " am perſuaded, ſays St. Evremont, it is for fear " of the danger that threatens him." The ſame au- thor, after he has expoſed his want of courage, adds, " The good Æneas hardly ever concerns himſelf in " any important or glorious deſign: it is enough for " him that he diſcharges his conſcience in the office " of a pious, tender, and compaſſionate man. He " carries his father on his ſhoulders, he conjugally " laments his dear Creüſa, he cauſes his nurſe to be " interred, and makes a funeral pile for his truſty " pilot Palinurus, for whom he ſheds a thouſand " tears. Here is (ſays he) a ſorry hero in paganiſm, " who would have made an admirable ſaint among " ſome chriſtians." In ſhort, it is St. Evremont's opinion, " he was fitter to make a founder of an order " than a ſtate."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I

eave to take notice, that the ſtorm in Lucan is drawn
ronger colours, and ſtrikes the mind with greater
or, than that of Virgil; notwithſtanding the firſt
to ſupernatural cauſe aſſigned for it, and the latter
iſed by a god, at the inſtigation of a goddeſs
was both wife and ſiſter of Jupiter.

the Pharſalia, moſt of the tranſactions and events,
compoſe the relation, are wonderful and ſur-
ig, though true, as well as inſtructive and enter-
ig. To enumerate them all, were to tranſcribe
ork itſelf, and therefore I ſhall only hint at ſome
e moſt remarkable. With what dignity, and
ſs of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey
Cæſar, introduced in the Firſt Book; and how
ifully, and with what a maſterly art, are they
ed to one another? add to this, the juſteſt ſimi-
s by which their different characters are illuſtra-
the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but ad-
the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more
than one? And I perſuade myſelf, if Lucan had
to finiſh his deſign, the death of that illuſtrious
n had made one of the moſt moving, as well as
the moſt ſublime epiſodes of his poem. In the
Book Pompey's dream, Cæſar's breaking open
mple of Saturn, the ſiege of Marſeilles, the
ht, and the ſacred grove, have each of them their
ılar excellence, that in my opinion come very
hort of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.
the Fourth Book, there are a great many charm-
idents, and among the reſt, that of the ſoldier,
running

running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable ſtory of Vulteius. The Fifth Book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering anſwers, and the reaſon of its then ſilence. Then, upon the occaſion of a mutiny in Cæſar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of paſſing the Adriatic in a ſmall boat, amidſt the ſtorm I hinted at, he has given us the nobleſt and beſt image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the Book. It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the deſcription of the witch Erictho, in the Sixth Book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The Seventh Book is moſt taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharſalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is ſo related, that the reader may rather think himſelf a ſpectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than ſo remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majeſtic deſcription of the general Conflagration, and of that laſt cataſtrophe, which muſt put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the moſt elevated ſtyle, his ſentiments of the "Immortality of "the Soul," and of rewards and puniſhments after this life. All theſe are touched with the niceſt delicacy of expreſſion and thought, eſpecially that about the uni-

verſal Conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy Writ. In ſo much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have converſed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have ſeen that Epiſtle of his, wherein he gives us the very ſame idea of it.

In the Eighth Book, our paſſions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but eſpecially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewiſe drawn, with the greateſt art, the character of young Ptolemy and his miniſters; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquiſitely expoſed in his own ſpeech in council.

In the Ninth Book, after the apotheoſis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fitteſt man after him to head the cauſe of Liberty and Rome. This Book is the longeſt, and, in my opinion, the moſt entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deſerts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidſt theſe diſtreſſes through which he leads him, ſeems every where to deſerve thoſe raptures of praiſe he beſtows upon him. Add to this, the artful deſcriptions of the various poiſons with which theſe deſerts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's anſwer to Labienus in this Book, upon his deſiring him to conſult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a maſter-piece not to be equalled.

All the attributes of God, ſuch as his omnipotence, his preſcience, his juſtice, his goodneſs, and his unſearchable decrees, are painted in the moſt awful and the ſtrongeſt colours, and ſuch as may make Chriſtians themſelves bluſh, for not coming up to them in moſt of their writings upon that ſubject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this paſſage, he concludes, "If all the "ancient poets had ſpoke as worthily of the oracles "of their gods, he ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer "them to the divines and philoſophers of our time. "We may ſee, ſays he, in the concourſe of ſo "many people, that came to conſult the oracle of "Hammon, what effect a public opinion can pro-"duce, where zeal and ſuperſtition mingle together. "We may ſee in Labienus, a pious ſenſible man, "who to his reſpect for the gods, joins the conſide-"ration and eſteem we ought to preſerve for virtue in "good men. Cato is a religious ſevere philoſopher, "weaned from all vulgar opinions, who entertains "thoſe lofty thoughts of the gods, which pure un-"debauched reaſon and a true elevated knowledge "can give us of them; every thing here, ſays St. "Evremont, is poetical, every thing is conſonant "to truth and reaſon. It is not poetical upon the "ſcore of any ridiculous fiction, or for ſome extra-"vagant hyperbole, but for the daring greatneſs and "majeſty of the language, and for the noble eleva-"tion of the diſcourſe. It is thus, adds he, that "poetry is the language of the gods, and that

"poets

"poets are wiſe; and it is ſo much the greater wonder to find it in Lucan, ſays he, becauſe it is "neither to be met with in Homer nor Virgil." I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in theſe matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languiſhing, but Lucan's much more ſtrong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Ægyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then-received opinions of the increaſe and decreaſe of the river Nile. From the variety of the ſtory, and many other particulars I need not mention in this ſhort account, it may eaſily appear, that a true hiſtory may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a ſubject that affords ſo many and ſo ſurprizing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the moſt juſtly imputed are thoſe of his ſtile; and indeed how could it be otherwiſe? Let us but remember the imperfect ſtate, in which his ſudden and immature death left the Pharſalia; the deſign itſelf being probably but half finiſhed, and what was writ of it, but ſlightly, if at all, reviſed. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three firſt books himſelf, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it ſo: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of ſix and twenty, to thoſe he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil,

the moſt correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his Æneid for near as long a ſeries of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a ſtrong opinion that it was imperfect ſtill. If Lucan had lived to his age, the Pharſalia without doubt would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithſtanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Auguſtus.

It muſt be owned he is in many places obſcure and hard, and therefore not ſo agreeable, and comes ſhort of the purity, ſweetneſs, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is ſtill univerſally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art; and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering.

I am by no means willing to compare the Pharſalia to the Æneid; but I muſt ſay with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey, Cæſar, Cato, and Labienus, ſhine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of theſe great men are truly greater, and affect us more ſenſibly, than thoſe which Virgil has given us of his deities: The latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: The other has raiſed his heroes ſo, as to bring them into competition with the gods themſelves. In a word, the

the gods are not ſo valuable in Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it muſt be allowed, that moſt things throughout the whole Pharſalia are greatly and juſtly ſaid, with regard even to the language and expreſſion: but the ſentiments are every where ſo beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he deſcribes Cæſar in Amyclus's cottage in the Fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dreſs. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan juſtly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raiſes him up to an equality with the greateſt of the ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himſelf, but a great patron of learning, and uſed to be preſent at the converſations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Maſquerade. They had their Parnaſſus, their Pegaſus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their ſeveral characters, where each acted the part that was ſuitable to his manner of writing, and among the reſt one acted Lucan. "There was none, ſays he, that was placed in a "higher ſtation, or had a greater proſpect under him, "than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegaſus with all "the heat and intrepidity of youth, and ſeemed de-"ſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back

" of him. But as the hinder feet of the horſe ſtuck
" to the mountain, while the body reared up in the
" air, the poet with great difficulty kept himſelf from
" ſliding off, inſomuch that the ſpectators often gave
" him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was
" tumbling." Thus Strada.

I ſhall ſum up all I have time to ſay of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the moſt polite men of the age he lived in, and who under the protection of the ſame Pope Leo X. was one of the firſt reſtorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the ſixteenth century I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with th aſſiſtance of Beroaldus, Badius, and ſome others of the firſt *form* in the republic of letters, publiſhed Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the firſt impreſſion, if I miſtake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, roſe about that time to a prodigious height in a ſmall compaſs of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever ſince. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate ſententious criticiſm on his Pharſalia, but a beautiful judicious compariſon between him and Virgil, and that in a ſtile which in my opinion comes but little ſhort of Salluſt, or the writers of the Auguſtine age. It is to the following purpoſe.

I come now to the author I have commented upon, ſays Sulpitius Verulanus, and ſhall endeavour to deſcribe

ſcribe him, as well as obſerve in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no leſs a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering ſtrictly to truth, he ſeems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an hiſtorian; for he equally performs each of theſe offices. His expreſſion is bold and lively; his ſentiments are clear, his fictions within compaſs of probability, and his digreſſions proper; his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, deſigns and actions, his ſtile is ſo maſterly, that you rather ſeem to ſee, than read of thoſe tranſactions. But as for enterprizes and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerneſs and terror of the ſeveral ſoldiers, ſeem preſent to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in deſcriptions; and none more ſkilful in diſcovering the ſecret ſprings of action, and their riſe in human paſſions: as he is an acute ſearcher into the manners of men, and moſt dextrous in applying all ſorts of learning to his ſubject: What other coſmographer, aſtrologer, philoſopher or mathematician do we ſtand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judicouſly handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have caſually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; ſo is Lucan. In ſo apparent an equality,

it is hard to decide which excels: For both have juſtly obtained the higheſt commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan ſumptuous and ſplendid: The firſt is diſcreet, inventive, and ſublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of ſpirit. Virgil ſeems to move with the devout ſolemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtineſs of a victorious general. One owes moſt to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the ſoul with the ſweetneſs and muſic of his verſe, the other raiſes it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is ſedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults; Lucan quick, various and florid: *He* ſeems to fight with ſtronger weapons, *This* with more. The firſt ſurpaſſes all in ſolid ſtrength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one ſounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a leſs indeed, but clearer. In ſhort, ſo great is the affinity, and the ſtruggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that Divinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been poſſeſſed of the chief ſeat on Parnaſſus, our author's claim to it had been indiſputable.

Feb. 26, 1718 19.

LUCAN'S

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Firſt Book, after a propoſition of his ſubject, a ſhort view of the ruins occaſioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal cauſes of the Civil War, together with the characters of Cæſar and Pompey: after that, the ſtory properly begins with Cæſar's paſſing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminum. Thither the Tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the oppoſite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his ſpeech to his army, and a particular mention of the ſeveral parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his aſſiſtance. From Cæſar, the poet turns to deſcribe the general conſternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the ſenate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occaſion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly an occaſion of thoſe panic terrors, and likewiſe the ceremonies that were uſed by the prieſts for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this Book with the inſpiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which ſhe enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the courſe of the Civil War.

EMATHIAN plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd violence, and lawleſs might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;

A race

A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile ſwords;
Piles againſt piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles againſt eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, ſpilt,
One common horror and promiſcuous guilt,
A ſhatter'd world in wild diſorder toſt,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confuſion loſt;
Of all the woes which civil diſcords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I ſing.
What blind, deteſted madneſs could afford
Such horrid licenſe to the murdering ſword?
Say, Romans, whence ſo dire a fury roſe,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like theſe provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud ſpires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in Roman ſpoils invade the ſky;
While yet no vengeance is to Craſſus paid,
But unaton'd repines the wandering ſhade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What ſeas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant ſhore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood have gain
With which Emathia's fatal fields were ſtain'd!
Where Seres in their ſilken woods reſide,
Where ſwift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:
Where-e'er (if ſuch a nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret fountain ſpringing cleaves the ground
Where ſouthern ſuns with double ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the land, and ſcorch the mid-day ſkies;

Wl

Where winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
And binds the frozen floods in cryſtal chains;
Where-e'er the shady night and day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the yoke of Rome.
O Rome! if ſlaughter be thy only care,
If ſuch thy fond deſire of impious war;
Turn from thyſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd wound,
Till thou art miſtreſs of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyſelf be found.
Thy foes as yet a juſter war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy ſword.
But ſee! her hands on her own vitals ſeize,
And no deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy column lies,
While weeds obſcene above the cornice riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots ſuſtain.
The landſkip, once in various beauty ſpread,
With yellow harveſts and the flowery mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated face,
Which buſhy brakes and brambles vile diſgrace:
No human footſtep prints th' untrodden green,
No chearful maid nor villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſy ſtreet,
No ſound is heard of human voices now,
But whiſtling winds through empty dwellings blow;

While

While paſſing ſtrangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' ſword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such univerſal deſolation yield:
Her impious ſons have her worſt foes ſurpaſs'd,
And Roman hands have laid Heſperia waſte.
But if our fates ſeverely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to ſucceed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth muſt pay for their divine abodes;
If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign,
Tis juſt, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppreſt with death though dire Pharſalia groan,
Though Latian blood the Punic ghoſts atone;
Though Pompey's hapleſs ſons renew the war,
And Munda view the ſlaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Peruſia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's iſle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though ſervile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
And on Sicilian ſeas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæſar, art the great reward.
Vaſt are the thanks thy grateful Rome ſhould pay
To wars, which uſher-in thy ſacred ſway.
When, the great buſineſs of the world atchiev'd,
Late by the willing ſtars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the bliſsful ſeats the news ſhall roll,
And heaven reſound with joy from pole to pole.

Whether

Whether great Jove reſign ſupreme command,
And truſt his ſceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou chooſe the empire of the day,
And make the ſun's unwilling ſteeds obey;
Auſpicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Where-e'er thou reign, with one conſenting voice,
The gods and nature ſhall approve thy choice.
But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy ſeat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to ſhine,
Nor where the ſultry ſouthern ſtars decline;
Leſs kindly thence thy influence ſhall come,
And thy bleſt rays obliquely viſit Rome.
Preſs not too much on any part the ſphere:
Hard were the taſk thy weight divine to bear;
Soon would the *axis* feel th' unuſual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal ſhalt thou riſe,
And with a juſter balance fix the ſkies.
Serene for ever be that azure ſpace,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven diſgrace,
Nor hide from Rome her Cæſar's radiant face.
Then ſhall mankind conſent in ſweet accord,
And warring nations ſheath the wrathful ſword;
Peace ſhall the world in friendly leagues compoſe,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever cloſe.
To me thy preſent godhead ſtands confeſt,
Oh let thy ſacred fury fire my breaſt!
So thou vouchſafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's myſtic cell;

By me uncall'd, let ſprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nyſa's plain.
To thee, O Cæſar, all my vows belong;
Do thou alone inſpire the Roman ſong.
And now the mighty taſk demands our care,
The fatal ſource of diſcord to declare;
What cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire event,
Why rage ſo dire the madding nations rent,
And peace was driven away by one conſent.
But thus the malice of our fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration ſtands;
Aſpiring Rome had riſen too much in height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So ſhall one hour at laſt this globe controul,
Break up the vaſt machine, diſſolve the whole,
And time no more through meaſur'd ages roll.
Then Chaos hoar ſhall ſeize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldeſt night;
The ſtarry lamps ſhall combat in the ſky,
And loſt and blended in each other die;
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires ſhall fall,
And ocean caſt abroad o'er-ſpread the ball:
The moon no more her well-known courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from weſtern waves, and meet the ſun;
Ungovern'd ſhall ſhe quit her ancient way,
Herſelf ambitious to ſupply the day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And diſcord and diſorder tear the world.
Thus power and greatneſs to deſtruction haſte,
Thus bounds to human happineſs are plac'd,
And Jove forbids proſperity to laſt.

Yet

Yet Fortune, when ſhe meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes preſerv'd the Roman ſtate,
Nor ſuffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
To Rome herſelf for enemies ſhe ſought,
And Rome herſelf her own deſtruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
Firſt fell by fatal partnerſhip of power.
What blind ambition bids your force combine?
What means this frantic league in which you join?
Miſtaken men! who hope to ſhare the ſpoil,
And hold the world within one common toil!
While earth the ſeas ſhall in her boſom bear,
While earth herſelf ſhall hang in ambient air,
While Phœbus ſhall his conſtant taſk renew;
While through the Zodiac night ſhall day purſue;
No faith, no truſt, no friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous partners of a throne;
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign tales to make this good,
Were not our walls firſt built in brother's blood?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion riſe,
Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
Divided power contention ſtill affords,
And for a village ſtrove the petty lords.
The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Preſerv'd the bond but for a little ſpace,
Still with an aukward diſagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, ſuch as friends perſuade.

Deſire of war in either chief was ſeen,
Though interpoſing Craſſus ſtood between.
Such in the midſt the parting Iſthmus lies,
While ſwelling ſeas on either ſide ariſe;
The ſolid boundaries of earth reſtrain
The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
But, if the mound gives way, ſtraight roaring loud
In at the breach the ruſhing torrents croud;
Raging they meet, the daſhing waves run high,
And work their foamy waters to the ſky.
So when unhappy Craſſus, ſadly ſlain,
Dy'd with his blood Aſſyrian Carre's plain;
Sudden the ſeeming friends in arms engage,
The Parthian ſword let looſe the Latian rage.
Ye fierce Arſacidæ! ye foes of Rome,
Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
The vanquiſh'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their civil war.
The ſword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendſhip knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an empire of ſo vaſt a ſize,
Could not for two ambitious minds ſuffice;
The peopled earth, and wide-extended main,
Could furniſh room for only one to reign.
When dying Julia firſt forſook the light,
And Hymen's tapers ſunk in endleſs night,
The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife perſuade!

Like

Like the fam'd Sabine dames ſhe had been ſeen
To ſtay the meeting war, and ſtand between:
On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and ſheath the ruthleſs ſword.
But this the fatal ſiſters doom deny'd;
The friends were ſever'd, when the matron dy'd.
The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their ſouls with jealouſy of fame,
And emulation fans the riſing flame.

Thee Pompey thy paſt deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous glory burns within thy breaſt;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful Cæſar's riſing ſhade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious eyes
Above thy naval crowns triumphant riſe.
Thee, Cæſar, thy long labours paſt incite,
Thy uſe of war, and cuſtom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage ſcorn a ſecond place.
Superior power, fierce faction's deareſt care,
One could not brook, and one diſdain'd to ſhare.
Juſtly to name the better cauſe were hard,
While greateſt names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious Cæſar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increaſing years began to yield,
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the ſoldier down;

Diſus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himſelf with popular applauſe;
With gifts and liberal bounty ſought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar ſhout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to ſit,
Amidſt the noiſy praiſes of the pit.
Careleſs of future ills that might betide,
No aid he ſought to prop his failing ſide,
But on his former fortune much relyd.
Still ſeem'd he to poſſeſs, and fill his place;
But ſtood the ſhadow of what once he was.
So, in the field with Ceres' bounty ſpread,
Uprears ſome ancient oak his reverend head;
Chaplets and ſacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And ſpoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the firſt vigour of his root now gone,
He ſtands dependent on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are diſplay'd,
And with his leafleſs trunk he forms a ſhade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blaſt would heave him from his ſeat;
Though thouſand fairer trees the field ſupplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him riſe;
Fix'd in his ancient ſtate he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæſar's greatneſs, and his ſtrength, was more
Than paſt renown and antiquated power;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals ſeen;
But 'twas a valour, reſtleſs, unconfin'd,
Which no ſucceſs could ſate, nor limits bind;
'Twas

'Twas ſhame, a ſoldier's ſhame untaught to yield,
That bluſh'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to ſtay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withſtood,
Nor ſpar'd to ſtain the guilty ſword with blood;
Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
And made the moſt of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And ſaw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders loud,
Darts the ſwift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blaſt confounds the gazer's ſight;
Reſiſtleſs in its courſe delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its maſter Jove:
Alike where-e'er it paſſes or returns,
With equal rage the fell deſtroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its ſtrength retires,
And recollects the force of all its ſcatter'd fires.
Motives like theſe the leading chiefs inſpir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Thoſe fatal ſeeds luxurious vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquiſh'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treaſures to her view diſplay'd:
Then truth and ſimple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd diſhoneſt face;
Virtue to full proſperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the luſt of prey.

On every side proud palaces arise,
And lavish gold each common use supplies.
Their fathers frugal tables stand abhorr'd,
And Asia now and Affic are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
In silken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides should blush to wear.
That age by honest poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;
Where-ever aught pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the sinking state confound.
The Curii's and Camilli's little field,
To vast extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
Where once the great Dictator held the plow.
Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;
Ev'n liberty had lost the power to please:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedness persuade:
Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,
Worth being sought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
And force in popular assemblies reign'd;
Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:

Hence

Hence ſlaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And uſury ſtill watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's laſt reſort.
Now Cæſar, marching ſwift with winged haſte,
The ſummits of the frozen Alps had paſt;
With vaſt events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he ſtood;
When lo! as he ſurvey'd the narrow flood,
Amidſt the duſky horrors of the night,
A wondrous viſion ſtood confeſt to ſight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful ſilence broke.
Preſumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you theſe my enſigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmoſt barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing ſhade:
Aſtoniſhment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the bank his ſlackening ſteps were ſtay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;

Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread city caſt thy ſight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line!
Ye myſteries of Romulus divine!
Thou, Jove! to whom from young Aſcanius came
Thy Alban temple, and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal ſacred Veſtal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majeſtic Rome!
My firſt, my great divinity, to whom
Thy ſtill ſucceſsful Cæſar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the ſword's deſtructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war ſhall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curſe beſtow,
Who would perſuade thee Cæſar is thy foe;
And ſince to thee I conſecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cauſe, and on thy ſoldier ſmile:
He ſaid; and ſtraight, impatient of delay,
Acroſs the ſwelling flood, purſued his way.
So when on ſultry Libya's deſert ſand
The lion ſpies the hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful ſalvage lies,
And waits a while till all his fury riſe;
His laſhing tail provokes his ſwelling ſides,
And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides:
Then if at length the flying dart infeſt,
Or the broad ſpear invade his ample breaſt,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hoſtile Moor.
While with hot ſkies the fervent ſummer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;

Through

Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the ſea.
His bank on either ſide a limit ſtands,
Between the Gallic and Auſonian lands.
But ſtronger now the wintery torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine ſnows,
And Cynthia riſing with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team;
A ſignal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling ſtream.
For this, to ſtem the rapid water's courſe,
Firſt plung'd amidſt the flood the bolder horſe;
With ſtrength oppos'd againſt the ſtream they lead,
While to the ſmoother ford, the foot with eaſe ſucceed.
The leader now had paſs'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden ſhore:
Then rearing on the hoſtile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he ſaid.)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou, goddeſs Fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He ſpoke; and, on the dreadful taſk intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic ſling is ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches ſwift he reach'd the town,
As the ſhades fled, the ſinking ſtars were gone,
And Lucifer the laſt was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn aroſe,
Which beams the firſt tumultuous rage diſcloſe:

Whether the ſtormy ſouth prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious ſight,
The clouds a while withheld the mournful light.
To the mid Forum on the ſoldier paſs'd.
There halted, and his victor enſigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarſe horn, and rattling trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting citizens uprear their heads;
The luſtier youth at once forſake their beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the weapons, which among
Their houſhold-gods in peace had reſted long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs ſpears with points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their creſts the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæſar high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling heart with ſecret horror ſhook,
And ſilent thus within themſelves they ſpoke.
Oh, hapleſs city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curſe ſo near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us deſtruction ever takes its way,
We firſt become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmoſt eaſt!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlaſting ſnow.
Better with wandering Scythians chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard theſe dreadful paſſages to Rome.

Through

Through theſe the Cimbrians laid Heſperia waſte;
Through theſe the ſwarthy Carthaginian paſs'd;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian ſtates,
War, death, and ruin, enter at theſe gates.
In ſecret murmurs thus they ſought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid ſilence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains,
All nature, heaven, and earth at once conſtrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And ſhivering tremble on the naked ſprays;
Ev'n the rude ſeas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows ſtiffen on the ſhore.
The colder ſhades of night forſook the ſky,
When lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And if the chief, by doubt or ſhame detain'd,
Awhile from battle and from blood abſtain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every ſoft relenting thought away.
A lucky chance a fair pretence ſupplies,
And juſtice in his favour ſeems to riſe.
New accidents new ſtings to rage ſuggeſt,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breaſt.
The ſenate threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In ſcorn of law, had chac'd them through the gate,
And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With theſe, as for redreſs their courſe they ſped
To Cæſar's camp, the buſy Curio fled;

Curio,

Curio, a ſpeaker turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that ſerv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and ſold.
A tribune once himſelf, in loud debate,
He ſtrove for public freedom and the ſtate:
Eſſay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæſar thus, while thouſand cares infeſt,
Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breaſt,
His ſpeech the ready orator addreſt.
While yet my voice was uſeful to my friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæſar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering ſword within thy hand.
But ſince the vanquiſh'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come;
For thee, with joy our baniſhment we take,
For thee our houſhold hearths and gods forſake;
Nor hope to ſee our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loſs reſtore.
Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceleſs, weak, and unreſolv'd, appear;
Haſte then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occaſion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the ſtubborn Gaul withheld,
And ſet thee hard in many a well-fought field;

A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard leſs, yet greater far the prize:
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vaſt head that does mankind control.
Succeſs ſhall ſure attend thee, boldly go
And win the world at one ſucceſsful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy ſacred laurel wait:
But blaſting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treaſon to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy juſt command.
Since Pompey then, and thoſe upon his ſide,
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Aſſume that ſway which beſt mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they diſdain to ſhare.
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief engage,
And fire his breaſt, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applauſe with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouſe the fiery horſe;
When eager for the courſe each nerve he ſtrains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the ſtubborn reins,
At every ſhout erects his quivering ears,
And his broad breaſt upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and ſtraight
The thronging legions round their enſigns wait.
Then thus, the croud compoſing with a look,
And with his hand commanding ſilence ſpoke.

Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful senate yield,
For the lost blood which stains yon northern field;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
And each tall grove falls by the shipwright's hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies spread,
And all demand devoted Cæsar's head.
If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,
While the gods call us on and own our cause,
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls pursued us from behind!
But let their boasted hero leave his home,
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come,
With every noisy talking tongue in Rome:
Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
Shall his base followers, a venal train,
For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign?
Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,
His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
Still shall he gather honours and command,
And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand?

What need I name the violated laws,
And famine made the ſervant of his cauſe?
Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld
The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd;
When the bold ſoldier, juſtice to defy,
In the mid Forum rear'd his enſigns high;
When glittering ſwords the pale aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for death and ſlaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
And now, diſdaining peace and needful eaſe,
Nothing but rule and government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of reſt, to vex the ſtate:
On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field for battle now prepares.
He copies from his maſter Sylla well,
And would the dire example far excel.
Hyrcanian tigers fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
To chace the herds, and ſurfeit on the ſlain.
Such, Pompey, ſtill has been thy greedy thirſt,
In early love of impious ſlaughter nurſt;
Since firſt thy infant cruelty eſſay'd
To lick the curſt dictator's reeking blade.
None ever give the ſalvage nature o'er,
Whoſe jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.
But whither would a power ſo wide extend?
Where will thy long ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who choſe to quit the ſovereign ſeat,
Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, for that too boldly I withſtand,
Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
Since the Cilician pirate ſtrikes his ſail,
Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-paſt,
By thee and poiſon is ſubdued at laſt;
Perhaps, one lateſt province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd Cæſar muſt receive thy chains.
But though my labours loſe their juſt reward,
Yet let the ſenate theſe my friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deſerve to triumph, whoſoe'er commands.
Where ſhall my weary veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
What town is for his late repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plow, a country village ſeat,
Some little comfortable ſafe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may ceaſe,
And waſte the poor remains of life with peace?
But march! Your long-victorious enſigns rear,
Let valour in its own juſt cauſe appear.
When for redreſs intreating armies call,
They who deny juſt things, permit them all.
The righteous gods ſhall ſurely own the cauſe,
Which ſeeks not ſpoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from ſlavery ſubmiſſive Rome.
He ſaid; a doubtful ſullen murmuring ſound
Ran through the unreſolving vulgar round;

The

The ſeeds of piety their rage reſtrain'd,
And ſomewhat of their country's love remain'd;
Theſe the rude paſſions of their ſoul withſtood,
Elate to conqueſt, and inur'd to blood:
But ſoon the momentary virtue fail'd,
And war and dread of Cæſar's frown prevail'd.
Straight Lelius from amidſt the reſt ſtood forth,
An old centurion of diſtinguiſh'd worth;
The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preſerv'd he bore.
If againſt thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greateſt leader of the Roman name;
If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,
What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
Canſt thou diſtruſt our faith ſo often try'd,
In thy long wars not ſhrinking from thy ſide?
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my boſom blows;
While yet theſe arms ſufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin, and to lift the ſhield;
While theſe remain, my general, wilt thou own
The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
Wilt thou the lordly ſenate chooſe to bear,
Rather than conquer in a civil war?
With thee the Scythian wilds we 'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning Libyan ſands explore,
And tread the Syrt's inhoſpitable ſhore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the ſervile oar has not diſdain'd,

For

For thee the ſwelling ſeas were taught to plow,
Through the Rhine's whirling ſtream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquiſh'd world to thee might bow.
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.
No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæſar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
By the long labours of thy ſword, I ſwear,
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy paſt triumphs, and by thoſe to come,
(No matter where the vanquiſh'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to ſtrike my deareſt brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or ſtab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and ſtop my trembling hand,
I ſwear to execute thy dread command.
Doſt thou delight to ſpoil the wealthy gods,
And ſcatter flames through all their proud abodes?
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta ſoon her ſinking fane ſhall mourn.
Wilt thou yon haughty factious ſenate brave,
And awe the Tuſcan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's bank thy enſigns ſhall be plac'd,
And thy bold ſoldier lay Heſperia waſte.
Doſt thou devote ſome hoſtile city's walls?
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful ſentence doom
The world's imperial miſtreſs, mighty Rome.
He ſaid; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in every bold deſign;

All

All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applauſe the ſky.
Such is the ſound when Thracian Boreas ſpreads
His weighty wing o'er Oſſa's piney heads;
At once the noiſy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the ſweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.
Cæſar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd-on by fate, and eager for the field;
Swift orders ſtraight the ſcatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, left his fortune languiſh by delay,
To Rome the moving enſigns ſpeed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forſake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
Some from Vogeſus' lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on thoſe heights the Lingones to awe;
The Lingones ſtill frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted arms.
Others from Iſara's low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his name;
But ſeeks the ſea with waters not his own,
Loſt and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garriſon the Ruthen city ſend,
Whoſe youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;

Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus reſort,
Nor roll rude ſurges in the Sacred Port;
Circius' loud blaſt alone is heard to roar,
And vex the ſafety of Monœchus' ſhore.
The legions move from Gallia's fartheſt ſide,
Waſh'd by the reſtleſs ocean's various tide;
Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its riſing head again,
And ſeas and earth alternate rule maintain.
If driven by winds from the far diſtant pole,
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's ſilver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the ſwelling ſtream;
Or if, by heat attracted to the ſky,
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
And briny deeps the waſting ſun ſupply;
What cauſe ſoe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And preſs the ebb, or raiſe the flowing tide;
Be that your taſk, ye ſages, to explore,
Who ſearch the ſecret ſprings of nature's power:
To me, for ſo the wiſer gods ordain,
Untrac'd the myſtery ſhall ſtill remain.
From fair Nemoſſus moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian ſtrand,
Where winding round the coaſt purſues its way,
And folds the ſea within a gentle bay.
The Santones are now with joy releaſt
From hoſtile inmates, and their Roman gueſt,
Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
And Sueſſons nimble with unwieldy ſpears;

Exult

Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani the wheeling horſe to guide;
The bold Averni who from Ilium come,
And boaſt an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervi oft rebelling, oft ſubdued,
Whoſe hands in Gotta's ſlaughter were imbrued;
Vangiones, like looſe Sarmatians dreſt,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs inveſt;
Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarſe rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains ſtand in ſnow;
Thoſe where ſlow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
And with his ſtronger ſtream is hurry'd down;
Thoſe o'er the mountains lofty ſummit ſpread,
Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
With theſe the Trevir, and Ligurian ſhorn,
Whoſe brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Though chief amongſt the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely ſpread, his graceful neck:
And you where Heſus' horrid altar ſtands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd,
And vies in ſlaughter with the Scythian maid:
All ſee with joy the war's departing rage,
Seek diſtant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards! whom ſacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;

Who conſecrate, in your immortal ſtrain,
Brave patriot ſouls in righteous battle ſlain;
Securely now the tuneful taſk renew,
And nobleſt themes in deathleſs ſongs purſue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old myſteries and barbarous rites reſtore:
A tribe who ſingular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To theſe, and theſe of all mankind alone,
The gods are ſure reveal'd, or ſure unknown.
If dying mortals dooms they ſing aright,
No ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting ſouls to griſly Pluto go,
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent ſhades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endleſs race,
And like a line, death but divides the ſpace,
A ſtop which can but for a moment laſt,
A point between the future and the paſt.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern ſkies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death, deſpiſe;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return.
You too tow'rds Rome advance, ye warlike band,
That wont the ſhaggy Cauci to withſtand;
Whom once a better order did aſſign,
To guard the paſſes of the German Rhine;

Now from the fenceleſs banks you march away,
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
While thus the numerous troops, from every part,
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring leader's heart;
O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,
The neighbouring towns his ſummons ſtraight obey,
And on their walls his enſigns high diſplay.
Mean-while the buſy meſſenger of ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new terror ſtill:
A thouſand ſlaughters, and ten thouſand fears,
She whiſpers in the trembling vulgar's ears.
Now comes a frighted meſſenger, to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The foe to fair Mevania's walls is paſt,
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful paſtures waſte;
Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
But when himſelf, when Cæſar they would paint,
The ſtronger image makes deſcription faint;
No tongue can ſpeak with what amazing dread
Wild thought preſents him at his army's head;
Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of gigantic ſize:
Unnumber'd eagles riſe amidſt his train,
And millions ſeem to hide the crouded plain.
Around him all the various nations join,
Between the ſnowy Alps and diſtant Rhine.
He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
With rage ſurpaſſing theirs he ſeems to come,
And urge them on to ſpoil devoted Rome.

Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe ills themſelves have made.
Nor theſe alarms the croud alone infeſt,
But ran alike through every beating breaſt;
With equal dread the grave Patricians ſhook,
Their ſeats abandon'd, and the court forſook.
The ſcattering fathers quit the public care,
And bid the conſuls for the war prepare.
Reſolv'd on flight, yet ſtill unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair.
Haſty and headlong differing paths they tread,
As blind impulſe and wild diſtraction lead;
The croud, a hurrying, heartleſs train, ſucceed.
Who that the lamentable ſight beheld,
The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
Would not have thought the flames, with rapid haſte
Deſtroying wide, had laid their city waſte;
Or groaning earth had ſhook beneath their feet,
While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the ſtreet.
By ſuch unthinking raſhneſs were they led;
Such was the madneſs which their fears had bred,
As if, of every other hope bereft,
To fly from Rome were all the ſafety left.
So when the ſtormy South is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Libyan ſhore;
When rending ſails flit with the driving blaſt,
And with a craſh down comes the lofty maſt;
Some coward maſter leaps from off the deck,
And, haſty to deſpair, prevents the wreck;

And

And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the ſea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city ruſh to arms.
Then ſons forſook their fires un-nerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their huſbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:
None ſtop'd, or ſighing turn'd for one laſt view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
The headlong crowd regardleſs urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country aſk their ſtay,
And pleading nature beg them to delay.
What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you reſume.
Vain is the ſhort-liv'd ſovereignty you lend;
The pile you raiſe you deign not to defend.
See where, forſaken by her native bands,
All deſolate the once-great city ſtands!
She whom her ſwarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquiſh'd nations wont to croud,
Within the circuit of whoſe ample ſpace
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceleſs deſert now ſhe lies,
And yields herſelf the victor's eaſy prize.
The camp intrench'd ſecureſt ſlumbers yields,
Though hoſtile arms beſet the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the haſty ſoldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears.
While, Rome, thy ſons all tremble from afar,
And ſtartle at the very name of war;

Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor truſt their ſafety with thee for a night.
Yet one excuſe abſolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar juſtly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And, left ſweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times diſcloſe,
On every breaſt preſaging terror ſate,
And threaten'd plain ſome yet more diſmal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and ſeas, in prodigies abound;
Then ſtars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unuſual fires by night were ſeen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy ſky.
Then horrid comets ſhook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dart ſwift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin ſhoot extended long,
While ſome like ſpreading lamps in heaven are hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through ſkies ſerene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blaſting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The ſtars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching ſhade:
The ſun himſelf, in his meridian race,
In ſable darkneſs veil'd his brighter face;

The

The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd deſpairing for the loſs of day.
Such was he ſeen, when backward to the eaſt
He fled, abhorring dire Thyeſtes' feaſt.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let looſe his fiery ſtore;
Nor roſe the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds Italy their burning torrent guide;
Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The Veſtal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the ſacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double ſtreams aſcend,
To ſhew the Latian feſtivals muſt end:
Such from the Theban brethren's pile aroſe,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings faſt the gaping earth gave way.
And in her inmoſt womb receiv'd the day.
The ſwelling ſeas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps ſhook off their ancient ſnow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And ſweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording ſtories tell,
Untouch'd the ſacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obſcene, with inauſpicious flight,
And ſcreamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd light.
The ſalvage kind forſook the deſert wood,
And in the ſtreets diſclos'd their horrid brood.
Then ſpeaking beaſts with human ſounds were heard,
And monſtrous births the teeming mothers ſcar'd.

Among

Among the croud, religious fears diſperſe
The ſaws of Sibyls, and foreboding verſe.
Bellona's prieſts, a barbarous frantic train,
Whoſe mangled arms a thouſand wounds diſdain,
Toſs their wild locks, and, with a diſmal yell,
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.
Lamenting ghoſts amidſt their aſhes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods reſound.
Grim ſpectres every-where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and paſs with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of ſize, ſhe ſtalks:
A flaming pine ſhe brandiſhes in air,
And hiſſing loud up-riſe her ſnaky hair:
Where-e'er her round accurſt the monſter takes,
The pale inhabitant his houſe forſakes.
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom ſeen,
Such the dire viſions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel ſtepmother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra ſtand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero ſhook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amid the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
Shrill-ſounding clarions animate the fight;
The ſhouts of meeting armies ſeem to riſe,
And the loud battle ſhakes the gloomy ſkies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field aſcends,
And miſchiefs mighty as his own portends.

Near

Near Anio's ſtream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his griſly form, and fled.
The ſtate thus threaten'd, by old cuſtom taught,
For counſel to the Tuſcan prophets ſought:
Of theſe the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable ſage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could deſcry
What bodes the lightning's journey through the ſky;
Preſaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
Firſt he commands to burn the monſtrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd ſpecies, and diſcordant ſeed;
Forbidden and accurſed births, which come
Where nature's laws deſign'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To paſs with ſolemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to viſit all around,
And with luſtrations purge the utmoſt bound.
The ſovereign prieſts the long proceſſion lead,
Inferior orders in the train ſucceed,
Aray'd all duly in the Gabine weed.
There the chaſte head of Veſta's choir appears,
A ſacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
To her, in ſole preeminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful ſhrine to view.
Next the fifteen in order paſs along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' ſecret ſong:
To Almon's ſtream Cybele's form they bear,
And waſh the goddeſs each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
Obſerving flights on the left lucky hand;

The

The ſeven ordain'd Jove's holy feaſt to deck;
The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck;
All marching in their order juſt appear:
And laſt the generous Flamens cloſe the rear.
While theſe through ways uncouth, and tireſome ground,
Patient perform their long laborious round,
Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame;
In earth he hides them with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the herd a choſen male is ſought,
And ſoon before the ready altar brought.
And now the ſeer the ſacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the deſtin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beaſt
The rites unpleaſing to the God confeſt.
At length compell'd his ſtubborn head to bow,
Vanquiſh'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The guſhing veins no chearful crimſon pour,
But ſtain with poiſonous black the ſacred floor.
The paler prophet ſtood with horror ſtruck;
Then with a haſty hand the entrails took,
And ſought the angry gods again; but there
Prognoſtics worſe, and ſadder ſigns, appear;
The pallid guts with ſpots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold ſerum ſtain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid ſtreams he ſpy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hoſtile ſide:

Part

he heaving lungs is no where found,
ıner films the ſever'd entrails bound;
. motion ſtirs the panting heart;
ıky veſſels ouze on every part;
l, where wrapt the cloſe inteſtines lie,
ts dark receſſes to the eye.
ligy ſuperior threaten'd ſtill,
:r-failing harbinger of ill:
:he fibrous liver's riſing head,
l rival prominence is ſpread;
and poor the friendly part appears,
ıle, ſickly, withering viſage wears;
gh and full the adverſe veſſels ride,
'e, impetuous, on their purple tide.
the ſage foreſaw th' impending fate;
(he cry'd) forbid me to relate
ıes on this devoted people wait.
thou, Jove, in theſe our rites partake,
: propitious on the prayer we make;
dful Stygian gods this victim claim,
ur ſacrifice the Furies came.
we fear command us to be dumb;
what worſe than what we fear ſhall come.
the gods be gracious from on high,
ter proſperous event ſupply,
ay err, and augury may lye;
be falſe, by which our ſires divin'd,
;es taught them, to abuſe mankind.
kly he the prophecy expreſt,
ling ſung the double-dealing prieſt.

But

But Figulus exclaims (to ſcience bred,
And in the gods myſterious ſecrets read;
Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' ſons excell'd,
Nor with more ſkill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the ſphere,
And calculate the juſt revolving year).
The ſtars (he cries) are in confuſion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite miſguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some ſwift deſtruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And ſinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infeſt the ſultry ſky?
Shall faithleſs earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poiſonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid ſpring and ſilver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare!
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from ſeas, or air?
The lives of many to a period haſte,
And thouſands ſhall together breathe their laſt.
If Saturn's ſullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd aſcendant o'er the ſky,
Then moiſt Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie ſunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, ſhine
Malignant in the Lion's ſcorching ſign,
Wide o'er the world conſuming fires might roll,
And heaven be ſeen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits theſe unangry glide,
But, God of Battles! what doſt thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion doſt preſide?

With potent wrath around thy influence ſtreams,
And the whole monſter kindles at thy beams;
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly ſhine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's ſtarry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful ſide.
War comes, and ſalvage ſlaughter muſt abound,
The ſword of violence ſhall right confound:
The blackeſt crimes fair virtue's name ſhall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.
Yet aſk not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace muſt with a lordly maſter come.
Protract deſtruction, and defer thy chain,
The ſword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.
  The heartleſs vulgar to the ſage give heed,
New riſing fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders ſtrike their eyes,
Forth through the ſtreets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic ſong:
Enthuſiaſtic heavings ſwell'd her breaſt,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confeſt:
  Where doſt thou ſnatch me, Pæan! wherefore bear
Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathleſs air?
I ſee Pangæan mountains white with ſnow,
Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury riſe?
What mean theſe ſpears and ſhields before my eyes?
I ſee

I ſee the Roman battles croud the plain!
I ſee the war, but ſeek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I ſeek the riſing day,
Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way:
I ſee, I know upon the guilty ſhore,
The hero's headleſs trunk beſmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan ſands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's ſcatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I ſtretch my flight,
And ſoar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And ſee the ſenate reeking with the ſlain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war.
Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, ſome undiſcover'd ſhore;
I ſaw Philippi's fatal fields before.
She ſaid: the weary rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting prophetels in peace.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Amidſt the general conſternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miſeries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their preſent circumſtances to thoſe in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus conſults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himſelf in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortenſius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæſar makes himſelf maſter of the greateſt part of Italy, and among the reſt of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is ſeized by his garriſon, and delivered to Cæſar, who pardons and diſmiſſes him.

Pompey in an oration to his army makes a trial of their diſpoſition to a general battle; but not finding it to anſwer his expectation, he ſends his ſon to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of his friends and allies; then marches himſelf to Brunduſium, where he is like to be ſhut up by Cæſar, and eſcapes at length with much difficulty.

NOW manifeſt the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature through the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monſters, ſacred law ſhe broke,
And dire events in all her works beſpoke,

Thou Jove, who doſt in heaven ſupremely reign,
Why does thy providence theſe ſigns ordain,
And give us preſcience to increaſe our pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,
And feel our miſeries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent ſoul,
When firſt from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Diſpos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the neceſſary cauſes ſtand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himſelf in fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou ſhalt ordain, thou ruling power,
Unknown and ſudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miſerable mind.

While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Juſtice ſuſpends her courſe in mournful Rome,
And all the noiſy courts at once are dumb;
No honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd weed,
Nor rods the purple magiſtrate precede:
A diſmal ſilent ſorrow ſpreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining ſound.
So when ſome generous youth reſigns his breath,
And parting ſinks in the laſt pangs of death;
With ghaſtly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the ſtill attendants ſtand;

No

No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewell;
As yet the mother by her darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are set, and livid pale his face;
Horror a while prevents the swelling tear,
Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her woe before she weeps.
The matrons sad their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,
Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,
Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,
And howling seek the gods with horrid prayer.
Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call.
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,
With visage torn, and mangled arms confest.
Ye mothers! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.
Thus, from renew'd complaints they seek relief,
And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their ſad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raiſe their cry,
And thus expoſtulate with thoſe on high:
Oh hapleſs times! oh that we had been born,
When Carthage made our vanquiſh'd country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the ſlain
On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.
Nor aſk we peace, ye powers, nor ſoft repoſe;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neighbour nations round unite;
From Median Suſa let the Parthians come,
And Maſſagetes beyond their Iſter roam:
Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd ſprings ſend forth
The yellow Suevi from the fartheſt north:
Let the conſpiring world in arms engage,
And ſave us only from domeſtic rage.
Here let the hoſtile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete invader take.
Let Cæſar in Iberia tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eaſtern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Heſperia ſtand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty fire,
Let all thy flaming heavens deſcend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made them guilty, ſtrike.

Is it a cauſe ſo worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this, or that man's ſhare?
Do we for this the gods and conſcience brave,
That one may rule, and make the reſt a ſlave?
When thus ev'n liberty we ſcarce ſhould buy,
But think a civil war a price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Mean-while the hoary ſire his years deplores,
And age that former miſeries reſtores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worſe days to ſee, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate uſher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's ſwarthy lord,
Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' ſword:
Yet to Minturnæ's marſh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The faithleſs ſoil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And ſedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
And noiſome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at eaſe to dine in wretched Rome,
He ſuffer'd then, for wickedneſs to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to ſtrike, the ſlave with horror ſhook,
The uſeleſs ſteel his looſening gripe forſook;
Thick flaſhing flames a light unuſual gave,
And ſudden ſhone around the gloomy cave;

Dreadful the Gods of guilt before him ſtood,
And Marius terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began: Raſh man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate reſolves to ſpare;
Thouſands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countleſs deaths before his own decreed;
Thy wrath and purpoſe to deſtroy is vain:
Would'ſt thou avenge thee for thy nation ſlain?
Preſerve this man; and in ſome coming day
The Cimbrian ſlaughter well he ſhall repay.
No pitying god, no power to mortals good,
Could ſave a ſalvage wretch who joy'd in blood:
But Fate reſerv'd him to perform its doom,
And be the miniſter of wrath to Rome.
By ſwelling ſeas too favourably toſt,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hoſtile coaſt;
There, driv'n from man, to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled deſert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidſt her aſhes pleas'd he ſat him down,
And joy'd in the deſtruction of the town.
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its ſad head, and ſmil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight ſurvey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his ſoul poſſeſt,
And Libyan rage collected in his breaſt.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cauſe,
Troops of revolting bond-men forth he drawe;

Cut-

Cut-throats and ſlaves reſort to his command,
And arms were given to every baſer hand.
None worthily the leader's ſtandard bore,
Unſtain'd with blood or blackeſt crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were ſought,
And to his camp increaſe of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
When firſt theſe walls became the victor's prey!
With what a ſtride devouring Slaughter paſt,
And ſwept promiſcuous orders in her haſte!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the ſword;
Nor pity or remorſe one pauſe afford.
The ſliding ſtreets with blood were clotted o'er,
And ſacred temples ſtood in pools of gore.
The ruthleſs ſteel, impatient of delay,
Forbade the fire to linger out his day:
It ſtruck the bending father to the earth,
And cropt the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a foe?)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence.
Rage ſtays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers muſt fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grieſly viſage bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.
Who wants a prize, ſtraight ruſhes through the ſtreets,
And undiſtinguiſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling crowd with fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the tyrant's hand ſurvive.

Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate race!
And purchaſe ſafety at a price ſo baſe?
What though the ſword was maſter of your doom,
Though Marius could have given you years to come,
Can Romans live by infamy ſo mean?
But ſoon your changing fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's ſwift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' haſty death deplore!
A thouſand hands his mangled carcaſe tore;
His ſcatter'd entrails round the ſtreet were toſt,
And in a moment all the man was loſt.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
Whoſe moving tongue the miſchief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
The barbarous ſoldier ſnatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
And while he feaſted plac'd it on the board.
The Craſſi both by Fimbria's hand was ſlain,
And bleeding magiſtrates the pulpit ſtain.
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command;
In vain for ſuccour to the gods he flies,
The prieſt before the Veſtal altar dies:
A feeble ſtream pour'd-forth the exhauſted fire,
And ſpar'd to quench the everliving fire.
The ſeventh returning Faſces now appear,
And bring ſtern Marius' lateſt deſtin'd year:

Thus

Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpaſt,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his laſt.
While Fortune frown'd, her fierceſt wrath he bore,
And while ſhe ſmil'd enjoy'd her ampleſt power:
All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the moſt that chance or fate could do.
What heaps of ſlain the Colline gate did yield!
What bodies ſtrow'd the Sacriportan field,
When empire was ordain'd to change her ſeat,
To leave her Rome, and make Prænesſte great!
When the proud Samnites troops the ſtate defy'd,
In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride.
Nor Sylla with leſs cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
With too ſevere a healing hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the ſearching ſteel employ'd,
What maladies had hurt, the leach deſtroy'd.
The guilty only were of life bereft:
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Diſſembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill;
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the public cauſe.
The leader bade deſtroy: and at the word,
The maſter fell beneath the ſervant's ſword.
Brothers on brothers were for gifts beſtow'd,
And ſons contended for their father's blood.
For refuge ſome to caves and foreſts fled;
Some to the lonely manſions of the dead;

Some,

me, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
Se ſtrangled hang from fatal beams on high;
Ie thoſe, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the daſhing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the ſacred pile with haſty care:
Then bleeding to the kindling flames they preſs,
And Roman rites, while yet they may, poſſeſs.
Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
And heap'd together in the Forum lie;
There join the meeting ſlaughters of the town,
There each performing villain's deeds are known.
No ſight like this the Thracian ſtables knew,
Antæus' Libyan ſpoils to theſe were few:
Nor Greece beheld ſo many ſuitors fall,
To grace the Piſan tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul diſgrace,
Hid the diſtinguiſh'd features of the face,
By night the miſerable parents came,
And bore their ſons to ſome forbidden flame.
Well I remember, in that woeful reign,
How I my brother ſought amongſt the ſlain;
Hopeful by ſtealth his poor remains to burn,
And cloſe his aſhes in a peaceful urn;
His viſage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to ſee
Which carcaſe with the head would beſt agree.
Why ſhould my grief to Catulus return,
And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;

When, ſtruck with horror, the relenting ſhade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd?
I ſaw where Marius' hapleſs brother ſtood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thouſand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a paſſage ſought in vain;
That mercy ſtill his ruthleſs foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the wriſt the ſuppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked ſides;
One crops his breathing noſtrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears;
Panting awhile upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Laſt, from the ſacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of ſight are rent away.
Can late poſterity believe, whene'er
This tale of Marius and his foes they hear,
They could inflict ſo much, or he could bear?
Such is the broken carcaſe ſeen to lie,
Cruſh'd by ſome tumbling turret from on high;
Such to the ſhore the ſhipwreckt corſe is borne,
By rending rocks and greedy monſters torn.
Miſtaken rage! thus mangling to diſgrace,
And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
What joy can Sylla take, unleſs he know
And mark the features of his dying foe?
Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane,
Her helpleſs worſhipers around her ſlain;
One hour of fate was common to them all,
And like one man ſhe ſaw a people fall.

Then

Then dy'd the luſty youth in manly bloom,
Heſperia's flower, and hope for times to come;
Their blood, Rome's only ſtrength, diſtains the fold,
Ordain'd th' aſſembling centuries to hold.
Numbers have oft been known, on ſea and land,
To ſink of old by death's deſtructive hand;
Battles with multitudes have ſtrown the plain,
And many periſh on the ſtormy main:
Earthquakes deſtroy, malignant vapours blaſt,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waſte:
But juſtice, ſure, was never ſeen, till now,
To maſſacre her thouſands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And ſlowly through th' incumbering ruin move:
So many fall, there ſcarce is room for more,
The dying nod on thoſe who fell before;
Crouding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the ſtern dictator, from on high,
Beholds the ſlaughter with a fearleſs eye;
Nor ſighs, to think his dread commands ordain
So many thouſand wretches to be ſlain.
Amidſt the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
Till riſing mounds obſtruct his watery way,
And carcaſes the gliding veſſels ſtay.
But ſoon another ſtream to aid him roſe,
Swift o'er the fields a crimſon deluge flows:
The Tuſcan river ſwells above his ſhores,
And floating bodies to the land reſtores:

Struggling

Struggling at length he drives his ruſhing flood,
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like theſe the glorious ſtile demand
Of proſperous, and ſaviour of the land?
Could this renown, could theſe atchievements build
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field?
Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again the curſe of civil wars we mourn;
Battles and blood, and vengeance, ſhall ſucceed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands ſhall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our fears preſage,
With wrath more fierce the preſent chiefs ſhall rage,
Mankind ſhall ſome unheard-of plagues deplore,
And grone for miſeries unknown before.
Marius an end of exile only ſought;
Sylla to cruſh a hated faction fought;
A larger recompence theſe leaders claim,
And higher is their vaſt ambition's aim:
Could theſe be ſatisfy'd with Sylla's power;
Nor, all he had poſſeſſing, aſk for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd,
Or fought for that which guiltleſs each enjoy'd.

Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapleſs Rome,
Remembering evils paſt, and dreading thoſe to come.

But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common weakneſs was oppreſt;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breaſt.
'Twas when the ſolemn dead of night came on,
When bright Caliſto with her ſhining ſon
Now half their circle round the pole had run;

When

When Brutus, on the buſy times intent,
To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the ſtate,
Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
For Rome, and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, and for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus Brutus ſpoke: O thou, to whom
Forſaken Virtue flies, as to her home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppreſt,
She finds no room on earth but Cato's breaſt:
There, in her one good man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of vice, or fortune's hoſtile power.
Then teach my ſoul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a reſolution like thy own.
Let partial favour, hopes, or intereſt guide,
By various motives, all the world beſide,
To Pompey's or ambitious Cæſar's ſide;
Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace
And calm repoſe amidſt theſe ſtorms ſhall pleaſe:
Or whether war thy ardour ſhall engage,
To gratify the madneſs of this age,
Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the peoples rage.
The ruffian, bankrupt, looſe adulterer,
All who the power of laws and juſtice fear,
From guilt learn ſpecious reaſons for the war.
By ſtarving want and wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for ſafety and reward.
But, oh! what cauſe, what reaſon, canſt thou find?
Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?

Haſt thou the manners of this age withſtood,
And for ſo many years been ſingly good,
To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?
Let thoſe to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye gods, theſe hands from war.
Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join,
Nor grace their cauſe with ſuch an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, unauſpicious fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy ſword ſhall preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happy thou wert, if with retirement bleſt,
Which noiſe and faction never ſhould moleſt,
Nor break the ſacred quiet of thy breaſt;
Where harmony and order ne'er ſhould ceaſe,
But every day ſhould take its turn in peace.
So, in eternal ſteddy motion, roll
The radiant ſpheres around the ſtarry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's ſtorm,
Earth and the face of lower heaven deform,
Whilſt all by nature's laws is calm above;
No tempeſt rages in the court of Jove.
Light particles and idle atoms fly,
Toſs'd by the winds, and ſcatter'd round the ſky;
While the more ſolid parts the force reſiſt,
And fix'd and ſtable on the centre reſt.
Cæſar ſhall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting factions, to diſturb mankind:
Though ſworn his foe, he ſhall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.

See I

See! how to ſwell their mighty leader's ſtate,
The conſuls and the ſervile ſenate wait:
Ev'n Cato's ſelf to Pompey's yoke muſt bow,
And all mankind are ſlaves but Cæſar now.
If war, however, be at laſt our doom,
If we muſt arm for Liberty and Rome:
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæſar and Pompey are alike my friends;
Which party I ſhall chooſe, is yet to know,
That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe.
Thus ſpoke the youth. When Cato thus expreſt
The ſacred counſels of his inmoſt breaſt:
Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great;
With thee, this impious civil war I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Anſwer yourſelves, ye gods, and ſet me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.
If yon fair lamps above ſhould loſe their light,
And leave the wretched world in endleſs night;
If Chaos ſhould in heaven and earth prevail,
And univerſal nature's frame ſhould fail:
What Stoic would not the misfortune ſhare,
And think that deſolation worth his care?
Princes and nations whom wide ſeas divide,
Where other ſtars far diſtant heavens do guide,
Have brought their enſigns to the Roman ſide.
Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
That I ſhould ſee her fall, and ſit ſecure at home.
As ſome unhappy ſire by death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only ſon,

Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his laſt paternal office there;
Takes a ſad pleaſure in the croud to go,
And be himſelf part of the pompous woe;
Then waits till, every ceremony paſt,
His own fond hand may light the pile at laſt.
So fix'd, ſo faithful to thy cauſe, O Rome,
With ſuch a conſtancy and love I come,
Reſolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your ſides be torn;
Reſolv'd to follow ſtill your common fate,
And on your very names, and laſt remains to wait.
Thus let it be, ſince thus the gods ordain;
Since hecatombs of Romans muſt be ſlain,
Aſſiſt the ſacrifice with every hand,
And give them all the ſlaughter they demand.
O! were the gods contented with my fall,
If Cato's life could anſwer for you all,
Like the devoted Decius would I go,
To force from either ſide the mortal blow,
And for my country's ſake, wiſh to be thought her foe.
To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
Let all the wounds this war ſhall make be mine.
Open my vital ſtreams, and let them run,
Oh, let the purple ſacrifice atone
For all the ills offending Rome has done.
If ſlavery be all the faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,

To me convert the war, let me be ſlain;
Me, only me, who fondly ſtrive, in vain,
Their uſeleſs laws and freedom to maintain:
So may the tyrant ſafely mount his throne,
And rule his ſlaves in peace, when I am gone.
How-e'er, ſince free as yet from his command,
For Pompey and the commonwealth we ſtand.
Nor he, if fortune ſhould attend his arms,
Is proof againſt ambition's fatal charms;
But, urg'd with greatneſs, and deſire of ſway,
May dare to make the vanquiſh'd world his prey.
Then, left the hopes of empire ſwell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his ſide;
Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,
To make the harveſt of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours. So ſpoke the ſage.
His words the liſtening eager youth engage
Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.
Now 'gan the ſun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder ſhades of night;
When lo! the ſounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaſte Martia comes from dead Hortenſius' urn.
Once to a better huſband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was ſhe led:
When, every debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by Lucina made,
The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
To glad Hortenſius gave her plighted hand;
With a fair ſtock his barren houſe to grace,
And mingle by the mother's ſide the race.

At

tlength this huſband in his aſhes laid,
And every rite of due religion paid,
Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
With beaten breaſts, and locks diſhevel'd, came;
Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
Thus pleaſing, to her former lord ſhe ſpoke:
While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a mother's pains,
To thee obedient, I thy houſe forſook,
And to my arms another huſband took:
My powers at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and waſted, I return.
At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That Cato's *wife* may live upon my tomb.
So ſhall my truth to lateſt times be read,
And none ſhall aſk if guiltily I fled,
Or thy command eſtrang'd me from thy bed.
Nor aſk I now thy happineſs to ſhare,
I ſeek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let poſterity with ſhame record,
Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.
She ſaid: The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
And the chaſte matron's virtuous ſuit approv'd.
And though the times far differing thoughts demand,
Though war diſſents from Hymen's holy band;
In plain unſolemn wiſe his faith he plights,
And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.

No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the poſts around;
No genial bed, with rich embroidery grac'd,
On ivory ſteps in lofty ſtate was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding ſhone,
No matron put the towery frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the ſacred threſhold ſhun.
No yellow veil was looſely thrown, to hide
The riſing bluſhes of the trembling bride;
No glittering zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor ſparkling gems her neck encompaſs'd round;
No ſilken ſcarf, nor decent winding lawn,
Was o'er her naked arms and ſhoulders drawn:
But, as ſhe was, in funeral attire,
With all the ſadneſs ſorrow could inſpire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyleſs face,
She met her huſband's, like a ſon's embrace.
No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor ſprightly wit the glad aſſembly chears.
No friends, not ev'n their children grace the feaſt,
Brutus attends, their only nuptial gueſt:
He ſtands a witneſs of the ſilent rite,
And ſees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the chief, his ſacred viſage chear'd,
Nor ſmooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his Martia with the ſame ſtern brow.
(For when he ſaw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardleſs quite of every other care,
Unſhorn he left his looſe neglected hair;

Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erſpread.
No ſtings of private hate his peace infeſt,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breaſt;
But, ſafe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leiſure to lament mankind.)
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wiſh inſpire,
But ſtrongly he withſtood the juſt deſire.
Theſe were the ſtricter manners of the man,
And this the ſtubborn courſe in which they ran;
The golden mean unchanging to purſue,
Conſtant to keep the purpos'd end in view;
Religiouſly to follow nature's laws,
And die with pleaſure in his country's cauſe,
To think he was not for himſelf deſign'd,
But born to be of uſe to all mankind.
To him 'twas feaſting, hunger to repreſs;
And home-ſpun garments were his coſtly dreſs:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter ſky:
He ſought no end of marriage, but increaſe,
Nor wiſh'd a pleaſure, but his country's peace:
That took up all the tendereſt parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From juſtice' righteous lore he never ſwerv'd,
But rigidly his honeſty preſerv'd.
On univerſal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or ſelf-affection meant;
And while his benefits the public ſhare,
Cato was always laſt in Cato's care.

Meantime, the trembling troops, by Pompey led,
Haſty to Phrygian Capua were fled.
Reſolving here to fix the moving war,
He calls his ſcatter'd legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
And prove at once the great event of fate;
Where Apennine's delightful ſhades ariſe,
And lift Heſperia lofty to the ſkies.
Between the higher and inferior ſea,
The long-extended mountain takes his way;
Piſa and Ancon bound his ſloping ſides,
Waſh'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;
Rich in the treaſure of his watery ſtores,
A thouſand living ſprings and ſtreams he pours,
And ſeeks the different ſeas by different ſhores.
From his left falls Cruſtumium's rapid flood,
And ſwift Metaurus red with Punic blood;
There gentle Sapis with Iſaurus joins,
And Sena there the Senones confines;
Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,
And laſhes on the lazy Adria's waves;
Hence vaſt Eridanus with matchleſs force,
Prince of the ſtreams, directs his regal courſe;
Proud with the ſpoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains Heſperia's rivers as he goes.
His ſacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
Firſt by the ſpreading poplar's ſhade were crown'd;
When the ſun's fiery ſteeds forſook their way,
And downward drew to earth the burning day:
When every flood and ample lake was dry,
The Po alone his channel could ſupply.

Hither

Hither raſh Phaeton was headlong driven,
And in theſe waters quench'd the flames of heaven.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller ſtream contains,
Though wide he ſpreads o'er Ægypt's flatter plains;
Nor Iſter rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the ſea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
And heave the blended river on his way.
Theſe from the left; while from the right, there come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;
Thence ſmiles Vulturnus' ſwift-deſcending flood,
And Sarnus hid beneath his miſty cloud;
Thence Lyris, whom the Veſtin fountains aid,
Winds to the ſea through cloſe Marica's ſhade;
Thence Siler through Salernian paſtures falls,
And ſhallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
Bordering on Gaul the loftieſt ridges riſe,
And the low Alps from cloudy heights deſpiſe;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine plows;
The race primæval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold;
Far as Heſperia's utmoſt limits paſs,
The hilly father runs his mighty maſs;
Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
And Scylla's raging dogs moleſt the main.
Once, farther yet ('tis ſaid) his way he took,
Till through his ſide the ſeas conſpiring broke;
And ſtill we ſee on fair Sicilia's ſands
Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus ſtands.

But Cæſar for deſtruction eager burns,
Free paſſages and bloodleſs ways he ſcorns;
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
Reſiſtleſs through the widening breach to go,
To burſt the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the villages, to waſte the plains,
And maſſacre the poor laborious ſwains.
Abhorring law, he chooſes to offend,
And bluſhes to be thought his country's friend.
The Latian cities now, with buſy care,
As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare.
Though doom'd before the war's firſt rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
Huge ſtone and darts their lofty towers ſupply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To Pompey's part the proner people lean,
Though Cæſar's ſtronger terrors ſtand between.
So when the blaſts of ſounding Auſter blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow;
And though the ſtormy god fierce Eurus frees,
And ſends him ruſhing croſs the ſwelling ſeas;
Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former courſe, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with Eurus driving ſweep,
While Auſter ſtill commands the watery deep.
Still fear too ſure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
And faith before ſucceſsful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly truſts in Libo's aid,
And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;

Sylla,

Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
Fled at the dreadful ſound of Cæſar's name.
Soon as the horſe near Auximon appear,
Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,
And with a coward's haſte neglects his rear;
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
Th' Eſculean fortreſs Lentulus forſakes,
A ſwift purſuit the ſpeedy victor makes;
All arts of threats and promiſes apply'd,
He wins the faithleſs cohorts to his ſide.
The leader with his enſigns fled alone,
To Cæſar fell the ſoldier, and the town.
Thou, Scipio, too doſt for retreat prepare;
Thou leav'ſt Luceria, truſted to thy care;
Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
(The Roman power can boaſt no braver band)
By wily arts of old from Cæſar rent,
Againſt the hardy Parthians were they ſent;
But their firſt chief the legion now obeys,
And Pompey thus the Gallic loſs repays;
Aid to his foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hoſtile father Roman ſwords.
  But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
And from his walls th' advancing power defies;
Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard.
Soon as he ſees the cloudy duſt ariſe,
And glittering arms reflect the ſunny ſkies:
Away, companions of my arms! he cry'd,
And haſte to guard the river's ſedgy ſide:

Break

Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'ſt below,
Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go,
And ruſhing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
Swell to the utmoſt brink thy rapid ſtream,
Bear down the planks, and every floating beam;
Upon thy banks the lingring war delay,
Here let the headlong chief be taught to ſtay;
'Tis victory to ſtop the victor's way.
He ceas'd; and, ſhooting ſwiftly croſs the plain,
Drew down the ſoldier to the flood in vain.
For Cæſar early from the neighbouring field,
The purpoſe to obſtruct his march beheld:
Kindling to wrath, oh baſeſt fear! (he cries)
To whom nor towers, nor ſheltering walls ſuffice.
Are theſe your coward ſtratagems of war?
Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar?
Though Nile and Iſter ſhould my way control,
Though ſwelling Ganges ſhould to guard you roll,
What ſtreams, what floods ſoe'er athwart me fall,
Who paſt the Rubicon ſhall paſs them all.
Haſte to the paſſage then, my friends. He ſaid;
Swift as a ſtorm the nimble horſe obey'd;
Acroſs the ſtream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their ſtation drive the yielding foe:
The victors at their eaſe the ford explore,
And paſs the undefended river o'er.
The vanquiſh'd to Corfinium's ſtrength retreat,
Where warlike engines round the ramparts threats.
Cloſe to the wall the creeping *vinea* lies,
And mighty towers in dread approaches riſe.
But ſee the ſtain of war! the ſoldier's ſhame!
And vile diſhonour of the Latian name!

The

The faithleſs garriſon betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearleſs, though in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-ſubject ſtands,
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
But Cæſar's arts his inmoſt thoughts deſcry,
His fear of pardon, and deſire to die.
From me thy forfeit life (he ſaid) receive,
And, though repining, by my bounty live;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæſar's mercy treats a vanquiſh'd foe:
Still arm againſt me, keep thy hatred ſtill,
And if thou conquer'ſt, uſe thy conqueſt, kill.
Returns of love, or favour, ſeek I none;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.
So ſaying, on the inſtant he commands
To looſe the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh fortune! better were it, he had dy'd,
And ſpar'd the Roman ſhame, and Cæſar's pride.
What greater grief can on a Roman ſeize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like theſe!
To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cauſe!
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repreſt
The ſwelling paſſions in his labouring breaſt;
Thus murmuring to himſelf: Wilt thou to Rome,
Baſe as thou art, and ſeek thy lazy home?
To war, to battle, to deſtruction fly,
And haſte, as it becomes thee well, to die;

Provoke

Provoke the worſt effects of deadly ſtrife,
And rid thee of this Cæſar's gift, this life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief.
He means the ſcattering forces to unite,
And with increaſe of ſtrength expect the fight.
Reſolving with the following ſun to move,
Firſt he decrees the ſoldier's heart to prove:
Then into words like theſe, rever'd, he broke,
The ſilent legions liſtening while he ſpoke:
Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong;
Whoſe breaſts our fathers virtue truly warms,
Whoſe hands the ſenate's ſacred order arms;
With chearful ardor meet the coming fight,
And pray the gods to ſmile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Heſperia yields,
Her flaming villages and waſted fields!
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,
And ſcorn the boundaries of Alpine ſnow.
Already Cæſar's ſword is ſtain'd in blood,
Be that, ye gods, to us an omen good;
That glory ſtill be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we ſuſtain the war.
Yet call it not a war to which we go;
We ſeek a malefactor, not a foe;
Rome's awful injur'd majeſty demands
The puniſhment of traitors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,
By curſt Cethegus, Catiline the bold,

By

By every villain's hand who durſt conſpire
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
Oh wretched rage! thee, Cæſar, fate deſign'd,
To rank amongſt the patrons of mankind;
With brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,
And mix thee with the great Metelli's name:
While to the Cinna's thy fierce ſoul inclines,
And with the ſlaughter-loving Marii joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for juſtice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance ſhalt thou fall:
Thee rebel Carbo's ſentence, thee the fate
Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)
My heart is at the taſk unpleaſing griev'd:
I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was choſe,
His Julia's hoſtile father to oppoſe,
And mark thee down amongſt the Roman foes.
Oh that, return'd in ſafety from the eaſt,
This province victor Craſſus had poſſeſt;
New honours to his name thou might'ſt afford,
And die like Spartacus beneath his ſword:
Like him have fall'n a victim to the laws,
The ſame th' avenger, and the ſame the cauſe.
But ſince the gods do otherwiſe decree,
And give thee, as my lateſt palm, to me;
Again my veins confeſs the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's uſe.
And thou ſhalt learn, that thoſe who humbly know
To peace and juſt authority to bow,
Can, when their country's cauſe demands their care,
Reſume their ardor, and return to war.

But

But let him think my former vigour fled;
Diſtruſt not, you, your general's hoary head;
The marks of age and long declining years,
Which I your leader, his whole army wears:
Age ſtill is fit to counſel, or command,
But falters in an unperforming hand.
Whate'er ſuperior power a people free
Could to their fellow-citizen decree,
All lawful glories, have my fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of greatneſs but a crown;
Who to be more, than Pompey was, deſires,
To kingly rule, and tyranny aſpires.
Amidſt my ranks, a venerable band,
The Conſcript Fathers and the Conſuls ſtand.
And ſhall the ſenate and the vanquiſh'd ſtate
Upon victorious Cæſar's triumph wait?
Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind!
Fortune is not ſo ſhameleſs, nor ſo blind.
What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praiſe,
To theſe high hopes the daring hero raiſe?
Is it his age of war, for trophies calls
His two whole years ſpent on the rebel Gauls?
Is it the hoſtile Rhine forſook with haſte?
Is it the ſhoaly channel which he paſt,
That Ocean huge he talks of? does he boaſt
His flight on Britain's new-diſcover'd coaſt?
Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride ſupplies,
He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
While from his rage an armed people flies.
But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me.

Me,

Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
The pirates formidable fleet ſubdued:
Soon as the ſea my ſhining enſigns bore,
Vanquiſh'd they fled, and ſought the ſafer ſhore;
Humbly content their forfeit lives to ſave,
And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
By me the mighty Mithridates chac'd,
Through all the windings of his Pontus paſs'd.
He who the fate of Rome delay'd ſo long,
While in ſuſpence uncertain empire hung;
He who to Sylla's fortune ſcorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing arms reſign'd the field:
Driven out at length, and preſs'd where-e'er he fled,
He ſought a grave to hide his vanquiſh'd head.
O'er the wide world my various trophies riſe,
Beneath the vaſt extent of diſtant ſkies;
Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know,
And Phaſis' waters through my conqueſts flow;
My deeds in Ægypt and Syene live,
Where high meridian ſuns no ſhadow give.
Heſperian Bætis my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to ſeek the weſtern ſeas.
By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,
And Colchians for their raviſh'd fleece renown'd;
O'er Aſia wide my conquering enſigns ſpread,
Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
To me ſubmit Cilicia's warlike powers,
And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers:
The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
To ſome myſterious name, which none beſide them know.

Is there a land, to ſum up all at laſt,
Through which my arms with conqueſt have not paſt?
The world, by me, the world is overcome,
And Cæſar finds no enemy but Rome.
He ſaid. The croud in dull ſuſpenſion hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No chearful ardour waves the lifted hand,
Nor military cries the fight demand.
The chief perceiv'd the ſoldier's fire to fail,
And Cæſar's fame forerunning to prevail;
His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor truſts Rome's fates to ſuch uncertain war.
As when, with fury ſtung and jealous rage,
Two mighty bulls for ſovereignty engage;
The vanquiſh'd far to baniſhment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for a while, with conſcious ſhame he burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns:
But when his former vigour ſtands confeſt,
And larger muſcles ſhake his ample breaſt,
With better chance he ſeeks the fight again,
And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain;
Then uncontrol'd the ſubject herd he leads,
And reigns the maſter of the fruitful meads.
Unequal thus to Cæſar, Pompey yields
The fair dominion of Heſperia's fields:
Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,
And ſeek the ſafety of Brunduſium's towers.
This city a Dictæan people hold,
Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;

When

When with falſe omens from the Cretan ſhore,
Their ſable ſails victorious Theſeus bore.
Here Italy a narrow length extends,
And in a ſcanty ſlip projected ends.
A crooked mole around the waves ſhe winds,
And in her folds the Adriatic binds.
Nor yet the bending ſhores could form a bay,
Did not a barrier iſle the winds delay,
And break the ſeas tempeſtuous in their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,
To guard around the hoſpitable ſtrand;
To turn the ſtorm, repulſe the ruſhing tide,
And bid the anchoring bark ſecurely ride.
Hence Nereus wide the liquid main diſplays,
And ſpreads to various ports his watery ways;
Whether the pilot from Corcyra ſtand,
Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' ſtrand.
Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
And thundering billows vex the double ſhores;
When ſable clouds around the welkin ſpread,
And frowning ſtorms involve Ceraunia's head;
When white with froth Calabrian Saſon lies,
Hither the tempeſt-beaten veſſel flies.

Now Pompey, on Heſperia's utmoſt coaſt,
Sadly ſurvey'd how all behind was loſt;
Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
Long interpoſing Alps his paſſage ſtay.
At length amongſt the pledges of his bed,
He choſe his eldeſt-born; and thus he ſaid:

Haſte thee, my ſon! to every diſtant land,
And bid the nations rouſe at my command;

Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
With muddy waves improves the fattening ſoil;
Where-e'er diffus'd by victory and fame,
Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
Bid the Cilician quit the ſhore again,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas on the main:
Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome.
Through each Armenia ſpread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore,
The Euxine and Mæotis' icy ſhore;
Where heavy-loaded wains ſlow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
But wherefore ſhould my words delay thy haſte?
Scatter my wars around through all the eaſt.
Summon the vanquiſh'd world to ſhare my fate,
And let my triumphs on my enſigns wait.
But you whoſe names the Roman annals bear,
You who diſtinguiſh the revolving year;
Ye conſuls! to Epirus ſtraight repair,
With the firſt northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the powers of Greece united raiſe,
While yet the wintery year the war delays.
So ſpoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ſhips forſake the port without delay,
And ſpeed their paſſage o'er the yielding way.
But Cæſar, never patient long in peace,
Nor truſting in his fortune's preſent face;
Cloſely purſues his flying ſon behind,
While yet his fate continued to be kind.

Such

Such towns, such fortreſſes, such hoſtile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid courſe;
Such trains of long ſucceſs attending ſtill,
And Rome herſelf abandon'd to his will;
Rome, the contending party's nobleſt prize,
To every wiſh but Cæſar's might ſuffice.
But he with empire fir'd and vaſt deſires,
To all, and nothing leſs than all, aſpires;
He reckons not the paſt, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
Though Italy obey his wide command,
Though Pompey linger on the fartheſt ſtrand,
He grieves to think they tread one common land;
His heart diſdains to brook a rival power,
Ev'n on the utmoſt margin of the ſhore;
Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;
The foe he drives from lands, he bars from ſea.
With moles the opening flood he would reſtrain,
Would block the port, and intercept the main;
But deep devouring ſeas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries ſink beneath the tide,
And yielding ſands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong ſhould be thrown,
In fathomleſs Avernus' deep to drown;
Or if from fair Sicilia's diſtant ſtrand,
Eryx uprooted by ſome giant hand,
If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vaſt,
Amidſt the wide Ægean ſhould be caſt;
The rolling waves o'er either maſs would flow,
And each be loſt within the depths below.

When no firm baſis for his work he found,
But ſtill it fail'd in ocean's faithleſs ground,
Huge trees and barks in maſſy chains he bound.
For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough boom extends acroſs the flood.
Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
When o'er the Helleſpont his bridge he laid.
Vaſt was the taſk, and daring the deſign,
Europe and Aſia's diſtant ſhores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.
Proudly he paſs'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearleſs of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
Then ſpread his ſails, and bid the land obey,
And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.
Like him bold Cæſar yok'd the ſwelling tide,
Like him the boiſterous elements defy'd;
This floating bank the ſtraitening entrance bound,
And riſing turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breaſt,
The new ſurrounding ſhores his thoughts moleſt;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And ſpread the war wide-ranging o'er the ſea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd ſails,
The cordage ſtretching with the freſhening gales,
Ships with a thundering ſhock the mole divide,
And through the watery beach ſecurely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful ſhoot from far a fiery ſhower;
Through the black ſhade the darting flame deſcends,
And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends.

At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The choſen hour appointed for his flight:
He bids his friends prevent the ſeaman's roar,
And ſtill the deafening clamours on the ſhore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor ſounding ſignals call aboard the crew.
The heavenly Maid her courſe had almoſt run,
And Libra waited on the riſing ſun;
When huſh'd in ſilence deep they leave the land:
No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarſe command,
To heave the flooky anchors from the ſand.
Lowly the careful maſter's orders paſt,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty maſt;
Silent they ſpread the ſails, and cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The chief himſelf to fortune breath'd a prayer,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That ſwiftly he might paſs the liquid deep,
And loſe the land which ſhe forbad to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murmuring ſeas were plow'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And ſounding to the ſhore alarm'd the foe.
Straight through the town their ſwift purſuit they ſped,
(For wide her gates the faithleſs city ſpread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the ſea.
Cæſar with rage the leſſening ſails deſcries,
And thinks the conqueſt mean, though Pompey flies.

A narrow paſs the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus' ſtrong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky ſides:
Here two tall ſhips become the victor's prey:
Juſt in the ſtrait they ſtuck; the foes belay;
The crooked grappling's ſteely hold they caſt,
Then drag them to the hoſtile ſhore with haſte.
Here civil ſlaughter firſt the ſea profanes,
And purple Nereus bluſh'd in guilty ſtains.
The reſt purſue their courſe before the wind,
Theſe of the rear-moſt only left behind.
So when the Pagaſæan Argo bore
The Grecian heroes, to the Colchian ſhore;
Earth her Cyanean iſlands floating ſent,
The bold adventurers paſſage to prevent;
But the fam'd bark a fragment only loſt,
While ſwiftly o'er the dangerous gulf ſhe croſt:
Thundering the mountains met, and ſhook the main,
But move no more, ſince that attempt was vain.
Now through night's ſhade the early dawning broke,
And changing ſkies the coming ſun beſpoke;
As yet the morn was dreſt in duſky white,
Nor purpled o'er the eaſt with ruddy light;
At length the Pleiads fading beams gave way,
And dull Bootes languiſh'd into day;
Each larger ſtar withdrew his fainting head,
And Lucifer from ſtronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Heſperia's hoſtile ſhore
Eſcaping, for the azure Oſſin bore.
O hero, happy once, once ſtil'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate!

How art thou chang'd ſince ſovereign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could blow!
But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy ſons, and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and baniſhment to bear;
And holy houſhold-gods thy ſorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty exile ſhalt thou go,
While nations follow to partake thy woe.
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly, by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the gods a death ſo diſtant doom,
To rob thy aſhes of an urn in Rome;
But fortune favourably remov'd the crime,
And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's curſed clime;
The pitying powers to Italy were good,
And ſav'd her from the ſtain of Pompey's blood.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

The Third Book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæſar, who had driven him from thence, after ſending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there diſdaining the ſingle oppoſition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the Temple of Saturn, and ſeizes on the public treaſure. Then follows an account of the ſeveral different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæſar paſſes into Gaul, where the Maſſilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, ſend an embaſſy to propoſe a neutrality; this Cæſar refuſes, and beſieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Maſſilia, and marches himſelf into Spain, appointing at the ſame time D. Brutus, Admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Maſſilians likewiſe ſend out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at ſea by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy ſails,
Their yielding canvas ſtretch'd by ſouthern gales.
Each to the vaſt Ionian turns his eye,
Where ſeas and ſkies the proſpect wide ſupply:
But Pompey backward ever bent his look,
Nor to the laſt his native coaſt forſook.
His watery eyes the leſſening objects mourn,
And parting ſhores that never ſhall return;

Still

Still the lov'd land attentive they purſue,
Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
Till all is loſt in air, and vaniſh'd from his view.
At length the weary chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt:
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His Julia's ſhade a dreadful viſion roſe;
Through gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
Thy impious arms (ſhe cry'd) my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
No more Elyſium's happy fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian ſhades below:
I ſaw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The fire no longer truſts his ſingle boat,
But navies on the joyleſs river float.
Capacious hell complains for want of room,
And ſeeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal ſiſter plies,
The ſiſters ſcarcely to the taſk ſuffice.
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head?
Now thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy ſecond choice was made,
To ſlaughter thou, like Craſſus, art betray'd.
Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent lords:
While yet my aſhes glow'd, ſhe took my place,
And came a harlot to thy looſe embrace.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea thy labours know;

In

In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad Julia ſhall appear.
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight,
The day ſhall all be Cæſar's, mine the night.
Not the dull ſtream, where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my huſband, from my ſoul.
The powers beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow whereſoe'er you rove.
Amidſt the joining battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think, thoſe ſacred ties no more remain;
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war ſhall make thee mine again.
The phantom ſpoke, and, gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate,
And furies with deſtruction threatening wait,
With new reſolves his conſtant boſom warms,
And ſure of ruin ruſhes on to arms.
What mean theſe terrors of the night? he cries;
Why dance theſe viſions vain before our eyes?
Or endleſs apathy ſucceeds to death,
And ſenſe is loſt with our expiring breath;
Or, if the ſoul ſome future life ſhall know,
To better worlds immortal ſhall ſhe go:
Whate'er event the doubtful queſtion clears,
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our fears.
Now headlong to the weſt the ſun was fled,
And half in ſeas obſcur'd his beamy head;
Such ſeems the moon, while, growing yet, ſhe ſhines,
Or waining from her fuller orb declines:

When

When hoſpitable ſhores appear at hand,
Where fair Dyrrachium ſpreads her friendly ſtrand.
The ſeamen furl the canvas, ſtrike the maſt,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haſte.
Thus, while they fled, and leſſening by degrees
The navy ſeem'd to hide beneath the ſeas;
Cæſar, though left the maſter of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the foes eſcape beheld:
With fierce impatience victory he ſcorns,
And, viewing Pompey's flight, his ſafety mourns.
To vanquiſh ſeems unworthy of his care,
Unleſs the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vaſt ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, though fortune all beſtows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance ceaſe,
And for awhile revolve the arts of peace;
Careful to purchaſe popular applauſe,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cauſe,
He knew the conſtant practice of the great,
That thoſe who court the vulgar bid them eat.
When pinch'd with want, all reverence they withdraw;
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful Sicily is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling ſeas impetuous tide
Tore the fair iſland from Heſperia's ſide:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands ſhould join again.

Sardinia

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coaſt:
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain,
Nor with a fuller harveſt ſpreads the plain;
Though northern winds their cloudy treaſures bear,
To temper well the ſoil and ſultry air,
And fattening rains increaſe the proſperous year.
This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
His train the rougher ſhews of war forſook;
No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,
But looks of peace and gentleneſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conqueſt mourn'd;
What ſwarming crouds had iſſued at the gate,
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories ſhine,
The ocean vanquiſh'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along,
Through loud applauſes of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls;
But, oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone!
No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But huſh'd with awful dread his paſſage greet.
He too the horrors of the croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wiſh'd not to be lov'd.
Now ſteepy Anxur paſt, and the moiſt way,
Which o'er the faithleſs Pomtine marſhes lay;

Through

Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
Cæſar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.
Thither with yearly rites the conſuls come,
And thence the chief ſurvey'd his native Rome:
Wondering awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by diſtant war.
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what prize can earth afford,
Worth the contention of the warrior's ſword?
Well for thy ſafety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads ſpare thy naked ſide;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine;
No foreign armies are againſt thee led,
While thou art curſt with ſuch a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers beſtow,
A Civil War, and Cæſar for thy foe.
He ſaid; and ſtraight the frighted city fought:
The city with confuſion wild was fraught,
And labouring ſhook with every dreadful thought.
They think he comes to ravage, ſack, and burn;
Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.
Their fears ſuggeſt him willing to purſue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do.
Their hearts by one low paſſion only move,
Nor dare ſhew hate, nor can diſſemble love.
The lurking fathers, a diſhearten'd band,
Drawn from their houſes forth, by proud command,
In Palatine Apollo's Temple meet,
And ſadly view the conſuls empty ſeat;

No

No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magiſtrates th' aſſembly grace.
Cæſar is all things in himſelf alone,
The ſilent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty ſubject ſhall decree:
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, ſhall be rear'd.
Ready for death, or baniſhment, they ſtand,
And wait their doom from his diſpoſing hand:
But he, by ſecret Shame's reproaches ſtaid,
Bluſh'd to command, what Rome would have obey'd.
Yet Liberty, thus ſlighted and betray'd,
One laſt effort with indignation made;
One man ſhe choſe to try th' unequal fight,
And prove the power of juſtice againſt might.
While with rude uproar armed hands eſſay
To make old Saturn's treaſuring fane their prey;
The bold Metellus, careleſs of his fate,
Ruſh'd through, and ſtood to guard the Holy Gate.
So daring is the ſordid love of gold!
So fearleſs death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow defenceleſs fell the laws;
While wealth, the baſeſt, moſt inglorious cauſe,
Againſt oppreſſing tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The buſtling tribune, ſtruggling in the croud,
Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud:
Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
My ſacred blood ſhall ſtain thy impious prey.

e are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
geance on thy ſacrilege ſhall wait.
er, by the tribunes curſe purſued,
too late, the violation rued.
en my breaſt, nor ſhall the crime diſpleaſe,
ud is us'd to ſpectacles like theſe.
aken city are we left,
ie with her nobleſt ſons bereft.
ſeek'ſt thou ours? Is there not foreign gold?
o be ſack'd, and people to be ſold?
oſe reward the ruffian ſoldier's toil;
him with thy ruin'd country's ſpoil.
a not war? Let war thy wants provide.
ke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd:
t thy ſoul with hopes of death ſo vain,
l of thine my conquering ſword ſhall ſtain.
es and thy popular command,
er make thee worthy Cæſar's hand.
a thy country's ſole defender! thou!
erty and Rome be fall'n ſo low!
e, nor chance breed ſuch confuſions yet,
the mean ſo rais'd, nor ſunk the great;
s themſelves would rather chooſe to be
'd by Cæſar, than preſerv'd by thee.
d. The ſtubborn tribune kept his place,
nger redden'd on the warrior's face;
thful hand deſcending graſp'd his blade,
lf forgot the peaceful part he play'd.
Lotta, to prevent the kindling fire,
oth'd the raſh Metellus to retire.

Where

Where kings prevail, all Liberty is loſt,
And none but he who reigns can freedom boaſt;
Some ſhadow of the bliſs thou ſhalt retain,
Chooſing to do what ſovereign powers ordain:
Vanquiſh'd and long accuſtom'd to ſubmit,
With patience underneath our loads we ſit;
Our chains alone our ſlaviſh fears excuſe,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuſe.
Far hence the fatal treaſures let him bear,
The ſeeds of miſchief, and the cauſe of war.
Free ſtates might well a loſs like this deplore;
In ſervitude none miſs the public ſtore,
And 'tis the curſe of kings for ſubjects to be poor.
The tribune with unwilling ſteps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude aſſault renew:
The brazen gates with thundering ſtrokes reſound,
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
At length the ſacred ſtore-houſe, open laid,
The hoarded wealth of ages paſt diſplay'd;
There might be ſeen the ſums proud Carthage ſent,
Her long-impending ruin to prevent.
There heap'd the Macedonian treaſures ſhone,
What great Flaminius and Æmilius won
From vanquiſh'd Philip, and his hapleſs ſon.
There lay, what flying Pyrrhus loſt, the gold
Scorn'd by the patriot's honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious fires could ſave,
What tributary gifts rich Syria gave;
The hundred Cretan cities ample ſpoil;
What Cato gather'd from the Cyprian iſle.

Riches

Riches of captive kings by Pompey born,
In happier days his triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt India and the riſing morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy ſoldiers lawleſs prey:
And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæſar now.
Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his fall had arm'd.
Greece firſt with troops the neighbouring war ſupply'd,
And ſent the youth of Phocis to his ſide;
From Cyrrha and Amphiſa's towers they mov'd,
And high Parnaſſus by the Muſe belov'd;
Cephiſſus' ſacred flood aſſiſtance lends,
And Dirce's ſpring his Theban leaders ſends.
Alphæus too affords his Piſa's aid:
By Piſa's walls the ſtream is firſt convey'd,
Then ſeeks through ſeas the lov'd Sicilian maid.
From Mænalus Arcadian ſhepherds ſwarm,
And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;
The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forſook,
And Sellæ left Dodona's ſilent oak.
Though Athens now had drain'd her naval ſtore,
And the Phœbean arſenal was poor,
Three ſhips of Salamis to Pompey came,
To vindicate their iſle's conteſted name,
And juſtify the antient Attic claim.
Jove's Cretan people haſtening to the war,
The Gnoſſian quiver and the ſhaft prepare;
The bending bow they draw with deadly art,
And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.

With Athamans who in the woods delight,
With Dardan Oriconians unite;
With theſe th' Enchelis who the name partake,
Since Theban Cadmus firſt became a ſnake:
The Colchians planted on Illyrian ſhores,
Where ruſhing down Abſyrtos foamy roars;
With thoſe where Peneus runs, and hardy ſwains,
Whoſe ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.
From thence, ere yet the ſeaman's art was taught,
Rude Argo through the deep a paſſage ſought;
She firſt explor'd the diſtant foreign land,
And ſhew'd her ſtrangers to the wondering ſtrand:
Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,
And univerſal commerce mix'd mankind.
By her made bold, the daring race defy'd
The winds tempeſtuous, and the ſwelling tide:
Much ſhe enlarg'd deſtruction's ample power,
And open'd ways to death unknown before.
Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boaſt,
And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors loſt.
Then Strymon was forſook, whoſe wintery flood
Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood;
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,
Where Iſter loſes his divided ſtream;
From Idalis where cold Caïcus flows,
And where Ariſbe, thin, her ſandy ſurface ſtrows;
From Pytane, and ſad Celenæ's walls,
Where now in ſtreams the vanquiſh'd Marſyas falls:
Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' power;

While

While through ſteep banks his torrent ſwift he leads,
And with Mæander winds among the meads.
Proud Lydia's plains ſend forth her wealthy ſons,
Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs:
From earth's dark womb hid treaſures they convey,
And rich in yellow waters riſe to day.
From Ilium too ill-omen'd enſigns move,
Again ordain'd their former fate to prove;
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapleſs ſide,
Nor ſought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd:
Though tales of Troy proud Cæſar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race.
The Syrians ſwift Orontes' banks forſake,
And from Idume's palms their journey take;
Damaſcus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos' and with Gaza's force is join'd.
Unſtable Tyre now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon for her purple ſhells renown'd,
Safe in the Cynoſure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies ſtem the tide.
Phœnicians firſt, if ancient fame be true,
The ſacred myſtery of letters knew;
They firſt, by ſound in various lines deſign'd,
Expreſt the meaning of the thinking mind;
The power of words by figures rude convey'd,
And uſeful ſcience everlaſting made.
Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in ſtone;
While animals in various order plac'd,
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.

Then left they lofty Taurus' ſpreading grove,
And Tarſos, built by Perſeus, born of Jove;
Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks diſcloſe a gaping cave.
The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juſter ſail, and ply the oar;
To Egæ's port they gather all around,
The ſhores with ſhouting mariners reſound.
Far in the eaſt war ſpreads the loud alarm,
Where worſhipers of diſtant Ganges arm;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only ſtream that braves the riſing ſun.
By this ſtrong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the youth had graſp'd at all,
And his vaſt thought took-in the vanquiſh'd ball;
But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the taſk too great.
Then on the banks of Indus nations roſe,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaſpes flows:
In numbers vaſt they coaſt the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.
With ſaffron dyes their dangling locks they ſtain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes conſtrain,
And quaff rich juices from the luſcious cane.
On their own funerals and death they ſmile,
And living leap amidſt the burning pile;
Heroic minds! that can ev'n Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forſake it as a feaſt,
Take what they like, and give the gods the reſt.

Deſcending

Deſcending then fierce Cappadocian ſwains,
From rude Amanus' mountains fought the plains.
Armenians from Niphates' rolling ſtream,
And from their lofty woods Coaſtrians came.
Then wondering Arabs from the ſultry line
For ever northward ſaw the ſhade incline.
Then did the madneſs of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Oloſtrian chiefs engage:
Beneath far diſtant ſouthern heavens they lie,
Where half the ſetting Bear forſakes the ſky,
And ſwift our ſlow Boötes ſeems to fly.
Theſe Furies to the ſun-burn'd Æthiops ſpread,
And reach the great Euphrates' riſing head.
One ſpring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow;
Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name:
But ſoon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide;
While Tigris, ſinking from the ſight of day,
Through ſubterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a ſecond fountain ſprings again,
Shoots ſwiftly on, and ruſhing ſeeks the main.
The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful iſſue in ſuſpence attend;
With neutral eaſe they view the ſtrife from far,
And only lend occaſion to the war.
Not ſo the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder foreſt grows,
Their baneful ſhafts they dip, and ſtring their deadly bows.

tmochi of Sparta's valiant breed,
l to preſs, and rein the fiery ſteed.
natians h the fiercer Moſchi join'd,
And Co s rich where Phaſis' waters wind,
To Po ſide their aid aſſembling bring,
With fatal to the Lydian king;
Wit falling from Riphæan ſnows,
V e world's diviſion as he goes:
V , names his riſing banks are crown'd,
s ſtands for Europe's, that for Aſia's bound;
While, as they wind, his waves with full command,
Diminiſh, or enlarge th' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian ſhores,
Where through the Boſphorus Mæotis roars,
And her full lake amidſt the Euxine pours.
This ſtrait, like that of Hercules, ſupplies
The midland ſeas, and bids th' Ægean riſe.
Sithonians fierce, and Arimaſpians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in ſhining gold.
The Gelon nimble, and Areian ſtrong,
March with the hardy Maſſagete along:
The Maſſagete, who at his ſalvage feaſt
Feeds on the generous ſteed which once he preſt.
Not Cyrus when he ſpread his eaſtern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;
Not haughty Xerxes, when, his power to boaſt,
By ſhafts he counted all his mighty hoſt;
Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;
Or with ſuch navies plow'd the foamy main,
Or led ſo many kings, amongſt their warlike train.

Sure in one cauſe ſuch numbers never yet,
Various in countries, ſpeech, and manners, met;
But fortune gather'd, o'er the ſpacious ball,
Theſe ſpoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's fall.
Nor then the Libyan Moor withheld his aid,
Where ſacred Ammon lifts his horned head:
All Afric, from the weſtern ocean's bound,
To eaſtern Nile, the cauſe of Pompey own'd.
Mankind aſſembled for Pharſalia's day,
To make the world at once the victor's prey.
Now, trembling Rome forſook, with ſwifteſt haſte,
Cæſar the cloudy Alpine hills had paſt.
But while the nations, with ſubjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;
With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
What duty bids, Maſſilia bravely ſeeks:
And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,
To ſtronger Fate prefer the juſter cauſe,
But firſt to move his haughty ſoul they try,
Intreaties and perſuaſion ſoft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentleſt terms they greet his ear.
When foreign wars moleſt the Roman ſtate,
With ready arms our glad Maſſilians wait,
To ſhare your dangers, and partake your fate.
This our unſhaken friendſhip vouches well,
And your recording annals beſt can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our ſtill devoted hands,
On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands:
Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs ſpread?
Behold! we follow whereſoe'er you lead.

But if you rouze at diſcord's baleful call,
If Romans fatally on Romans fall;
All we can offer, is, a pitying tear,
And c[illegible]efuge for the wretched here:
Sacred [illegible]ou are: oh, may no ſtain
Of I[illegible]od our innocence profane!
Shou[illegible] itſelf be rent with civil rage,
Sho[illegible] once more with the gods engage;
Offi[illegible]ty would hardly dare
To proffer Jove aſſiſtance in the war.
Man unconcern'd and humble ſhould remain,
Nor ſeek to know whoſe arms the conqueſt gain,
Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.
Nor can your horrid diſcords want our ſwords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords;
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh, had the reſt like us their aid deny'd,
Yourſelves muſt then the guilty ſtrife decide;
Then, who but ſhould withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he ſaw his father ſtand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repreſt,
Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breaſt.
Your war had ended ſoon; had you not choſe
Hands for the work, which Nature meant for foes:
Who, ſtrangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And ruſh remorſeleſs to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the ſum of all that we requeſt
Is, to receive thee, as our honour'd gueſt;
Let thoſe thy dreadful enſigns ſhine afar,
Let Cæſar come, but come without the war.

Let

Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in ſafety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore doſt thou quit thy purpos'd way?
Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay?
Mean, and of little conſequence we are,
A conqueſt much unworthy of thy care.
When Phocis' towers were laid in aſhes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound:
No name in arms nor victories we boaſt,
But live poor exiles on a foreign coaſt.
If thou art bent on violence at laſt,
To burſt our gates, and lay our bulwarks waſte,
Know we are equally reſolv'd, whate'er
The victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death deſtroy, ſhall flames the town o'erturn?
Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
Wilt thou forbid the living ſtream to flow?
We 'll dig, and ſearch the watery ſtores below.
Hunger and thirſt with patience will we meet,
And, what offended nature nauſeates, eat.
Like brave Saguntum daring to be free,
Whate'er they ſuffer'd, we 'll expect from thee.
Babes, raviſh'd from the fainting mother's breaſt,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be caſt.
Matrons ſhall bare their boſoms to their lords,
And beg deſtruction from their pitying ſwords;

The

The brother's hand the brother's heart ſhall wound,
And univerſal ſlaughter rage around.
If civil wars muſt waſte this hapleſs town,
No hands ſhall bring that ruin but our own.
Thus ſaid the Grecian meſſengers. When lo!
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;
Much grief, much wrath, his troubled viſage ſpoke;
Then into theſe diſdainful words he broke:
This truſting in our ſpeedy march to Spain,
Theſe hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpoſe, leiſure will be found
To lay Maſſilia level with the ground:
This bears, my valiant friends, a ſound of joy;
Our uſeleſs arms, at length, ſhall find employ.
Winds loſe their force, that unreſiſted fly,
And flames, unfed by fuel, ſink and die.
Our courage thus would ſoften in repoſe,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes.
Yet mark! what love their friendly ſpeech expreſt!
Unarm'd and ſingle, Cæſar is their gueſt.
Thus, firſt they dare to ſtop me on my way,
Then ſeek with fawning treaſon to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may ceaſe:
But war ſhall ſcourge them for thoſe hopes of peace;
And make them know the preſent times afford,
At leaſt while Cæſar lives, no ſafety like the ſword.
He ſaid; and to the city bent his way:
The city, fearleſs all, before him lay,
With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And luſty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.

Near

Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread:
Upon this height the wary chief designs
His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Massilia's neighbouring citadel is seen;
An humble valley fills the space between.
Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill,
And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,
But first a lengthening work extends its way,
Where open to the land this city lay,
And from the camp projecting joins the sea.
Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise,
And cut the captive town from all supplies:
While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks bemoan
The meads, the fields, and fountains once their own.
Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
And consecrated these their walls to fame.
Fearless of Cæsar and his arms they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood:
And while he swept whole nations in a day,
Massilia bade th' impatient victor stay,
And clogg'd his rapid conquest with delay.
Fortune a master for the world prepar'd,
And these th' approaching slavery retard.
Ye times to come record the warrior's praise,
Who lengthen'd-out expiring freedom's days.
Now while with toil unweary'd rose the mound,
The sounding ax invades the groves around;
Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supply'd,
But firmer beams must fortify the side;

Left

Left when the towers advance their ponderous height,
The mon[illegible]ing mass should yield beneath the weight.
Not [illegible]way for ages past had stood
An [illegible]olated sacred wood;
W[illegible]my boughs, thick interwoven, made
[illegible]earless everlasting shade:
[illegible]the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport,
[illegible]nd sylvans with the nymphs resort:
[illegible]us priests some dreadful power adore,
And [illegible]ustrate every tree with human gore.
If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
There nor the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:
There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
Even lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
But shivering horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.
Old images of forms misshapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crouds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;

The

The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been ſeen
To riſe from earth, and ſpring with duſky green;
With ſparkling flames the trees unburning ſhine,
And round their boles prodigious ſerpents twine.
The pious worſhipers approach not near,
But ſhun their gods, and kneel with diſtant fear:
The prieſt himſelf, when, or the day, or night,
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to fight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

This wood near neighbouring to th' encompaſs'd town
Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone;
And ſince the country round it naked ſtands,
From hence the Latian chief ſupplies demands.
But lo! the bolder hands, that ſhould have ſtruck,
With ſome unuſual horror trembling ſhook:
With ſilent dread and reverence they ſurvey'd
The gloom majeſtic of the ſacred ſhade:
None dares with impious ſteel the bark to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend.
Cæſar perceiv'd the ſpreading fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow.
Deep ſunk within a violated oak
The wounding edge, and thus the warrior ſpoke.
Now, let no doubting hand the taſk decline;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various ills were in the balance laid,
And Cæſar's wrath againſt the gods was weigh'd.

When

Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow;
The lofty aſh and knotty holm lay low;
The floating alder by the current born,
The cypreſs by the noble mourner worn,
Veil their aerial ſummits, and diſplay
Their dark receſſes to the golden day;
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles ariſe.
With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
Their holy grove by impious ſoldiers fell'd;
While the Maſſilians, from th' encompaſs'd wall,
Rejoic'd to ſee the ſylvan honours fall:
They hope ſuch power can never proſper long,
Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
But, ah! too oft ſucceſs to guilt is given,
And wretches only ſtand the mark of heaven.
With timber largely from the wood ſupply'd,
For wains the legions ſearch the country wide;
Then from the crooked plow unyoke the ſteer,
And leave the ſwain to mourn the fruitleſs year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,
And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care.
With diligence the deſtin'd taſk he plies;
Huge works of earth with ſtrengthening beams ariſe:
High tottering towers, by no fix'd baſis bound,
Roll nodding on along the ſtable mound.
The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are ſhook;
Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear:

The

The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains a winged war upon the town.
Nor with leſs active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return;
Nor hands alone the miſſile deaths ſupply,
From nervous croſs-bows whiſtling arrows fly;
The ſteely corſlet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take;
Nor wait the lingering Parcæ's ſlow delay,
But wound, and to new ſlaughter wing their way.
Now by ſome vaſt machine a ponderous ſtone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile wall is thrown;
At once, on many, ſwift the ſhock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd carcaſes confounding blends.
So rolls ſome falling rock by age long worn,
Looſe from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thundering down the precipice is born,
O'er craſhing woods the maſs is ſeen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's ſide.
Gall'd with the ſhot from far, the legions join,
Their bucklers in the warlike ſhell combine;
Compact and cloſe the brazen roof they bear,
And in juſt order to the town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain
The wrathful engines waſte their ſtores in vain;
High o'er their heads the deſtin'd deaths are toſt,
And far behind in vacant earth are loſt;
Nor ſudden could they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.
This ſeen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ,
And hurl a ſtony tempeſt from on high:

The

The clattering ſhower the ſounding fence aſſails;
But vain, as when the ſtormy winter hails,
Nor on the ſolid marble roof prevails:
Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their ſhields;
And, ſpent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.
Now other ſtratagems the war ſupplies,
Beneath the Vinea cloſe th' aſſailant lies.
The ſtrong machine, with planks and turf be-ſpread,
Moves to the walls its well-defended head;
Within the covert ſafe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now juſtly pois'd the thundering ram they ſling,
And drive him forceful with a lanching ſpring;
Haply to looſe ſome yielding part at length,
And ſhake the firm cemented bulwark's ſtrength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the war:
Crouding they gather on the rampart's height,
And with tough ſtaves and ſpears maintain the fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky ſhelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring tempeſt beat,
The baffled Romans ſullenly retreat.
Now by ſucceſs the brave Maſſilians fir'd,
To fame of higher enterprize aſpir'd;
Nor longer with their walls defence content,
In daring ſallies they the foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with ſwords, nor pointed ſpears they go,
Nor aim the ſhaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
Fierce Mulciber ſupplies the bold deſign,
And for their weapons kindling torches ſhine.

Silent

Silent they iſſue through the gloomy night,
And with broad ſhields reſtrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on every ſide began,
And o'er the Latian works reſiſtleſs ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce through the ſhade the burning deluge glows;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
Swift o'er the hiſſing beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with ſmoke the wavy flames aſcend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
Till with a roar at laſt, the mighty mound,
Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the ground:
Wide-ſpread the diſcontinuous ruins lie,
And vaſt confuſion fills the gazer's eye.
Vanquiſh'd by land, the Romans ſeek the main,
And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haſte,
Down through the rapid Rhone deſcending paſt.
No golden gods protect the ſhining prow,
Nor ſilken ſtreamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in ſtable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native foreſt once it ſtood.
Rearing above the reſt her towery head,
Brutus' tall ſhip the floating ſquadron led.
To ſea ſoon wafted by the haſty tide,
Right to the Stœchades their courſe they guide.
Reſolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Maſſilia for the naval war prepares;
All hands the city for the taſk requires,
And arms her ſtriplings young, and hoary ſires.

Veſſels of every ſort and ſize ſhe fits,
And ſpeedy to the briny deep commits
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and calks her leaky ſides.
Now roſe the morning, and the golden ſun
With beams refracted on the ocean ſhone;
Clear was the ſky, the waves from murmur ceaſe.
And every ruder wind was huſh'd in peace;
Smooth lay the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
When to the deſtin'd ſtations all repair;
Here Cæſar's powers, the youth of Phocis there.
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ſhip;
Feels the ſtrong blow the well-compacted oak,
And trembling ſprings at each repeated ſtroke.
Crooked in front the Latian navy ſtood,
And wound a bending creſcent o'er the flood.
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger veſſels ply,
While in the centre ſafe the leſſer galliots lie.
Brutus the firſt, with eminent command,
In the tall admiral is ſeen to ſtand;
Six rows of lengthening pines the billows ſweep,
And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.
Now prow to prow advance each hoſtile fleet,
And want but one concurring ſtroke to meet,
When peals of ſhouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump, and plunging oar.
The bruſhing pine the frothy ſurface plies,
While on their banks the luſty rowers riſe; Each

Each brings the ſtroke back on his ample cheſt,
Then firm upon his ſeat he lights repreſt.
With claſhing beaks the launching veſſels meet,
And from the mutual ſhock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying ſhafts the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ſtrow the ocean wide.
At length the ſtretching wings their order leave,
And in the line the mingling foe receive:
Then might be ſeen, how, daſh'd from ſide to ſide,
Before the ſtemming veſſel drove the tide;
Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows,
Now back, now forth, the ſurge obedient flows.
Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
Maſſilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With beſt advantage ſeek or ſhun the fight;
With ready eaſe all anſwer to command,
Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
Not ſo the Romans; cumbrous hulks they lay,
And ſlow and heavy hung upon the ſea;
Yet ſtrong, and for the cloſer combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unſtable flood.
Thus Brutus ſaw, and to the maſter cries,
(The maſter in the lofty poop he ſpies,
Where ſtreaming the Prætorian enſign flies,)
Still wilt thou bear away, ſtill ſhift thy place,
And turn the battle to a wanton chace?
Is this a time to play ſo mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boaſt thy trifling art?
Bring to. The war ſhall hand to hand be try'd;
Oppoſe thou to the foe our ample ſide,

And let us meet like men. The Chieftain ſaid;
The ready maſter the command obey'd,
And ſide-long to the foe the ſhip was laid.
Upon his waſte fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
Faſt in his timber ſtick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings ſtrong compell'd,
While others by the tangling oars are held:
The ſeas are hid beneath the cloſing war,
Nor need they caſt the javelin now from far;
With hardy ſtrokes the combatants engage,
And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage:
Man againſt man, and board by board they lie,
And on thoſe decks their arms defended die.
The rolling ſurge is ſtain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple ſwells the riſing flood;
The floating carcaſes the ſhips delay,
Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
Helpleſs beneath the deep the dying ſink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidſt the tumbling waves they ſtrive,
And ſtruggling with deſtruction float alive,
Or by ſome ponderous beam are beaten down,
Or ſink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.
That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
Miſſing their mark, they wound upon the main.
It chanc'd, a warrior ſhip on Cæſar's ſide,
By two Maſſilian foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided force ſhe meets th' attack,
And bravely drives the bold aſſailants back:
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to ſeize the Grecian ancient ſought.

But

But double death his daring hand repreſs'd,
One ſpear transfix'd his back, and one his breaſt,
And deadly met within his heaving cheſt.
Doubtful awhile the flood was ſeen to ſtay,
At length the ſteely ſhafts at once gave way;
The fleeting life a twofold paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming wound.
Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred;
No hand the helm more ſkilfully could guide,
Or ſtem the fury of the boiſterous tide:
He knew what winds ſhould on the morrow blow,
And how the ſails for ſafety to beſtow;
Celeſtial ſignals well he could deſcry,
Could judge the radiant lights that ſhine on high,
And read the coming tempeſt of the ſky.
Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the ſhivering alder rives;
When from ſome hoſtile hand, a Roman dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
Yet ſtill his careful hand its taſk ſupplies,
And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.
To fill his place bold Gyareus eſſay'd,
But paſſing from a neighbouring ſhip was ſtay'd:
Swift through his loins a flying javelin ſtruck,
And nail'd him to the veſſel he forſook.
Friendlike, and ſide by ſide, two brethren fought,
Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
So like the lines of each reſembling face,
The ſame the features, and the ſame the grace,

That fondly erring oft their parents look,
And each, for each, alternately miſtook:
But death, too ſoon, a dire diſtinction makes,
While one, untimely ſnatch'd, the light forſakes.
His brother's form the ſad ſurvivor wears,
And ſtill renews his hapleſs parents tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle hope remain,
And while they bleſs the living, mourn the ſlain.
He, the bold youth, as board and board they ſtand,
Fix'd on a Roman ſhip his daring hand;
Full on his arm a mighty blow deſcends,
And the torn limb from off the ſhoulder rends;
The rigid nerves are cramp'd with ſtiffening cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their hold.
Nor ſunk his valour by the pain depreſt,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breaſt:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
The ſame hard deſtiny the left demands,
And now a naked helpleſs trunk he ſtands.
Nor deigns he, though defenceleſs to the foe,
To ſeek the ſafety of the hold below;
For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
He ſteps between, and ſtands his brother's guard;
Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of ſpears,
A thouſand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Reſolv'd at length his utmoſt force to exert,
His ſpirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the laſt vigour rouz'd in every part;
Then nimble from the Grecian deck he roſe,
And with a leap ſprung fierce amidſt his foes:

And

And when his hands no more could wreak his hate,
His ſword no more could miniſter to fate,
Dying he preſt them with his hoſtile weight.
O'er-charg'd the ſhip with carcaſes and blood,
Drunk faſt at many a leak the briny flood;
Yielding at length the waters wide give way,
And fold her in the boſom of the ſea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
And covering waves the ſinking hatches hide.
That fatal day was ſlaughter ſeen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.
On Lycidas a ſteely grappling ſtruck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his fellows ſtrove their mate to ſave;
Clung to his legs, they claſp him all they can,
The grappling tugs, aſunder flies the man.
No ſingle wound the gaping rupture ſeems,
Where tickling crimſon wells in ſlender ſtreams;
But from an opening horrible and wide,
A thouſand veſſels pour the burſting tide:
At once the winding channel's courſe was broke,
Where wandering life her mazy journey took:
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And loſt their purple in the azure ſea.
Soon from the lower parts the ſpirits fled,
And motionleſs th' exhauſted limbs lay dead:
Not ſo the nobler regions, where the heart
And heaving lungs their vital powers exert;
There lingering late, and long conflicting, life
Roſe againſt fate, and ſtill maintain'd the ſtrife:

Driven out at length, unwillingly and ſlow,
She left her mortal houſe, and ſought the ſhades below.
While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew
To one ſole ſide their force united drew,
The bark, unapt th' unequal poiſe to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her loweſt keel in air:
In vain his active arms the ſwimmer tries,
No aid the ſwimmer's uſeleſs arts ſupplies;
The covering vaſt o'erwhelming ſhuts them down,
And helpleſs in the hollow hold they drown.
One ſlaughter terrible above the reſt,
The fatal horror of the fight expreſt.
As o'er the crouded ſurface of the flood
A youthful ſwimmer ſwift his way purſued;
Two meeting ſhips, by equal fury preſt,
With hoſtile prows transfix'd his ample breaſt:
Suſpended by the dreadful ſhock he hung,
The brazen beaks within his boſom rung;
Blood, bones, and entrails, maſhing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight reſtrain,
The lifeleſs body drops amidſt the main;
Soon enter at the breach the ruſhing waves,
And the ſalt ſtream the mangled carcaſe laves.
Around the watery champain wide diſpread,
The living ſhipwrecks float amidſt the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their mates for ſuccour cry:
Now to ſome ſocial veſſel preſs they near,
Their fellows pale the crouding numbers fear;

With

With ruthleſs hearts their well-known friends withſtand,
And with keen faulchions lop each graſping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk ſinks helpleſs in the flood.
Now ſpent was all the warriors ſteely ſtore,
New darts they ſeek, and other arms explore,
This wields a flag-ſtaff, that a ponderous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loſs;
The fragments of the ſhatter'd ſhip they toſs.
The uſeleſs rower from his ſeat is caſt,
Then fly the benches, and the broken maſt.
Some ſeizing, as it ſinks, the breathleſs corſe,
From the cold graſp the blood-ſtain'd weapon force.
Some from their own freſh bleeding boſoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin ſhake:
The left-hand ſtays the blood, and ſooths the pain,
The right ſends back the reeking ſpear again.
Now gods of various elements conſpire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hoſtile fire;
With oils, and living ſulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to ſpread afar the kindling flame;
Around the catching miſchiefs ſwift ſucceed,
The floating hulks their own deſtruction feed;
The ſmeary wax the brightening blaze ſupplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks ariſe:
Amidſt the flood the ruddy torrent ſtrays,
And fierce upon the ſcattering ſhipwrecks preys.
Here one with haſte a flaming veſſel leaves:
Another, ſpent and beaten by the waves,
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.

Amidſt

Amidſt the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by ſeas, by fires, or wounding ſteel,
The dreadfulleſt is that, whoſe preſent force we feel.

Nor valour leſs her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breaſts that ſwim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths ſupply.
Some ſtruggling in the deep the war provoke,
Riſe o'er the ſurge, and aim a languid ſtroke.
Some with ſtrong graſp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs, and hoſtile wreathings twine,
Till plunging, preſſing to the bottom down,
Vanquiſh'd, and vanquiſhers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the reſt, is mark'd by Fame,
For watery fight, and Phoceus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the loweſt deep;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treaſures loſt, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor ſtuck below,
He ſunk, and bade the captive veſſel go.
A foe he ſeiz'd cloſe cleaving to his breaſt,
And underneath the tumbling billows preſt:
But when the ſkilful victor would repair
To upper ſeas, and ſought the freer air;
Hapleſs beneath the crouding keels he roſe,
The crouding keels his wonted way oppoſe;
Back beaten, and aſtoniſh'd with the blow,
He ſinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hoſtile veſſel's courſe;

Some

Some to the laſt the cauſe they love defend,
And valiant lives by uſeful deaths would end;
With breaſts oppos'd the thundering beaks they brave,
And what they fought for living, dying ſave.
As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet ſlung;
Through liquid air the ball ſhrill whiſtling flies,
And cuts its way through hapleſs Tyrrhen's eyes.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth ſtands ſtruck with ſudden night,
While burſting ſtart the bleeding orbs of ſight.
At firſt he took the darkneſs to be death,
And thought himſelf amidſt the ſhades beneath;
But ſoon recovering from the ſtunning ſound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found.
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant boſom burns:
To me, my friends, (he cry'd) your aid ſupply,
Nor uſeleſs let your fellow-ſoldier die;
Give me, oppos'd againſt the foe to ſtand,
While like ſome engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;
At leaſt, my mangled carcaſe ſhall pretend
To interpoſe, and ſhield ſome valiant friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may ſuſtain,
And, to preſerve ſome better man, be ſlain.
Thus ſaid, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with ſure deſtruction flew;

In

In Argus the deſcending ſteel takes place,
Argus, a Grecian, of illuſtrious race.
Deep ſinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins:
The ſtaggering youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.
It chanc'd, to ruthleſs deſtiny deſign'd,
To the ſame ſhip his aged ſire was join'd:
While young, for high atchievements was he known,
The firſt in fair Maſſilia for renown;
Now an example meerly, and a name,
Willing to rouze the younger ſort he came,
And fire their ſouls to emulate his fame.
When from the prow, where diſtant far he ſtood,
He ſaw his ſon lie weltering in his blood;
Soon to the poop, oft ſtumbling in his haſte,
With faultering ſteps the feeble father paſt.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But ſtiffening cold and motionleſs he grew:
Deep night and deadly ſhades of darkneſs riſe,
And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.
As to the dizzy youth the ſire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he caſt a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have ſpoke;
But unexpreſs'd th' imperfect accent hung,
Loſt in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue:
Yet in his ſpeechleſs viſage ſeems expreſt,
What, had he words, would be his laſt requeſt:
That aged hand to ſeal his cloſing eye,
And in his father's fond embrace to die:

But

But he, when grief with keeneſt ſenſe revives,
With nature's ſtrongeſt pangs conflicting ſtrives;
Let me not loſe this hour of death, he cries,
Which my indulgent deſtiny ſupplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my ſon,
If thy dear lips and laſt embrace I ſhun.
Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my ſad eyes behold thee yet alive,
And thou ſhalt, yet, thy wretched ſire ſurvive.
He ſaid, and fierce, by frantic ſorrow preſt,
Plung'd his ſharp ſword amidſt his aged breaſt:
And though life's guſhing ſtreams the weapon ſtain,
Headlong he leaps amidſt the greedy main;
While this laſt wiſh ran ever in his mind,
To die, and leave his darling ſon behind;
Eager to part, his ſoul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle fate.

And now Maſſilia's vanquiſh'd force gives way,
And Cæſar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
The Grecian fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;
Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the ſhore.
But, oh! what verſe, what numbers, can expreſs
The mournful city, and her ſore diſtreſs!
Upon the beach lamenting matrons ſtand,
And wailings echo o'er the lengthning ſtrand:
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide.

Here a fond wife, with pious error, preſt
Some hoſtile Roman to her throbbing breaſt;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her ſon;
Each, what her boding heart perſuades, believes,
And for the laſt ſad office fondly ſtrives.

But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
To Cæſar vindicates the watery plain;
Firſt to his brow he binds the naval crown,
And bids the ſpacious deep the mighty maſter own.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar having joined Fabius, whom he had ſent before him to Spain, incamps upon a riſing ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris: there, the waters being ſwollen by great rains endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-againſt him, decamp ſuddenly. Cæſar follows, and incamps ſo as to cut off their paſſage, or any uſe of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the ſoldiers on both ſides knew, and ſaluted one another; and forgetting the oppoſite intereſt and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their ſeveral camps, and embraced one another with great tenderneſs. Many of Cæſar's ſoldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feaſted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill conſequence to his party, commanded them all (though againſt the rules of humanity and hoſpitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and incloſed by Cæſar; to whom, both himſelf and Afranius, after their army had ſuffered extremely for want of water and other neceſſaries, are compelled to ſurrender, without aſking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take on in his army: this Cæſar, with great generoſity, grants, and diſmiſſes them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæſar near Salonæ, on the coaſt of Dalmatia, be-

ing shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted by help of some vessels, or floating machines of a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Those when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

BUT Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
Ev'n to the western ocean spreads the war;
And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,
Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain.
For Pompey, with alternative command,
The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:
The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cause, combine;
By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway,
The camp to guard, or battle to array;
To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
With those who till Asturia's hilly field;
Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls of old.
Where rising grounds the fruitful champain end,
And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend;

An

An ancient race their city choſe to found,
And with Ilerda's walls the ſummit crown'd.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
Faſt by the mountain pours his gentle ſtream.
A ſtable bridge runs croſs from ſide to ſide,
Whoſe ſpacious arch tranſmits the paſſing tide,
And jutting peers the wintery floods abide.
Two neighbouring hills their heads diſtinguiſh'd raiſe;
The firſt great Pompey's enſigns high diſplays;
Proud Cæſar's camp upon the next is ſeen;
The river interpoſing glides between.
Wide ſpread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its proſpect ſends:
Upon the ſpacious level's utmoſt bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
But ſoon in full Iberus' channel loſt,
His blended waters ſeek Iberia's coaſt;
He yields to the ſuperior torrent's fame,
And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,
When moving legions hide th' embattled field;
When front to front oppos'd in juſt array,
The chieftains each their hoſtile powers diſplay:
But whether conſcious ſhame their wrath repreſt,
And ſoft reluctance roſe in every breaſt;
Or Virtue did a ſhort-liv'd rule reſume,
And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;
Suſpended rage yet linger'd for a ſpace,
And to the weſt declin'd the ſun in peace.
Night roſe, and blackening ſhades involv'd the ſky,
When Cæſar, bent war's wily arts to try,

Through his extended battle gives command,
The foremoſt lines in order fix'd ſhall ſtand;
Mean-while the laſt, low lurking from the foe,
With ſecret labour ſink a trench below:
Succeſsful they the deſtin'd taſk purſue,
While cloſing files prevent the hoſtile view.
Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
He bids the ſoldier urge his ſpeedy way,
To ſeize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
This ſaw the foe, and wing'd with fear and ſhame,
Through ſecret paths with ſwift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford,
To theſe the place, to thoſe the conquering ſword:
Oppreſs'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
Th' aſſailants labouring tempt the ſteepy height;
Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
The following croud their foremoſt mates ſuſtain;
Againſt the ſhelving precipice they toil,
And prop their hands upon the ſteely pile;
On cliffs, and ſhrubs, their ſteps, ſome climbing ſtay,
With cutting ſwords ſome clear the woody way;
Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy,
While other uſes now their arms employ.
Their chief the danger from afar ſurvey'd,
And bade the horſe fly timely to their aid.
In order juſt the ready ſquadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
To flank the foot, and guard each naked ſide.
Safe in the middle ſpace retire the foot,
Make good the rear, and ſcorn the foes purſuit;

Each

Each ſide retreat, though each diſdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field.
Thus far the cauſe of Rome by arms was try'd,
And human rage alone the war ſupply'd;
But now the elements new wrath prepare,
And gathering tempeſts vex the troubled air.
Long had the earth by wintery froſt been bound,
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with driſly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
All deſolate the weſtern climes were ſeen,
Keen were the blaſts, and ſharp the blue ſerene,
To parch the fading herb, and dip the ſpringing green.
At length the genial heat began to ſhine,
With ſtronger beams in Aries' vernal ſign;
Again the golden day reſum'd its right,
And rul'd in juſt equation with the night:
The moon her monthly courſe had now begun,
And with increaſing horns forſook the ſun;
When Boreas, by night's ſilver empreſs driven,
To ſofter airs reſign'd the weſtern heaven.
Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came,
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
The ſweeping wind the gathering vapours preſt,
From every region of the fartheſt eaſt;
Nor hang they heavy in the midway ſky,
But ſpeedy to Heſperia driving fly;
To Calpe's hills the fluicy rains repair,
From north, and ſouth, the clouds aſſemble there,
And darkening ſtorms lour in the fluggiſh air.

Where weſtern ſkies the utmoſt ocean bound,
The watery treaſures heap the welkin round;
Thither they croud, and, ſcanted in the ſpace,
Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length the ſpouting torrents pour,
Earth ſmokes, and rattles with the guſhing ſhower;
Jove's forky fires are rarely ſeen to fly,
Extinguiſh'd in the deluge ſoon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy Iris ſhow
Such fady colours, or ſo maim'd a bow:
Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
She ſtoop'd to drink from ocean's briny ſtream;
Then to the dropping ſky reſtor'd the rain:
Again the falling waters ſought the main.
Then firſt the covering ſnows began to flow
From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
Huge hills of froſt, a thouſand ages old,
O'er which the ſummer ſuns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, ruſh from every ſide amain,
Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.
And now o'er Cæſar's camp the torrents ſweep,
Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.
Here men and arms in mix'd confuſion ſwim,
And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous ſtream;
Loſt in the ſpreading floods the land-marks lie,
Nor can the forager his way deſcry.
No beaſts for food the floating paſtures yield,
Nor herbage riſes in the watery field.
And now, to fill the meaſure of their fears,
Her baleful viſage meagre famine rears;

Seldom alone, ſhe troops among the fiends,
And ſtill on war and peſtilence attends.
Unpreſs'd, unſtraiten'd by beſieging foes,
All miſeries of want the ſoldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
And buys a morſel with his whole eſtate.
Curs'd Merchandize! where life itſelf is ſold,
And avarice conſents to ſtarve for gold!
No rock, no riſing mountain, rears his head,
No ſingle river winds along the mead,
But one vaſt lake o'er all the land is ſpread.
No lofty grove, no foreſt haunt is found,
But in his den deep lies the ſavage drown'd:
With headlong rage reſiſtleſs in its courſe,
The rapid torrent whirls the ſnorting horſe;
High o'er the ſea the foamy freſhes ride,
While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide.
Mean-time continued darkneſs veils the ſkies,
And ſuns with unavailing ardour riſe;
Nature no more her various face can boaſt,
But form is huddled up in night, and loſt.
Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone,
Where chearleſs winter plants her dreary throne;
No golden ſtars their gloomy heavens adorn,
Nor genial ſeaſons to their earth return:
But everlaſting ice and ſnows appear,
Bind up the ſummer ſigns, and curſe the barren year.
Almighty Sire! who doſt ſupremely reign,
And thou great ruler of the raging main!
Ye gracious gods! in mercy give command,
This deſolation may for ever ſtand.

Thou Jove! for ever cloud thy ſtormy ſky;
Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:
Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
Strike the ſtrong earth, and bid her fountains flow;
Bid every river-god exhauſt his urn,
Nor let thy own alternate tides return;
Wide let their blended waters waſte around,
Theſe regions, Rhine, and thoſe of Rhone confound.
Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan ſnow;
Brooks, ſtreams, and lakes, let all your ſources go;
Your ſpreading floods the guilt of Rome ſhall ſpare,
And ſave the wretched world from Civil War.
But fortune ſtay'd her ſhort diſpleaſure here,
Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;
With large increaſe her favours full return'd,
As if the gods themſelves his anger mourn'd;
As if his name were terrible to heaven,
And Providence could ſue to be forgiven.
Now 'gan the welkin clear to ſhine ſerene,
And Phœbus potent in his rays was ſeen.
The ſcattering clouds diſclos'd the piercing light,
And hung the firmament with fleecy white;
The troublous ſtorm had ſpent his wrathful ſtore,
And clattering rains were heard to ruſh no more.
Again the woods their leafy honours raiſe,
And herds upon the riſing mountains graze.
Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
And ripens into earth the ſlimy vales.
Bright glittering ſtars adorn night's ſpangled air,
And ruddy evening ſkies foretel the morning fair.

Soon

Soon as the falling Sicoris begun
A peaceful stream within his banks to run,
The bending willow into barks they twine,
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine;
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;
Like these, when fruitful Ægypt has afloat,
The Memphian artist builds his [illegible] boat.
On these embarking [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible],
Across the stream [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
Straight the [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
And with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Then [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
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Cæſar commands to arm. Without delay
The ſoldier to the river bends his way;
None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
Or ſought the ſhallows of the ſafer ford;
Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidſt the flood,
And with ſtrong ſinews make the paſſage good:
Dangers they ſcorn that might the bold affright,
And ſtop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
At length the farther bank attaining ſafe,
Chill'd by the ſtream, their dropping limbs they chafe:
Then with freſh vigour urge the foes purſuit,
And in the ſprightly chace the powers of life recruit.
Thus they; till half the courſe of life was run,
And leſſening ſhadows own'd the noon-day ſun;
The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain,
While the fleet horſe in ſquadrons ſcour the plain;
The ſtragglers ſcattering round they force to yield,
And gather up the gleanings of the field.
'Midſt a wide plain two lofty rocks ariſe,
Between the cliffs an humble valley lies;
Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
Where ways obſcure and ſecret paſſes wind.
But Cæſar, deep within his thought, foreſees
The foes attempt the covert ſtrong to ſeize:
So may their troops at leiſure range afar,
And to the Celtiberians lead the war.
Be quick, (he cries) nor minding juſt array,
Swift, to the combat, wing your ſpeedy way.
See! where yon cowards to the faſtneſs haſte,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd:

Pierce not the fearful backs of thoſe that fly,
But on your meeting javelins let them die.
He ſaid. The ready legions took the word,
And haſtily obey their eager lord;
With diligence the coming foe prevent,
And ſtay their marches, to the mountains bent.
Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd are ſeen,
With ſcarce a narrow interval between.
Soon as their eyes o'erſhoot the middle ſpace,
From either hoſts, fires, ſons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of ſome kindred face.
Then firſt their hearts with tenderneſs were ſtruck,
Firſt with remorſe for civil rage they ſhook;
Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,
Awhile in ſilent interviews they gaze:
Anon with ſpeechleſs ſigns their ſwords ſalute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their maſters mute.
At length, diſdaining ſtill to be repreſt,
Prevailing paſſion roſe in every breaſt,
And the vain rules of guilty war tranſgreſs'd.
As at a ſignal, both their trenches quit,
And ſpreading arms in cloſe embraces knit:
Now friendſhip runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Gueſt and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyiſh years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their ſteely arms bedew,
While interrupting ſighs each kiſs purſue;

And

And though their hands are yet unſtain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have ſpilt.
But ſpeak, unhappy Roman! ſpeak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy ſtreaming eyes complain?
Why doſt thou groan? why beat thy ſounding breaſt?
Why is this wild fantaſtic grief expreſt?
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Doſt thou the crimes of war unwilli g ſhare?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canſt thou dread that power thyſelf haſt made?
Do Cæſar's trumpets call thee? ſcorn the ſound.
Does he bid, march? dare thou to keep thy ground.
So rage and ſlaughter ſhall to juſtice yield,
And fierce Erinnys quit the fatal field:
Cæſar in peace a private ſtate ſhall know,
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heavenly Concord! bleſt appear!
And ſhed thy better influences here.
Thou who the warring elements doſt bind,
Life of the world, and ſafety of mankind,
Infuſe thy ſovereign balm, and heal the wrathful mind.
But if the ſame dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their ſwords ſhall meet;
No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they ſhed muſt flow from Roman veins.
Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worſe wars and redder ſlaughters come.
See! with what free and unſuſpecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his gueſt,
And Bacchus crowns the hoſpitable feaſt.

The

The graſſy fires refulgent lend their light,
While converſation ſleepleſs waſtes the night:
Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befell,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their unauſpicious hands are join'd,
And ſacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worſe could cruel fate afford!
The furies ſmil'd upon the curſt accord,
And dy'd with deeper ſtains the Roman ſword.
By buſy fame Petreius ſoon is told,
His camp, himſelf, to Cæſar all are ſold;
When ſtraight the chief indignant calls to arm,
And bids the trumpet ſpread the loud alarm.
With war encompaſs'd round he takes his way,
And breaks the ſhort-liv'd truce with fierce affray;
He drives th' unarm'd and unſuſpecting gueſt,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfiniſh'd feaſt;
With horrid ſteel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace.
And leſt the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like theſe he fans the deadly fire.
Ye herd! unknowing of the Roman worth,
And loſt to the great cauſe which led you forth;
Though victory and captive Cæſar were
Honours too glorious for your ſwords to ſhare;
Yet ſomething, abject as you are, from you,
Something to virtue and the laws is due:
A ſecond praiſe ev'n yet you may partake!
Fight, and be vanquiſh'd for your country's ſake.

Can you, while fate as yet ſuſpends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to loſe for Rome,
Can you with tame ſubmiſſion ſeek a lord;
And own a cauſe by men and gods abhor'd?
Will you in lowly wiſe his mercy crave?
Can ſoldiers beg to wear the name of ſlave?
Would you for us your ſuit to Cæſar move?
Know we diſdain his pardoning power to prove:
No private bargain ſhall redeem this head:
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a ſpecious poor pretence afford,
Baſeneſs and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen ſearch the ſteely mine
To arm the field, and bid the battle ſhine;
In vain the fortreſs lifts her towery height;
In vain the warlike ſteed provokes the fight;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean ſweep;
In vain our floating caſtles hide the deep;
In vain by land, in vain by ſea we fought,
If peace ſhall e'er with liberty be bought.
See! with what conſtancy, what gallant pride,
Our ſtedfaſt foes defend an impious ſide!
Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They ſcorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain breath your ſlackening faith withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but Juſtice in your cauſe.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance ſtill is in your power:
While Pompey calls the utmoſt eaſt from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war. Shall

Shall we (oh, ſhame!) prevent his great ſucceſs,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?
He ſpoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breaſt the fonder thought of pity ſcorns,
And ruthleſs with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tiger, or the ſpotted pard,
Long from the woods and ſavage haunts debarr'd,
From their firſt fierceneſs for a while are won,
And ſeem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their priſon, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks leſs horrid wear:
But let the taſte of ſlaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbrued;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies riſe,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper ſpare;
The ſhuddering keeper ſhakes, and ſtands aloof for fear.
From friendſhip freed, and conſcious nature's tie
To undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters looſe they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And ſcorn th' excuſe of ignorance and chance.
Thoſe whom ſo late their fond embraces preſt,
The boſom's partner, and the welcome gueſt;
Now at the board unhoſpitable bleed,
While ſtreams of blood the flowing bowl ſucceed.
With groans at firſt, each draws the glittering brand,
And lingering death ſtops in th' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering ſteel:

Vengeance

Vengeance and hatred riſe with every blow,
And blood paints every viſage like a foe.
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious ſons their mangled fathers wound,
And, leſt the merit of the crime be loſt,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the ſilver hair.
But thou, oh Cæſar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy ſoldier falls by treacherous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great ſucceſs.
Not all thou ow'ſt to bounteous Fortune's ſmile,
Not proud Maſſilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conqueſt of Pharſalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;
Thine and the cauſe of juſtice now are one,
Since guilty ſlaughter brands thy foes alone.
Nor dare the conſcious leaders longer wait,
Or truſt to ſuch unhallow'd hands their fate:
Aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd they ſhun the fight,
And to Ilerda turn their haſty flight.
But, ere their march atchieves its deſtin'd courſe,
Preventing Cæſar ſends the winged horſe:
The ſpeedy ſquadrons ſeize th' appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompaſs'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they ſtrive in vain
Refreſhing ſprings and flowing ſtreams to gain;
Strong hoſtile works their camp's extenſion ſtay,
And deep-ſunk trenches intercept their way.

Now deaths unexpected forms ariſe,
Thirſt and pale famine ſtalk before their eyes.
Shut up and cloſe beſieg'd, no more they need
The ſtrength or ſwiftneſs of the warlike ſteed;
But doom the generous courſers all to bleed.
Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they ruſh to arms, and urge the fight:
But Cæſar, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they ſought the field,
Reſtrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your ſword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
But, ſince they come devoted by deſpair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis our to ſpare.
Thoſe naked boſoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed ſteel,
Nor ſmarting wounds, nor dying anguiſh feel,
If, while they bleed, your Cæſar ſhares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the ſlain.
But wait awhile, this rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to laſt;
This ardour for the fight ſhall faint away,
And all this fond deſire of death decay.
He ſpoke; and at the word the war ſtay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's aſcending ſhade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The raſh Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to ceaſe,
And waſting fury languiſh'd into peace;

Th'

Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And flacke ing paſſions cool'd upon the mind.
So wh e battle roaring loud around,
Some r warm receives a fatal wound;
W1 ıe griding ſword has newly paſt,
A1 t pungent pains and anguiſh laſt;
with life the turgid veſſels riſe,
rm juice the ſpritely nerve ſupplies;
cer force is preſt,
An. : burning breaſt:
But conſcious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor ſtays his wrathful hand;
Then ſinks his thrall with ebbing ſpirits low,
The black blood ſtiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbneſs cloſe the deadly ſtound,
And ſtretch him pale and fainting on the ground.
For water now on every ſide they try,
Alike the ſword and delving ſpade employ;
Earth's boſom dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the ſources of her liquid ſtore;
Deep in the hollow hill the well deſcends,
Till level with the moiſter plain it ends.
Not lower down from chearful day decline
The pale Aſſyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain they toil, no ſecret ſtreams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground;
No burſting ſprings repay the workman's ſtroke,
Nor glittering guſh from out the wounded rock;
No ſweating caves in dewy droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt rills run gurgling o'er the ſand.

Spent

Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs pain,
The fainting youth aſcend to light again.
And now leſs patient of the drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler depths of earth below;
No ſavory viands crown the chearful board,
Ev'n food for want of water ſtands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat,
And, ſince they cannot drink, refuſe to eat.
Where yielding clods a moiſter clay confeſs,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in crouds the thirſty ſoldier flies;
Horrid to ſight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some ſeek the beſtial mothers for ſupply,
And draw the herds extended udders dry;
Till thirſt, unſated with the milky ſtore,
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some ſtrip the leaves, and ſuck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the ſapling's unconcocted juice.
Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted ſprings!
Cæſar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Libyan ſerpents bear:
The Romans to thy poiſonous ſtream ſhall fly,
And, conſcious of the danger, drink, and die.
With ſecret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The ſhrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;

The heaving ſighs through ſtraiter paſſes blow,
And ſcorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours draws,
And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want thoſe floods that lately ſpread the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentleſs ſkies.
Nor here by ſandy Afric are they curſt,
Nor Cancer's ſultry line inflames their thirſt;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes ſtand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two ſtreams expires the panting hoſt,
And in a land of water are they loſt.
Now preſt by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquiſh'd leaders yield to adverſe fate:
Rejecting arms, Afranius ſeeks relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to Cæſar's camp he leads
His famiſh'd troops, a fainting band ſucceeds.
At length, in preſence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent fortunes, and his paſt.
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were ſeen:
Then, with a free, ſecure, undaunted breaſt,
For mercy thus his pious ſuit he preſt.
Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of ſome ungenerous foe;
My ſword hung ready to proteſt my fame,
And this right-hand had ſav'd my ſoul from ſhame:

But now with joy I bend my ſuppliant knee,
Life is worth aſking, ſince 'tis given by thee.
No party-zeal our factious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold deſigns.
War with its own occaſions came unſought,
And found us on the ſide for which we fought:
True to our cauſe, as beſt becomes the brave,
Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our arms thy ſtronger fate delay,
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The weſtern nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſhalt thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an earneſt of the eaſt.
Nor this thy eaſy victory diſdain,
Bought with no ſeas of blood, nor hills of ſlain;
Forgive the foes that ſpare thy ſword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary ſoldier begs a laſt retreat;
In ſome poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let them enjoy the life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome field, among the ſlain we lie,
And loſt to thy remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our arms in thy ſucceſsful war,
Not let thy captives in thy triumph ſhare.
Theſe unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their ſide.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from ſlaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we aſk no more.
He ſaid. The victor, with a gentler grace,
And mercy ſoftening his ſeverer face,

Bade his attending foes their fears diſmiſs,
Go free from puniſhment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed:
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty croud,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill,
But every ſpring of life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent peſt aſſwage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With burſting ſides each bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for drink th' inſatiate fever craves.
At length returning health diſpers'd the pain,
And luſty vigour ſtrung the nerves again.

Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in exceſs your laviſh gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waſte,
T' indulge a wanton ſupercilious taſte:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands ſaves!
No coſtly wines theſe fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old conſuls many a year ago;
No waiting ſlaves the precious juices pour,
From Myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And ſeek their ſuccour from the cryſtal flood.

Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedneſs of war to ſhare,
When all we want thus eaſily we find?
The field and river can ſupply mankind.
Diſmiſs'd, and ſafe from danger and alarms,
The vanquiſh'd to the victor quits his arms;
Guiltleſs from camps, to cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His ſpear and ſword of battle ſtand accurſt,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirſt;
And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd ſo oft for victory in vain:
For victory! the curſe of thoſe that win,
The fatal end where ſtill new woes begin.
Let the proud maſters of the horrid field
Count all the gains their dire ſucceſſes yield;
Then let them think what wounds they yet muſt feel,
Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel:
As yet th' imperfect taſk by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles muſt be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conquering, to new guilt they ſhall ſucceed,
Where-ever reſtleſs Fate and Cæſar lead.
How happier lives the man to peace aſſign'd,
Amidſt this general ſtorm that wrecks mankind!
In his own quiet houſe ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones ſhall lie.
No trumpet warns him 'put his harneſs on,
Though faint, and all with wearineſs fore-done:

But when night falls, he lies ſecurely down,
And calls the creeping ſlumber all his own.
His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent,
And ere the time, the wiſh'd diſmiſſion ſent;
A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;
His boys, a ruſtic tribe, around him play,
And homely pleaſures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd paſſions up to rage;
With equal eyes the hoſtile chiefs they view,
To This their faith, to That their lives are due:
To both oblig'd alike, no part they take.
Nor vows for conqueſt, nor againſt it, make.
Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to ſtand neuter, while the world's at war.
But Fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forſook her Cæſar's ſide;
With changing cheer the fickle goddeſs frown'd,
And for awhile her favourite cauſe diſown'd.
Where Adria's ſwelling ſurge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curictan's warlike band,
Antonius camps upon the utmoſt ſtrand:
Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd ſhore.
But while the diſtant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worſe, reſiſtleſs foe, appears:
No more the meads their graſſy paſture yield,
Nor waving harveſts crown the yellow field.

On

On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And ſnatch the forage from the fainting ſteed;
Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighbouring coaſt at length they ſpy,
Where Baſilus with ſocial ſails draws nigh;
While, led by Dolabella's bold command,
Their Cæſar's legions ſpread th' Illyrian ſtrand:
Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering beat,
Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.
Of wondrous form a vaſt machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the riſing deck aſcends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted ſtrong,
Light ſkiffs, and caſks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er theſe, of ſolid oak ſecurely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky towers run high,
And nodding battlements the foe defy.
Securely plac'd, each riſing range between,
The luſty rower plies his taſk unſeen.
Mean-while nor oars upon the ſides appear,
Nor ſwelling ſails receive the driving air:
But living ſeems the mighty maſs to ſweep,
And glide ſelf-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wondrous floats, of this enormous ſize,
Soon by the ſkilful builder's craft ariſe;
The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring tide.

B[illegible]d at length revolving Tethys flows,
And ebbing waves the naked ſands diſcloſe:
Straight [illegible]e ſtream the lanching piles are borne
Shields, [illegible], and helms, their nodding towers adorn;
Threate[illegible]hey move in terrible array,
And [illegible]eper ocean bend their way.
O[illegible]w, whoſe naval powers command
Adri[illegible]eas, and wide Illyria's ſtrand,
Full[illegible]is fleet advancing ſtays,
An[illegible] impatient combatant delays:
To the blue offing wide he ſeems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary veſſels near;
Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey,
And tempts them with an open roomy ſea.
Thus when the wily huntſman ſpreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the woods beſets;
While yet his buſy hands, with ſkilful care,
The meſhy hayes and forky props prepare;
Ere yet the deer the painted plumage ſpy,
Snuff the ſtrong odour from afar, and fly;
His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
And muzzle all the loud Moloſſian kind;
The queſter only to the wood they looſe,
Who ſilently the tainted track purſues:
Mute ſigns alone the conſcious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
'Twas at the ſeaſon when the fainting light,
Juſt in the evening's cloſe, brought on the night:
When the tall towery floats their iſle forſook,
And to the ſea their courſe, adventurous, took.

But

But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, ſkill'd
In arts and warfare of the liquid field,
Their wonted wiles and ſtratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's ſide.
Beneath the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
From rock to rock they ſtretch a ponderous chain;
Looſely the ſlacker links ſuſpended flow,
To enwrap the driving fabrics as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the firſt and ſecond glide;
The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his ſteely graſp entwining holds:
From the tall rocks the ſhouting victors roar,
And drag the reſty captive to the ſhore.
For ages paſt an ancient cliff there ſtood,
Whoſe bending brow hung threatening o'er the flood:
A verdant grove was on the ſummit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy ſhadow caſt;
While near the baſe wild hollows ſink below,
There roll huge ſeas, and bellowing tempeſts blow:
Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The ſhipwreck, and the driving corpſe, are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulph the ſpoil reſtores,
And from his loweſt depths loud-ſpouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in ſounds like theſe,
When thundering, with a burſt, ſhe ſpews the foamy ſeas.
Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,
The third ill-fated priſoner float was brought;
The foe, as at a ſignal, ſpeed their way,
And haſte to compaſs in the deſtin'd prey;

The

The croudidg ſails from every ſtation preſs,
While armed bands the rocks and ſhores poſſeſs.
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the ſnare,
And ſtrove to burſt the toil with fruitleſs care:
Driv'n by deſpair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe; and though diſtreſt,
By wiles intangled, and by crouds oppreſt,
With ſcarce a ſingle cohort to his aid,
Againſt the gathering hoſt a ſtand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with ſlaughter great,
Though thus an odds unequally they meet,
One with a thouſand match'd, a ſhip againſt a fleet.
But ſoon on duſky wings aroſe the night,
And with her friendly ſhade reſtrains the fight;
The combatants from war conſenting ceaſe,
And paſs the hours of darkneſs o'er in peace.
When to the ſoldier, anxious for his fate,
And doubtful what ſucceſs the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his ſpeech addreſt,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating breaſt.
My gallant friends! whom our hard fates decree,
This night, this ſhort night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haſte,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be paſt.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this ſo hard extreme,
Too ſhort, to ſome, the date of life may ſeem;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.

'Tis

'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praiſe we die.
Dark and uncertain is man's future doom,
If years, or only moments, are to come;
All is but dying; he who gives an hour,
Or he who gives an age, gives all that 's in his power.
Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,
But to chooſe death diſtinguiſhes the brave.
Behold where, waiting round, yon hoſtile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too ſure decreed,
And where our fate would drag us on, to lead.
A great conſpicuous ſlaughter ſhall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field;
Where one ignoble heap confounds the ſlain,
And men, and beaſts, promiſcuous ſtrow the plain.
Plac'd on this float by ſome diviner hand,
As on a ſtage, for public view we ſtand.
Illyria's neighbouring ſhores, her iſles around,
And every cliff, with gazers ſhall be crown'd;
The ſeas, and earth, our virtue ſhall proclaim,
And ſtand eternal vouchers for our fame;
Alike the foes and fellows of our cauſe,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vaſt applauſe.
Bleſt be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth;
To lateſt times our ſtory ſhall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the nobleſt names of old.

Diſtinguiſh'd

Diſtinguiſh'd praiſe ſhall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour, and unſhaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæſar, we confeſs;
For ſuch a chief, what ſoldier can do leſs?
Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give.
Oh! that, to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged ſires, our children had been here:
Then with full horrour ſhould the ſlaughter riſe,
And blaſt our paler foes' aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Till, aw'd beneath that ſcorn of death we wear,
They bleſs the time our fellows 'ſcap'd their ſnare:
Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our conſtant ſouls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may glorioufly diſdain to treat,
That this laſt proof of virtue we may give,
And ſhew we die not now, becauſe we could not live.
That valour to no common heights muſt riſe,
Which he, our god-like chief himſelf, ſhall prize.
Immortal ſhall our truth for ever ſtand,
If Cæſar thinks this little faithful band
A loſs, amidſt the hoſt of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd reſolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain;
I ſcorn whatever ſafety they provide,
And caſt the worthleſs trifling thought aſide.
The ſacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my ſoul:

I ſee,

reach the period of my woe,
ſte thoſe joys the dying only know.
the gods conceal the wondrous good,
n no longer ſhould endure his load;
ry wretch like me from life ſhould fly,
s own happineſs himſelf, and die.
oke. The band his potent tongue confeſt,
nerous ardour burn'd in every breaſt.
er now they view, with watery eyes,
ft revolving circle of the ſkies;
er think the ſetting ſtars in haſte,
ider flow Böotes moves ſo faſt;
h high hearts exulting all, and gay,
iſh for light, and call the tardy day.
r the heavenly axis long delays,
the radiant ſigns beneath the ſeas;
's twins now roſe the warmer ſun,
ır the lofty Crab exalted ſhone;
night's ſhorter ſhades began to move,
:he weſt Theſſalian Chiron drove.
h the morning's purple beams diſcloſe
e horizon cover'd round with foes;
k and ſhore the crouding Iſtrians keep,
reeks and fierce Liburnians ſpread the deep:
:t, ere fury lets the battle looſe,
wooes them with the terms of truce.
Pompey's chains they chooſe to wear,
tive life to inſtant death prefer.
)rave youth, regardleſs of his might,
the ſcorn of life, and hating light,

Fearleſs

Fearleſs, and careleſs of whate'er may come,
Reſolv'd, and ſelf-determin'd to their doom;
Alike diſdain the threatening of the war,
And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
At once by land and ſea the fight renew;
Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
But fix one certain truth in death alone.
In oppoſition firm awhile they ſtood,
But ſoon were ſatisfy'd with hoſtile blood.
Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride,
Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cry'd)
Whoſe worthy ſword may pierce your leader's ſide?
He ſaid; and at the word, from every part,
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager duty brought the firſt relief:
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful ſtroke the friendly gift repay'd
At once all ruſh, at once to death they fly,
And on each other's ſword alternate die,
Greedy to make the miſchief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
A fate like this did Cadmus' harveſt prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren ſtrove;
When, by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inſpir'd the Colchian foes,
When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they roſe;

W

When urg'd by charms, and magic's myſtic power,
They dy'd their native field with ſtreaming gore;
Till ev'n the fell enchantreſs ſtood diſmay'd,
And wonder'd at the miſchiefs which ſhe made.
Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
And with brave breaſts provoke the lingering ſteel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And preſs them plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a ſecond calls;
With certain aim the ſure deſtruction falls.
This laſt beſt gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, ſons, and brothers, mutually beſtow;
Nor piety, nor fond remorſe prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red ſtreams the bluſhing waves they ſtain,
Here daſh their mangled entrails in the main.
Here with a laſt diſdain they view the ſkies,
Shut out heaven's hated light with ſcornful eyes,
And, with inſulting joy, the victor foe deſpiſe.
At length the heapy ſlaughter roſe on high,
The hoſtile chiefs the purple pile deſcry;
And while the laſt accuſtom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
And wonder lawleſs power could e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide through mankind eternal fame diſplays
This harpy crew, this ſingle veſſel's praiſe.
But, oh! the ſtory of the godlike rage
Is loſt, upon a vile, degenerate age;
The baſe, the ſlaviſh world will not be taught,
With how much eaſe their freedom may be bought.

Still

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants bands,
And ſwords in vain are truſted to our hands.
Oh! death! thou pleaſing end of human woe,
Thou cure for life, thou greateſt good below;
Still may'ſt thou fly the coward and the ſlave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the brave.
Nor war's pernicious God leſs havock yields,
Where ſwarthy Libya ſpreads her ſun-burnt fields.
For Curio now the ſtretching canvas ſpread,
And from Sicilian ſhores his navy led;
To Afric's coaſt he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.
There landing to the well-known camp he hies,
Where from afar the diſtant ſeas he ſpies;
Where Bagrada's dull waves the ſands divide,
And ſlowly downward roll their ſluggiſh tide.
From thence he ſeeks the heights renown'd by fame,
And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name:
The rocks and hills which long, traditions ſay,
Were held by huge Antæus' horrid ſway.
Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.
When thus, in ſhort, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their ſires they heard, and how the caſe befel.
The teeming earth, for ever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a giant ſon, was ſtrong;
When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born Antæus forth.
Of all the dreadful brood which erſt ſhe bore,
In none the fruitful beldame-glory'd more:

Happy

Happy for thoſe above ſhe brought him not,
Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought.
That this, her darling, might in force excel,
A gift ſhe gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
Recruited ſtrength he from his parent drew,
And every ſlackening nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food,
He ſnatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.
Nor leaves, nor ſhaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the tiger, or the ſpotted pard;
But ſtretch'd along the naked earth he lies:
New vigour ſtill the native earth ſupplies.
Whate'er he meets, his ruthleſs hands invade,
Strong in himſelf, without his mother's aid.
The ſtrangers that unknowing ſeek the ſhore,
Soon a worſe ſhipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchleſs might he reigns,
Robs, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple ſwains,
And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains.
At length, around the trembling nations ſpread,
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
The Godlike Hero, born, by Jove's decree,
To ſet the ſeas, and earth, from monſters free;
Hither in generous pity bent his courſe,
And ſet himſelf to prove the giant's force.
Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil Alcides ſhone,
Antæus with his mother's duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly force to aid his own.

Now ſeizing fierce their graſping hands they mix,
And labour on the ſwelling throat to fix;
Their ſinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And, front to front, they threaten firm and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a ſullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd,
Nor yet the foe with all his force aſſail'd.
Faint dropping ſweats bedew the monſter's brows,
And panting thick with heaving ſides he blows;
His trembling head the ſlackening nerves confeſs'd,
And from the hero ſhrunk his yielding breaſt.
The conqueror purſues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his crathing chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his faltering feet from earth he rends,
And on the ſands his mighty length extends.
The parent earth her vanquiſh'd ſon deplores,
And with a touch his vigour loſt reſtores:
From his faint limbs the clammy dews ſhe drains,
And with freſh ſtreams recruits his ebbing veins;
The muſcles ſwell, the hardening ſinews riſe,
And burſting from th' Herculean graſp he flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight Alcides ſtood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood
The dreadful ſnake her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours, none was ſeen
With equal joy by heaven's unrighteous queen;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,
He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.

Sudden

Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;
The earth again her fainting ſon ſupplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him riſe:
Her vital powers to ſuccour him ſhe ſends,
And earth herſelf with Hercules contends.
Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal fight,
And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
No longer ſhalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,
Henceforth the combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
And reſt upon no other breaſt but mine.
He ſaid; and as he ſaw the monſter ſtoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:
No more the diſtant earth her ſon ſupplies,
Lock'd in the hero's ſtrong embrace he lies;
Nor thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the ground,
Till death in every frozen limb was found.
Thus, fond of tales, our anceſtors of old
The ſtory to their childrens children told;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave.
But greater deeds this riſing mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;
While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mouldering works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.
Fond of the proſperous victorious name,
And truſting fortune would be ſtill the ſame,

Hither his hapleſs enſigns Curio leads,
And here his unauſpicious camp he ſpreads.
A fierce ſuperior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.
O'er all the Roman powers in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore ſupreme command;
Nor truſting in the Latian ſtrength alone,
With foreign force he fortify'd his own;
Summon'd the ſwarthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remoteſt Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command,
To Atlas huge, and Gades' weſtern ſtrand;
From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
And the waſte Syrts unhoſpitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
The ſultry regions of the burning zone.
With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
Th' Autololes with wild Numidians throng;
The rough Getulian, with his ruder ſteed;
The Moor, reſembling India's ſwarthy breed;
Poor Naſamons, and Garamantines join'd,
With ſwift Marmaridans that match'd the wind;
The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the ſhaft that leaves the Parthian bow;
With theſe Maſſylia's nimble horſemen ride,
They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught courſer guide.
From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,
Who ſtill unarm'd invade the ſavage game,
And with ſpread mantles tawny lions tame.

But

But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the monarch Pompey's cauſe to own;
Stung by reſenting wrath, the war he ſought,
And deep diſpleaſures paſt by Curio wrought.
He, when the tribune's ſacred power he gain'd,
When juſtice, laws, and gods were all prophan'd,
At Juba's ancient ſceptre aim'd his hate,
And ſtrove to rob him of his royal ſeat:
From a juſt prince would tear his native right,
While Rome was made a ſlave to lawleſs might.
The king, revolving cauſes from afar,
Looks on himſelf as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;
To this he joins, his troops to Cæſar new,
None of thoſe old experienc'd faithful bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;
But a looſe, neutral, light, uncertain train,
Late with Corfinium's captive fortreſs ta'en,
That wavering pauſe, and doubt for whom to ſtrike,
Sworn to both ſides, and true to both alike.
The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithleſs centinels each night deſert:
Then thus, reſolving, to himſelf he cry'd,
By daring ſhews our greateſt fears we hide:
Then let me haſte to bid the battle join,
And lead my army, while it yet is mine;
Leiſure and thinking ſtill to change incline.
Let war, and action, buſy thought control,
And find a full employment for the ſoul.
When with drawn ſwords determin'd ſoldiers ſtand,
When ſhame is loſt, and fury prompts the hand,

What reaſon then can find a time to pauſe,
To weigh the differing chiefs, and judge cauſe?
That cauſe ſeems only juſt for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like theſe, within th' appointed ſpace,
Bold gladiators, gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like ſtrangers foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, becauſe they meet.
He ſaid; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,
While fortune met him with a ſmiling vein,
Covering her malice keen, and all his future pain.
Before him Varus' vanquiſh'd legions yield,
And with diſhonour fight forſake the field;
Expos'd to ſhameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their camp the fearful rout purſues.
Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own ſucceſs believes.
Careful his foes in error to maintain,
And ſtill preſerve them confident, and vain;
Silent he marches on in ſecret wait,
And keeps his numbers cloſe from loud report.
Sabbura, great in the Numidian race,
And ſecond to their warthy king in place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender band precedes,
And ſeemingly the force of Juba leads:
While hidden he, the prince himſelf, remains,
And in a ſecret vale his hoſt confrains.
Thus oft th' Ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,
Invades the deadly Aſpic by a wile;
While artfully his ſlender tail is play'd,
The ſerpent darts upon the dancing ſhade;

Then

Then turning on the foe with ſwift ſurprize,
Full at his throat the nimble ſeizer flies:
The gaſping ſnake expires beneath the wound,
His guſhing jaws with poiſonous floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs miſchief on the ground.
Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent,
But crown'd the fraud with proſperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hoſtile power,
Commands his horſe the doubtful plain to ſcour,
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himſelf, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forſook.
It ſeem'd, neceſſity inſpir'd the deed,
And Fate requir'd the daring youth ſhould bleed.
War, that curſt war which he himſelf begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude incumbering brakes;
Till, from afar, at length the hills diſcloſe,
Aſſembling on their heights, his diſtant foes.
Oft haſty flight with ſwift retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.
He, raſh and ignorant of Libyan wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champain ſpreads his files;
When, ſudden, all the circling mountains round
With numbleſs Numidians thick are crown'd;
At once the riſing ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd,
And dread ſtrikes cold on every Roman breaſt.

view th' impending danger nigh,
aliant fight, nor coward fly.
irſe neglects the trumpet's ſound,
atient ardour paws the ground;
hamps the bit, nor tugs the rein,
s ears, nor ſhakes his flowing mane:
ſweat his ſmoking limbs are ſpread,
labour'd hangs his heavy head;
with pantings thick, his breath he draws,
ilth begrimes his clammy jaws;
ider's heartening voice he hears,
And motionleſs the wounding ſpur he bears.
At length, by ſwords and goading darts compell'd,
Droniſh he drags his load acroſs the field;
Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes,
To bear his dying lord amidſt his foes.

Not ſo the Libyans fierce their onſet make;
With thundering hoofs the ſandy ſoil they ſhake;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds ariſe,
As when through Thrace, Biſtonian Boreas flies,
Involves the day in duſt, and darkens all the ſkies.
And now the Latian foot encompaſs'd round,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the ground;
None in reſiſtance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the buſineſs of the fight.
Thicker than hail the ſteely ſhowers deſcend;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.
On every ſide the ſhrinking front grows leſs,
And to the centre madly all they preſs:
Fear, uproar, and diſmay, increaſe the cry,
Cruſhing, and cruſh'd, an armed croud they die;

Ev'n

Ev'n thronging on their fellows ſwords they run,
And the foes' buſineſs by themſelves is done.
But the fierce Moors diſdain a croud ſhould ſhare
The praiſe of conqueſt, or the taſk of war:
Rivers of blood they wiſh, and hills of ſlain,
With mangled carcaſes to ſtrow the plain.
Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman ſlaughter ſpread.
Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hoſtile ſhade!
A large amends by fortune's hand is made,
And the loſt Punic blood is well repay'd.
Thus do the gods the cauſe of Pompey bleſs?
Thus! is it thus, they give our arms ſucceſs?
Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of our blood.
The duſt, at length, in crimſon floods was laid,
And Curio now the dreadful field ſurvey'd.
He ſaw 'twas loſt, and knew in vain to ſtrive,
Yet bravely ſcorn'd to fly, or to ſurvive;
And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a croud of dying Romans fell.
Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy reſtleſs mind that ſhook thy country's frame;
Thy moving tongue that knew ſo well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have ſold the ſenate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?
Thou the firſt victim of thy war art ſlain,
Nor ſhalt thou ſee Pharſalia's fatal plain.
Behold! ye potent troublers of the ſtate,
What wretched ends on curſt ambition wait!

See!

See! where, a prey, unbury'd Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan skies.
Oh! were the gods as gracious as severe,
Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care;
Then, Rome! what days, what people might'st thou see,
If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free.
Nor yet, oh generous Curio! shall my verse
Forget, thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse:
Thy virtues, which with envious time shall strive,
And to succeeding ages long survive.
In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,
A son of nobler hope she never bore:
A soul more bright, more great, she never knew,
While to thy country's interest thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
And dreadful wealth and power laid all things waste.
The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.
Much to the ruin of the state was done,
When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy son.
Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering sword;
Sylla whom such unbounded power made proud;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood;
Ev'n Cæsar's mighty race who lord it now,
Before whose throne the subject nations bow,
All bought that power which lavish Curio sold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

John Dickinson.
1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

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VOLUME II.

THE SIX LAST BOOKS.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the conſuls aſſemble the ſenate, who unanimouſly appoint Pompey general of the war againſt Cæſar, and decree public thanks to the ſeveral princes and ſtates who aſſiſted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, conſults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occaſion, the poet goes into a digreſſion concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the preſent ſilence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæſar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and puniſhes the offenders. From Placentia, where this diſorder happened, he orders them to march to Brunduſium; where, after a ſhort turn to Rome, and aſſuming the conſulſhip, or rather the ſupreme power, he joins them himſelf. From Brunduſium, though it was then the middle of winter, he tranſports part of his army by ſea to Epirus, and lands at Palæſte. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæſar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: On the banks of the river Apſus, they met and incamped cloſe together. Cæſar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brunduſium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneaſy at his delays leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous ſea in a ſmall bark to haſten the tranſport. Upon Cæſar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be ſoon decided by a battle; and upon that conſideration, reſolved to ſend his wife to expect the event at Leſbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

THUS, equal fortune holds a while the ſcale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the goddeſs, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the ſetting Pleiades grew low,
The hills ſtood hoary in December's ſnow;
The ſolemn ſeaſon was approaching near,
When other names renew'd the Faſti wear,
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The conſuls, while their rods they yet remain'd,
While, yet, ſome ſhew of liberty maintain'd,
With miſſives round the ſcatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the ſenate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman ſtate,
In foreign ſeats, conſulting, meanly ſate.
No face of war the grave aſſembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place reſort,
While waiting lictors guard the crouded court.
No faction theſe, nor party, ſeem to be,
But a full ſenate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here Pompey ſtands confeſt
A private man, and one among the reſt.
Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs ceaſe,
And every mournful ſound is huſh'd in peace;
When from the conſular diſtinguiſh'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.
If yet our Roman virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
And emulates our great forefathers name,

Let

[illegible] PHARSALIA, Book V.

[illegible] Rome [illegible]
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While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæſar's ſenators lie ſlain.
March then, ye warriors! ſecond fate's deſign,
And to the leading gods your ardour join,
With equal conſtancy to battle come,
As when you ſhunn'd the foe, and left your native Rome.
The period of the conſuls power is near,
Who yield our Faſces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we ſtill obey,
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd ſway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greateſt Pompey lead the war.
In loud applauſe the pleas'd aſſembly join,
And to the glorious taſk the chief aſſign:
His country's fate they truſt to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And ſome with gifts, and ſome with praiſe are crown'd:
Of theſe, the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
Of Athens much they ſpeak; Maſſilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their ſtill unſhaken faithful Aſian friend.
Brave Cotys and his valiant ſon they grace,
With bold Rhaſipolis from ſtormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba juſtly is decreed
To his paternal ſceptre to ſucceed.
And thou too, Ptolemy, (unrighteous fate!)
Vert rais'd unworthy to the regal ſtate;

The

The crown upon thy perjur'd temples ſhone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike ſon.
O'er Ægypt ſhakes the boy his cruel ſword:
(Oh! that he had been only Ægypt's lord!)
But the dire gift more dreadful miſchiefs wait,
While Lagos' ſceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæſar's, and his ſiſter's hand,
He ſeiz'd his parricide, and her command.
Th' aſſembly roſe, and all on war intent
Buſtle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
With what the threatening future times were fraught,
With buſy curioſity explores
The dreadful purpoſe of the heavenly powers.
To Delphos ſtraight he flies, where long the god
In ſilence had poſſeſs'd his cloſe abode;
His oracles had long been known to ceaſe,
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
Between the ruddy weſt and eaſtern ſkies,
In the mid-earth Parnaſſus' tops ariſe:
To Phœbus, and the chearful god of wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in ſolemn ſongs reſound.
When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was ſpread,
This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One riſing rock, preſerv'd, a bound was given,
Between the vaſty deep, and ambient heaven.

Here,

Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.
But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conscious caves diviner breathings blow,
How vapours could unfold th' enquirer's doom,
And talking winds could speak of things to come;
Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.
So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forsakes the heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat;
Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
Whose oracles the years to come disclose;
Who through eternity at once foresees,
And tells that fate which he himself decrees?
Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whose energy informs the pendent ball,
Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he stands confest
Within his raging priestess' panting breast,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.

Such

Such is the burſt of bellowing Ætna's ſound,
When fair Sicilia's paſtures ſhake around;
Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks beſtrew Campania's ſhores.
The liſtening god, ſtill ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
Yet, wiſe and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The fool's fond wiſhes, or the guilty's prayer;
Though vainly in repeated vows they truſt,
None e'er find grace before him, but the juſt.
Oft to a baniſh'd, wandering, houſeleſs race,
The ſacred dictates have aſſign'd a place.
Oft from the ſtrong he ſaves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian ſeas, declare!
And heals the barren land, and peſtilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curſt,
The Delphic ſilence ſurely is the worſt.
But tyrants, juſtly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the gods to tell us what 's to come.
Mean-while, the propheteſs may well rejoice,
And bleſs the ceaſing of the ſacred voice:
Since death too oft her holy taſk attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce diſtracting rage ſhe ſprings,
And dies beneath the god for whom ſhe ſings.
Theſe ſilent caves, theſe Tripods long unmov'd,
Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Send in the trembling prieſteſs to the god.

The reverend ſire the Latian chief obey'd,
And ſudden ſeiz'd the unſuſpecting maid,
Where careleſs in the peaceful grove ſhe ſtray'd.
Diſmay'd, aghaſt, and pale, he drags her on;
She ſtops, and ſtrives the fatal taſk to ſhun:
Subdued by force, to fraud and art ſhe flies,
And thus to turn the Roman's purpoſe tries:
What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The ſilent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Auſonian Appius, art thou come;
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, diſdaining us, the ſacred voice
Has made ſome other diſtant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Low in the duſt had laid our lofty ſpires,
In heaps the mouldering aſhes heavy rod,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls myſtic verſe ſuffice;
Or, if he deigns not this bad age to hear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cauſe, our god has long been mute,
And anſwers not to any ſuppliant's ſuit.
But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confeſs the god, whom they diſown.
Howe'er, each rite ſhe ſeemingly prepares;
A fillet gathers up her foremoſt hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looſer locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the ſtronger prieſt, though yet ſhe ſtrives,
The lingering maid within the temple drives:

But

But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful ſhrine,
Lags in the outer ſpace, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breaſt
No ſtrong enthuſiaſtic throes confeſt;
No terrors in her ſtarting hairs were ſeen,
To caſt from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no ſounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the ſpacious cave, and ſhake the vaulted dome.
Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-diſſembling maid.
The furious Roman ſoon the fraud eſpy'd,
And, Hope not thou to 'ſcape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal ſounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtic cell,
Unleſs the gods themſelves reveal the doom,
Which ſhall befall the warring world and Rome.
He ſpoke, and, aw'd, by the ſuperior dread,
The trembling prieſteſs to the Tripod fled:
Cloſe to the holy breathing vent ſhe cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent ſpirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er ſo ſtrong inſpiring Pæan came,
Nor ſtretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
The mortal mind driv'n out forſook her breaſt,
And the ſole godhead every part poſſeſt.

Now ſwell her veins, her turgid ſinews riſe,
And bounding frantic through the cave ſhe flies;
Her briſtling locks the wreathy fillet ſcorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant fane,
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the pain.
Nor yet the leſs th' avenging wrathful god
Pours in his fires, and ſhakes his ſounding rod:
He laſhes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her ſtubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, juſt labouring to diſcloſe,
And ſpeak that fate which in her boſom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads croud;
Men, times, and things, or preſent, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been,
Rölls in her thought, and to her ſight is ſeen.
The ocean's utmoſt bounds her eyes explore,
And number every ſand on every ſhore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt begun, and when her end ſhall be.
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates ſhe proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman deſtiny diſtinguiſh'd took,
And kept it careful in her ſacred book;
So now, Phemonoë, in crouds of thought,
The ſingle doom of Latian Appius ſought.
Nor in that maſs, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with eaſe be found.

But

At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful howl the roomy cavern shook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents spoke:
While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge, shalt thou fly,
There find repose, and unmolested lye.
She said; the god her labouring tongue suppress,
And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest.
Ye sacred Tripods, on whose doom we wait!
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, oh! Phœbus, whose prophetic skill
Reads the dark counsels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain,
To tell what kings, what heroes must be slain,
And how much blood the blushing earth should stain?
Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed?
That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed?
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford
A just occasion to the patriot's sword?
As if you fear'd t'avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?
Through the wide gates at length by force display'd,
Impetuous sallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the god still heaving in her breast:
Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet she rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.
Now horrid purple flushes in her face,
And now a livid pale supplies the place;

A double madneſs paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear ſhe freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing ſighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting boſom blow.
So when no more the ſtorm ſonorous ſings,
But noiſy Boreas hangs his weary wings:
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarſe-reſounding main.
Now by degrees the fire æthereal fail'd,
And the dull human ſenſe again prevail'd;
While Phœbus, ſudden, in a murky ſhade,
Hid the paſt viſion from the mortal maid.
Thick clouds of dark oblivion riſe between,
And ſnatch away at once the wondrous ſcene;
Stretch'd on the ground the fainting prieſteſs lies,
While to the Tripod, back, th' informing ſpirit flies.
Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long ſafety, and a neutral ſtate;
And, ere the great event of war was known,
Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
Or ſnatch thee from amidſt the general woe!
In times like theſe, what god but death can ſave?
The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
Where ſtruggling ſeas Caryſtos rude conſtrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnuſia reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are toſt
From Chalcis to unlucky Auli's coaſt;
There ſhalt thou meet the gods appointed doom,
A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.

To

To other wars the victor now ſucceeds,
And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
When the chang'd gods his ruin ſeem'd to threat,
And croſs the long ſucceſsful courſe of fate.
Amidſt his camp, and fearleſs of his foes,
Sudden he ſaw where inborn dangers roſe,
He ſaw thoſe troops that long had faithful ſtood,
Friends to his cauſe, and enemies to good,
Grown weary of their chief, and ſatiated with blood.
Whether the trumpet's ſound too long had ceas'd,
And ſlaughter ſlept in unaccuſtom'd reſt:
Or whether, arrogant by miſchief made,
The ſoldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilſt avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn againſt Cæſar, and his cauſe, the ſcale,
And ſet the mercenary ſword to ſale.
Nor, e'er before, ſo truly could he read
What dangers ſtrow thoſe paths the mighty tread.
Then, firſt he found, on what a faithleſs baſe
Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
He who ſo late, a potent faction's head,
Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
Now ſtript of all, beheld in every hand
The warriors weapons at their own command;
Nor ſervice now, nor ſafety they afford,
But leave him ſingle to his guardian ſword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
That ſhun to tell their diſcontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks ſuſpicious go,
And dread of an informer chokes their woe:

But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
And ſcorn the baſhful mean reſtraints of fear.
For laws, in great rebellions, loſe their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.
Among the reſt, one thus: At length 'tis time
To quit thy cauſe, oh Cæſar! and our crime:
The world around for foes thou haſt explor'd,
And laviſhly expos'd us to the ſword;
To make thee great, a worthleſs crowd we fall,
Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
In every clime beneath the ſpacious ſky,
Our leader conquers, and his ſoldiers die.
What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
Or that loſt blood which ſtains the Rhine and Rhone?
When ſcarr'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
We come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'ſt us war, more war, for our reward.
Though purple rivers in thy cauſe we ſpilt,
And ſtain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
With unavailing wickedneſs we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the ſenate ſpoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we 've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would riſe?
If Rome 's too little, what can e'er ſuffice?
Oh, ſee at length! with pity, Cæſar, ſee,
Theſe withering arms, theſe hairs grown white for thee.
In painful wars our joyleſs days have paſt,
Let weary age lie down on peace at laſt:

Give

Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And ſigh, at home, our parting ſouls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And aſk this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the ſword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind,
To ſome more monſtrous miſchief yet behind?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deſerve by one ſure blow?
Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we pleaſe;
Well has thy war inſpir'd ſuch thoughts as theſe:
What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder theſe determin'd daring hands?
That Cæſar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of ſtate.
Nor ſhall his foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial ſcale;
He views our labours with a ſcornful glance,
And calls our victories the works of chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, ſhall learn to own,
His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, Cæſar, ſpite of all thoſe rods that wait,
With mean obſequious ſervice, on thy ſtate;

Spite

Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war ſhall ceaſe,
And we thy ſoldiers will command a peace.
He ſpoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inſpir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their abſent chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
And, ſince loſt faith and virtue are no more,
Let Cæſar's bands the public peace reſtore.
What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the laſt deſpair?
But Cæſar, form'd for perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave oppoſing fate;
While yet with fierceſt fires their furies flame,
Secure, and ſcornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the madneſs riſe,
And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;
With pleaſure could he crown their curſt deſigns,
With rapes of matrons, and the ſpoils of ſhrines;
Had they but aſk'd it, well he could approve
The waſte and plunder of Tarpeian Jove:
No miſchief he, no ſacrilege, denies,
But would himſelf beſtow the horrid prize.
With joy he ſees their ſouls by rage poſſeſt,
Sooths and indulges every frantic breaſt,
And only fears what reaſon may ſuggeſt.
Still, Cæſar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou ſingly, hate thy country's good?
Shall the rude ſoldier firſt of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?

Give

Give o'er at length, and let thy labours ceaſe,
Nor vex the world, but learn to ſuffer peace.
Why ſhouldſt thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itſelf gives place,
And fierce Enyo ſeems to ſhun thy face.

High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearleſs, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the croud he caſt an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation ſpoke:
Ye noiſy herd! who in ſo fierce a ſtrain
Againſt your abſent leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he ſtands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-ſought reſt,
And leave your uſeleſs ſwords in Cæſar's breaſt.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.
In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
Can ſow ſedition, and increaſe a croud;
You! who can loath the glories of the great,
And poorly meditate a baſe retreat.
But, hence! be gone from victory and me,
Leave me to what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune ſhall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant ſword.
Behold, what crouds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject ſtate!
And ſhall ſucceſs, and Cæſar, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the ſpoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?

Legion

Legions ſhall come to end the bloodleſs war,
And ſhouting follow my triumphal car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curſe yourſelves in ſecret as we paſs.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conqueſt, or delay my courſe?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep ſhall ſtill be full, and ſcorn the poor ſupply.
Nor think ſuch vulgar ſouls as yours were given,
To be the taſk of fate, and care of heaven:
Few are the lordly, the diſtinguiſh'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The reſt for common uſe were all deſign'd,
An unregarded rabble of mankind.
By my auſpicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were ſpread,
But ſay, what had you done, with Pompey at your head?
Vaſt was the fame by Labienus won,
When rank'd amidſt my warlike friends, he ſhone:
Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
And ſee him with his chief new-choſen range;
By land, and ſea, where-e'er my arms he ſpies,
An ignominious runagate he flies.
Such ſhall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
Who quits his leader, whereſoe'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of theſe falſe legions known:

You

"You warn me well to change theſe coward bands,
Nor truſt my fate to ſuch betraying hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'ſt me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay:
Henceforth my care regards myſelf alone,
War's glorious gain ſhall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My enſigns ſhall by manly hands be borne.
Some few of you my ſentence here ſhall wait,
And warn ſucceeding factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your proſtrate necks, my doom attend.
And you, ye younger ſtriplings of the war,
You, whom I mean to make my future care;
Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.

He ſpoke; and, at the impious ſound diſmay'd,
The trembling unreſiſting croud obey'd:
No more their late equality they boaſt,
But bend beneath his frown a ſuppliant hoſt.
Singly ſecure, he ſtands confeſs'd their lord,
And rules, in ſpite of him, the ſoldier's ſword.
Doubtful, at firſt, their patience he ſurveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;
Beyond his hopes he ſees the ſtubborn bow,
And bare their breaſts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed diſclaim,
And would not find their fiercer ſouls ſo tame.
A few, at length, ſelected from the reſt,
Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;

While

While the conſenting hoſt the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.
Now to Brunduſium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands aſſembling barks to meet,
And furniſh from the neighbouring ſhores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;
Thither with ſwelling ſails their way they take,
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains riſe,
Where high along the coaſt Garganus lies,
And beating ſeas and fighting winds defies.
Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and faſhion'd to his ſway.
There, with mock prayers, the ſuppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great dictator's ſtate.
Obedient he, ſince thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condeſcends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful Faſti wear,
Worthy to uſher in the curſt Pharſalian year.
Then was the time, when ſycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our ſires that fawning lying ſtrain,
Which we, their ſlaviſh ſons, ſo well retain:
Then, firſt, were ſeen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
The ax of juſtice, with the ſword of war;
Faſces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæſar's train promiſcuous throng.
And while all powers in him alone unite,
He mocks the people with the ſhews of right.

The

The Martian field th' aſſembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded ſuffrage gives;
Still with the ſame ſolemnity of face,
The reverend augur ſeems to fill his place:
Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor ſees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
Then ſunk the ſtate and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly conſuls nominally come:
Juſt as the ſovereign bids, their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finiſh out the pageant ſhow,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the feſtival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god, unworthy, aſk for more;
He who look'd on, and ſaw ſuch foul diſgrace,
Such ſlavery befall his Trojan race.

Now Cæſar, like the flame that outs the ſkies,
And ſwifter than the vengeful tigreſs, flies
Where waſte and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-paſſing ſoon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brunduſium's crooked ſhores, and Cretan walls he gains.
Loud Boreas there his navy cloſe confines,
While wary ſeamen dread the wintery ſigns.
But he, th' impatient chief, diſdains to ſpare
Thoſe hours that better may be ſpent in war:
He grieves to ſee his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field.
Eager to rouze their ſloth, behold, (he cries)
The conſtant wind that rules the wintery ſkies,
With what a ſettled certainty it flies!

Unlike

Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithleſs ſpring.
Nor need we now to ſhift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to ſteer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blaſt
May ſwell the ſail, and bend the lofty maſt.
So, ſhall our navy ſoon be wafted o'er,
Ere yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wiſh'd-for Grecian ſhore.
Cut every cable then, and haſte away;
The waiting winds and ſeas upbraid our long delay.
Low in the weſt the ſetting ſun was laid,
Up roſe the night in glittering ſtars array'd,
And ſilver Cynthia caſt a lengthening ſhade;
When looſing from the ſhore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the ſpreading ſheet;
The ſlacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift, for a while, they ſcud before the wind,
And leave Heſperia's leſſening ſhores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the maſt the flagging ſail:
The duller waves with ſlower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath conſtrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Boſphori their ſtreams maintain,
Nor ruſhing Iſter heaves the languid main;
Each keel inclos'd, at once forgets its courſe,
While o'er the new-made champion bounds the horſe:

Bold on the cryſtal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with ſounding keels the ſtable tide.
So ſtill a form th' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marſh and ſtanding lake:
No breezes o'er the curling ſurface paſs,
Nor ſun-beams tremble in the liquid glaſs;
No uſual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But ſluggiſh ocean ſleeps in ſtupid peace,
And weary nature's motions ſeem to ceaſe.
With differing eyes the hoſtile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and uſeleſs watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain
To plow their paſſage through th' unyielding main;
While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæſar's legions here
The dire diſtreſs of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the ſkies,
That waves may daſh, and mounting billows riſe;
That ſtorms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itſelf again.
At length the ſtill, the ſluggiſh darkneſs fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to paſs upon the ſhore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæſar's anchors bite Palæſte's ſtrand.
In neighbouring camps the hoſtile chiefs ſit down,
Where Genuſus the ſwift, and Apſus run;
Among th' ignobler croud of rivers, theſe
Soon loſe their waters in the mingling ſeas:

No mighty ſtreams nor diſtant ſprings they know,
But riſe from muddy lakes, and melting ſnow.
Here meet the rivals who the world divide,
Once by the tendereſt bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a ſingle field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near, they muſt forgive.
Vain hopes! for ſoon they part to meet no more,
Till both ſhall reach the curſt Ægyptian ſhore;
Till the proud father ſhall in arms ſucceed,
And ſee his vanquiſh'd ſon untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his aſhes on the ſtrand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate ſhall Cæſar's tears demand.
The latter yet his eager rage reſtrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæſar often chides his ſtay,
Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray.
Still ſhall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou ſtop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before, was done by me:
Now ready fortune only ſtays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy courſe withſtand?
Or Libyan Syrts oppoſe their faithleſs ſtrand?
Or doſt thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I paſs'd before.
For all thoſe hours thou loſeſt, I complain,
And ſue to heaven for proſperous winds in vain.

My

My ſoldiers (often has their faith been try'd)
If not withheld, had haſten'd to my ſide.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What ſeas and ſhipwrecks ſcorn, for Cæſar's ſake?
Nor will I think the gods ſo partial are,
To give thee fair Auſonia for thy ſhare;
While Cæſar, and the ſenate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot.

In words like theſe, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the haſty miſſives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vaſt ſucceſs his raſher darings crown'd;
Who ſaw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious ſtay,
Reſolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
Bold, in a ſingle ſkiff, he means to go,
And tempt thoſe ſeas that navies dare not plow.

'Twas now the time when cares and labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the rage of arms was huſh'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful day.
Through the ſtill camp the night's third hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky ſhade,
Secret the careful warriors footſteps tread.
His train, unknowing, ſlept within his tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The ſleepy ſentinels beſtrew the ground:

Yet, unreproving, now, he paſs'd them o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding ſhore.
There through the gloom, his ſearching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty maſter of this little boat,
Securely ſlept within a neighbouring cot:
No maſſy beams ſupport his humble hall,
But reeds and marſhy ruſhes wove the wall;
Old ſhatter'd planking for a roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy ſhed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior ſtruck,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling ſhook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging ſeas, and ſtormy ſkies,
To my poor lowly roof for ſhelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering ſea-weed ſpread.
Then from the hearth the ſmoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drouſy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he ſupplies,
Till kindling ſparks and glittering flames ariſe.
Oh happy poverty! thou greateſt good,
Beſtow'd by heaven, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here nor the cruel ſpoiler ſeeks his prey,
Nor ruthleſs armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and ſound thy ſleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods and godlike princes chooſe their ſeat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor ſtarts, though Cæſar's call commands to riſe.

What

What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
How had your towers and ramparts ſhook with fear,
And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader ſaid)
Beyond thy hopes, or wiſhes, to be paid;
If in this inſtant hour thou waft me o'er,
With ſpeedy haſte, to yon Heſperian ſhore.
No more ſhall want thy weary hand conſtrain,
To work thy bark upon the boiſterous main:
Henceforth good days and plenty ſhall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low eſtate,
Sudden and mighty riches round the wait;
Be wiſe, and uſe the lucky hour of fate.
Thus he; and though in humble veſtments dreſs'd,
Spite of himſelf, his words his power expreſs'd,
And Cæſar in his bounty ſtood confeſs'd.
To him the wary pilot thus replies:
A thouſand omens threaten from the ſkies;
A thouſand boding ſigns my ſoul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the ſeas by night.
In clouds the ſetting ſun obſcur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy weſt with red:
Now north, now ſouth, he ſhot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the ſullen black with golden gleams:
Pale ſhone his middle orb with faintiſh rays,
And ſuffer'd mortal eyes at eaſe to gaze.
Nor roſe the ſilver queen of night ſerene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were ſeen,
With foggy ſtains and cloudy blots between.

Dreadful awhile ſhe ſhone all fiery red,
Then ſicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor leſs I fear from that hoarſe hollow roar,
In leafy groves, and on the ſounding ſhore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run acroſs, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forſake,
And ſoaring herns avoid the plaſhy lake;
While, waddling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if ſome great enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My venturous bark the troubled deep ſhall try,
To thy wiſh'd port her plunging prow ſhall ply,
Unleſs the ſeas reſolve to beat us by.

He ſpoke; and ſpread his canvas to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the ſhore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they paſt,
Long trails of light the ſhooting meteors caſt;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion ſeem,
Shake through the blaſt, and dart a quivering beam;
Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds ariſe,
And growl from every quarter of the ſkies.
When thus the trembling maſter, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loſs; the various tide
Beats my unſtable bark on every ſide:
From the north-weſt the ſetting current ſwells,
While ſouthern ſtorms the driving rack foretels.

Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is loſt,
Nor can one relick of our wreck be toſt
By winds, like theſe, on fair Heſperia's coaſt.
Our only means of ſafety is to yield,
And meaſure back with haſte the foamy field;
To give our unſucceſsful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring ſhore.
But Cæſar, ſtill ſuperior to diſtreſs,
Fearleſs, and confident of ſure ſucceſs,
Thus to the pilot loud—The ſeas deſpiſe,
And the vain threatening of the noiſy ſkies.
Though gods deny thee yon Auſonian ſtrand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cauſe thy fears,
Thou know'ſt not what a freight thy veſſel bears;
Thou know'ſt not I am he, to whom 'tis given
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let winds, and ſeas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waſte upon themſelves their empty rage;
A ſtronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæſar's fate depend.
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful ſcene;
And wonder'ſt what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raiſe,
And from my dangers arrogate new praiſe;
Amidſt the fears of death they bid me live,
And ſtill inhance what they are ſure to give.
Then leave yon ſhore behind with all thy haſte,
Nor ſhall this idle fury longer laſt.

Thy keel auſpicious ſhall the ſtorm appeaſe,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer ſeas,
And reach Brundiſium's ſafer port with eaſe.
Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.
Thus while in vaunting words the leader ſpoke;
Full on his back the thundering tempeſt ſtruck;
Off rips the rending canvas from the maſt,
And whirling flits before the driving blaſt;
In every joint the groaning alder ſounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thouſand wounds.
Now, riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the ruſhing wind:
Firſt from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempeſtuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-eaſt encountering fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding tide.
The curling ſurges loud conflicting meet,
Daſh their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian ſtrand,
Plows up the waves, and ſcoops the loweſt ſand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor ſhowery Notus in th' Æolian cell;
But each from every ſide, his power to boaſt,
Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coaſt.
Equal in might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
While in the midſt the ſeas unmov'd remain:
In leſſer wars they yield to ſtormy heaven,
[illegible] waves to other deeps are driven;

The

The Tyrrhene billows daſh Ægean ſhores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then muſt earth the ſwelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
And gave herſelf for loſt, the conquering water's prey.
What other worlds, what ſeas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten ſhore!
What diſtant deeps, their prodigies to boaſt,
Heav'd their huge monſters on th' Auſonian coaſt!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new puniſhment diſplay'd
And call'd his watery brother to his aid:
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer ſtand confin'd;
At once the ſurges o'er the nations riſe,
And ſeas are only bounded by the ſkies.
Such now the ſpreading deluge had been ſeen,
Had not th' Almighty Ruler ſtood between;
Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
Confeſs'd his hand ſuppreſſing, and were ſtay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common ſhade of night,
The friendly darkneſs, that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling ſeas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the ſtruggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulſion ſtruck,
Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis ſhook:

Uproar,

Uproar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
And broke the ſacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the bleſt abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only hope, when every other fail'd,
With Cæſar, and with nature's ſelf, prevail'd;
The ſtorm that fought their ruin, prov'd them ſtrong,
Nor could they fall, who ſtood that ſhock ſo long.
High as Leucadia's leſſening cliffs ariſe,
On the tall billow's top the veſſel flies;
While the pale maſter, from the ſurge's brow,
With giddy eyes ſurveys the depth below.
When ſtraight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked ſands the ruſhing bark ſubſides,
And the low liquid vale the topmaſt hides.
The trembling ſhipman, all diſtraught with fear,
Forgets his courſe, and knows not how to ſteer;
No more the uſeleſs rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling ſwell, or ſhun the blow.
But, lo! the ſtorm itſelf aſſiſtance lends,
While one aſſaults, another wave defends:
This lays the ſidelong alder on the main,
And that reſtores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds ſhe plies,
Now ſeeks the depths, and now invades the ſkies;
There born aloft, ſhe apprehends no more,
Or ſhoaly Saſon, or Theſſalia's ſhore;
High hills ſhe dreads, and promontories now,
And fears to touch Ceraunia's airy brow.
At length the univerſal wreck appear'd,
To Cæſar's ſelf, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.

Why

Why all theſe pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
This labour of the ſeas, and earth, and ſkies?
All nature and the gods, at once alarm'd,
Againſt my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to theſe rude ſeas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my firſt of wiſhes, you deny;
My ſoul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence aſſigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut ſhort my conqueſt, and prevent new praiſe;
My life, already, ſtands the nobleſt theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
Far northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my ſword;
Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a ſecond place in Rome.
My country has my high beheſts obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
All ſovereignty, all honours are my own,
Conſul, dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only goddeſs, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my ſecret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beſide thee, know
I ſunk thus poorly to the ſhades below.
Diſpoſe, ye gods! my carcaſe as you pleaſe,
Deep let it drown beneath theſe raging ſeas;
I aſk no urn my aſhes to infold,
Nor marble monuments, nor ſhrines of gold;

Let

Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me ſtill, and think I am to come;
So ſhall my name with terror ſtill be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.
He ſpoke, and ſudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor ſunk again, alternate, as before,
But ruſhing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the ſhore.
Rome and his fortune were at once reſtor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.
Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors croud, their leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murmuring legions ſtand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
What means too-daring Cæſar (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthleſs ſeas, and ſtormy ſky?
What a vile helpleſs herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life ſo many thouſands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to conſent to die.
And could'ſt thou not one faithful ſoldier find,
One equal to his mighty maſter's mind,
One that deſerv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows toſt thee on the main,
We ſlept at eaſe, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cauſe, oh ſhame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging ſea?
Is there a ſlave whoſe head thou hold'ſt ſo light,
To give him up to this tempeſtuous night?

While

While Cæſar, whom the ſubject earth obeys,
To ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, his ſacred ſelf betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And ſcatter all the laviſh gods have given?
Doſt thou the care of providence employ,
Only to ſave thee when the ſeas run high?
Auſpicious Jove thy wiſhes would promote;
Thou aſk'ſt the ſafety of a leaky boat:
He proffers thee the world's ſupreme command;
Thy hopes aſpire no farther than to land,
And caſt thy ſhipwreck on th' Heſperian ſtrand.
In kind reproaches thus they waſte the night,
Till the gray eaſt diſclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the ſun his beamy face diſplay'd,
While the tir'd ſtorm and weary waves were laid.
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their ſails,
And catch the gently-riſing northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall veſſels glide,
The pilots, and the wind, conſpire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the ſmoother tide:
Decent they move, like ſome well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the ſails forſook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's wintery banks, the cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut th' æthereal plains;
To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in juſt array:
But if ſome ruſhing ſtorm the journey croſs,
The wingy leaders all are at a loſs:

Now

Now cloſe, now looſe, the breaking ſquadrons fly,
And ſcatter in confuſion o'er the ſky.
The day return'd, with Phœbus Auſter roſe,
And hard upon the ſtraining canvas blows.
Scudding afore him ſwift the fleet he bore,
O'er-paſſing Lyſſus, to Nymphæum's ſhore;
There ſafe from northern winds, within the port they moor.

While thus united Cæſar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great deciſion near;
Sad Pompey's ſoul uneaſy thoughts infeſt,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breaſt.
To diſtant Leſbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can ſpeak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderneſs, which pious lovers feel?
Who can their ſecret pangs and ſorrows tell,
With all the croud of cares that in their boſoms dwell?
See what new paſſions now the hero knows,
Now firſt he doubts ſucceſs, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the ſtrife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to ſpeak, but knows not how,
Knows they muſt part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off Fate from day to day.
The fleeting ſhades began to leave the ſky,
And ſlumber ſoft forſook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia preſt
Her lord, reluctant, to her ſnowy breaſt;

Wonder-

Wondering, ſhe found he ſhunn'd her juſt embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the ſudden woe, ſhe griev'd,
And ſcarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he: My trueſt wife,
To ſay how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expreſſes what my heart would ſhow,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæſar calls me to the fight.
Haſte then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Leſbian iſle attends thy peaceful ſeat:
Nor ſeek, oh! ſeek not to increaſe my cares,
Seek not to change my purpoſe with thy prayers;
Myſelf, in vain, the fruitleſs ſuit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy diſtance will increaſe thy fear;
Ruin, if ruin comes, will ſoon be near,
Too ſoon the fatal news ſhall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with juſt and equal fires,
Nor doſt thou love as virtue's law requires;
If thoſe ſoft eyes can ev'n thy huſband bear,
Red with the ſtains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets ſound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my ſorrows with thy charms,
And riſe to battle from theſe tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy abſence to the public woe.

But thou be hid, be ſafe from every fear,
While kings and nations in deſtruction ſhare:
Shun thou the cruſh of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better part,
To ſooth my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with pleaſure to the dear retreat.
Stunn'd and aſtoniſh'd at the deadly ſtroke,
All ſenſe, at firſt, the matron ſad forſook.
Motion, and life, and ſpeech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heavieſt woe ſhe mourns:
No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like ſome baſe plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel huſband ſtand divorc'd.
But Cæſar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we muſt yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith ſo poorly known,
That thou ſhould'ſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canſt thou, inhuman, drive me from thy ſide,
And bid my ſingle head the coming ſtorm abide?
Do I not read thy purpoſe in thy eye?
Doſt thou not hope, and wiſh, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be ſafe? Yet death is free,
That laſt relief is not deny'd to me;
Though baniſh'd by thy harſh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.

Thou

Thou bidſt me with the pangs of abſence ſtrive,
And, till I hear thy certain loſs, ſurvive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, ſhall bear;
But, oh! my heart 's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In diſtant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the laſt thy victory to know.
On ſome bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A conſtant watch thy weeping wife ſhall keep;
There from each fail misfortune ſhall I gueſs,
And dread the bark that brings me thy ſucceſs.
Nor ſhall thoſe happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquiſh'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceleſs I may ſtill be made a prize,
And Cæſar ſnatch me with him, as he flies:
With eaſe my known retreat he ſhall explore,
While thy great name diſtinguiſhes the ſhore:
Soon ſhall the Leſbian exile ſtand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cauſe forſake,
Grant me this only laſt requeſt I make;
When thou ſhalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy ſafety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But chooſe a refuge in ſome diſtant part.
Where-e'er thy unauſpicious bark ſhall ſteer,
Thy ſad Cornelia's fatal ſhore forbear,
Since Cæſar will be ſure to ſeek thee there.
So ſaying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with ſorrow, left her holy bed:

She ſees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And ruſhes headlong to poſſeſs the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One laſt embrace from her forſaken lord.
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whoſe lives had laſted long, and been ſo true,
To loſe the pleaſure of one laſt adieu.
In all the woful days that croſs'd their bliſs,
Sure never hour was known ſo ſad as this;
By what they ſuffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-ſorrows with diſdain,
And fortune ſhot her envious ſhafts in vain.

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train officious haſten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, ſlow-deſcending o'er the ſtrand.
There, while with eager arms ſhe graſp'd the ſhore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, theſe pangs, ſhe knew,
When from her native Italy ſhe flew:
Lonely, and comfortleſs, ſhe takes her flight,
Sad ſeems the day, and long the ſleepleſs night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her ſide.
When weary oft in heavineſs ſhe lies,
And dozy ſlumber ſteals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord ſhe would have preſt,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breaſt.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful ſhe lies, and reſtleſs oft ſhe turns.

She ſhuns his ſacred ſide with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too ſoon the want ſhall be ſupply'd,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey ſhall be fatally reſtor'd.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after ſeveral marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vaſt line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after ſuffering for want of proviſions, and a very gallant reſiſtance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæſar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæſar makes another unſucceſsful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Theſſaly: And Pompey, againſt the perſuaſion and counſel of his friends, follows him. After a deſcription of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Theſſaly; the poet takes occaſion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the ſorcereſs Erictho.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height,
The Latian chiefs prepare for ſudden fight.
The rival pair ſeem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman ſtate.
Cæſar, intent upon his hoſtile ſon,
Demands a conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what laurels captive towns muſt yield,
And ſcorns the harveſt of the Grecian field.

Im-

Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that laſt, great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
His threatening eagles wide their wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile arms he ſhew'd,
His ready rage, and thirſt of Latian blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
Through woody paths he bent his ſecret way,
And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his prey.
This Pompey ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy marches on the ſandy ſhore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's top he ſtay'd,
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boaſt,
The works of labour, and expenſive coſt.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh'd wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs pain!
What walls, what towers ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to wars, or more deſtructive time;
While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortreſs made,
Where nature's hand the ſure foundation laid,
And with her ſtrength the naked town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the warrior's rage,
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded, around, by ſteepy rocks it lies,
And all acceſs from land, but one, denies.

No venturous veſſel there in ſafety rides,
But foaming ſurges break, and ſwelling tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craiggy ſides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmaſt cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty domes, and daſh the town below.
Here Cæſar's daring heart vaſt hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the taſk to try,
And runs each diſtance over with his eye.
Vaſt heaps of ſod and verdant turf are brought,
And ſtones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work ſupplies,
And ſudden ramparts from their ruins riſe.
With wondrous ſtrength the ſtable mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear.
Through hills, reſiſtleſs, Cæſar plains his way,
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vaſt tracts of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and foreſts in the circle bind,
And hold as in a toil the ſavage kind.
Nor ev'n the foe too ſtrictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vaſt incloſure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and ſhift the various ground.

Here,

Here, from far fountains, ſtreams their channels trace,
And, while they wander through the tedious ſpace,
Run many a mile their long extended race:
While ſome, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are loſt before they reach the ſea:
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf, when through the works he goes,
Tires in the midſt, and ſtops to take repoſe.
Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone could build, and gods deſtroy;
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have ſeen
The labours of the Babylonian queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious tract of ground!
Like that, which Tigris or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majeſty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eaſtern king;
Behold a Latian chief this land incloſe,
Amidſt the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls ariſe, and as he bade they roſe.
But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitleſs boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty labours are all loſt!
A force like this what barriers could withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the land;
The lovers ſhores united might have ſtood;
Spite of the Helleſpont's oppoſing flood;
While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſh'd Iſthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
This power might change unwilling nature's face,
Unfix each order, and remove each place.

Here, as if clos'd within a liſt, the war
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Libyan and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil diſcord join'd,
Struggles for room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while Cæſar his firſt labours try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was deſcry'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horrid ſound, the happy ſwain
Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
So, northern Britons never hear the roar
Of ſeas, that break on the far Cantian ſhore.
Soon as the riſing ramparts hoſtile height,
And towers advancing, ſtruck his anxious ſight,
Sudden from Petra's ſafer camp he led,
And wide his legions on the hills diſpread;
So, Cæſar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various ſtrength defend.
His camp far o'er the large incloſure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were ſtretch'd;
Far as Rome's diſtance from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia which the chaſte Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber ſeeks the ſea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no ſignals for the fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the javelin dart from far,
And, ſkirmiſhing, provoke the lingering war.
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the ſoldiers ardour to repreſs.

Pompey,

Pompey, with ſecret anxious thought, beheld,
How trampling hoofs the riſing graſs repell'd;
Waſte lie the ruſſet fields, the generous ſteed
Seeks on the naked ſoil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of huſky ſtraw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant paſture mourns.
No more his limbs their dying load ſuſtain,
Aiming a ſtride, he falters in the ſtrain,
And ſinks a ruin on the withering plain:
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Diſſolve his frame, and melt the maſs away.
Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.
From Neſis ſuch, the Stygian vapours riſe,
And with contagion taint the purer ſkies;
Such do Typhœus' ſteamy caves convey,
And breathe blue poiſons on the golden day.
Thence liquid ſtreams the mingling plague receive,
And deadly potions to the thirſty give:
To man the miſchief ſpreads, the fell diſeaſe
In fatal draughts does on his entrails ſeize.
A rugged ſcurf, all loathſom to be ſeen,
Spreads, like a bark, upon his ſilken ſkin;
Malignant flames his ſwelling eye-balls dart,
And ſeem with anguiſh from their ſeats to ſtart;
Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and viſage ſtray,
And mark, in crimſon ſtreaks, their burning way;
Low droops his head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
With winged haſte the ſwift deſtruction flies,
And ſcarce the ſoldier ſickens ere he dies;

Now falling crouds at once reſign their breath,
And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
Careleſs their putrid carcaſes are ſpread;
And on the earth, their dank unwholſome bed,
The living reſt in common with the dead.
Here none the laſt funereal rites receive;
To be caſt forth the camp, is all their friends can give.
At length kind heaven their ſorrows bade to ceaſe,
And ſtaid the peſtilential foe's increaſe;
Freſh breezes from the ſea begin to riſe,
While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
And ſweeps, with healthy wings, the rank polluted ſkies.
Arriving veſſels now their freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous harveſts from abroad:
Now ſprightly ſtrength, now chearful health, returns,
And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But Cæſar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the miſchief of the ſluggiſh ſky:
On hills ſublime he breathes the purer air,
And drinks no damps, nor poiſonous vapours, there.
Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found;
Famine and meagre want beſiege him round:
The fields, as yet, no hopes of harveſt wear,
Nor yellow ſtems diſcloſe the bearded ear.
The ſcatter'd vulgar ſearch around the fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
And with the cattle ſhare their graſſy food.
Whate'er the ſoftening flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break;

What

What fleſh, what roots, what herbs ſoe'er they get,
Though new, and ſtrange to human taſte as yet,
At once the greedy ſoldiers ſeize and eat.
What want, what pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in arms, and cloſe beſet the foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the bounds of one appointed field,
O'er every bar which might his paſſage ſtay,
Pompey reſolves to force his warlike way;
Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
And give his looſen'd legions room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Nor ſteals a paſſage, nor declines the fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the foe,
Through the proud towers and ramparts breach to go.
Where ſhining ſpears, and creſted helms are ſeen,
Embattled thick to guard the walls within;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a paſſage for his ſword.
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay,
Cloſe was the ſhade, nor did the greenſward way,
With ſmoky clouds of duſt, the march betray.
Hence, ſudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide-extended ranks diſplay;
At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes,
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles riſe;
At once the warriors ſhouts and trumpet-ſounds ſurpriſe.
Scarce was the ſword's deſtruction needful here,
So ſwiftly ran before preventing fear;

Some

Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where-e'e[illegible]hey ſtood, now ſcatter'd lie the ſlain,
Scarc[illegible]few for coming deaths remain,
And [illegible]of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here [illegible]onſuming flames the victors throw,
Ar[illegible]e ram impetuous aims a blow;
Al[illegible]dding turrets feel the ſtroke,
Ar[illegible]neath the ſhock.
An[illegible]n'd to doom
Free[illegible]and to Rome;
High o[illegible]his eagles tower,
And [illegible]æſar's power.
Bu[illegible]fortune cou'd)
Wha[illegible]ands withſtood,
Scæva[illegible], repels the force,
And ſtops the rapid victor in his courſe.
Scæva! a name erewhile to fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the Gallic Rhone;
There ſeen in hardy deeds of arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine.
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawleſs tyrant's will;
Nor virtue's love, nor reaſon's laws he knew,
But, careleſs of the right, for hire his ſword he drew.
Thus courage by an impious cauſe is curſt,
And he that is the braveſt, is the worſt.
Soon as he ſaw his fellows ſhun the fight,
And ſeek their ſafety in ignoble flight,

Whence

Whence does, he ſaid, this coward's terror grow,
This ſhame, unknown to Cæſar's arms till now?
Can you, ye ſlaviſh herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from the bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in ſlaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the laſt, your brave companions lie;
Then bluſh to think what wretched lives you ſave,
From what renown you fly, from what a glorious grave.
Though ſacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
We! we the weakeſt, from the reſt are choſe,
To yield a paſſage to our ſcornful foes!
Yet, Pompey, yet, thou ſhalt be yet withſtood,
And ſtain thy victor's laurel deep in blood.
With pride, 'tis true, with joy I ſhould have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by Cæſar's ſide;
But fortune has the noble death deny'd.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame ſhalt wait,
Do thou be witneſs, and applaud my fate.
Now puſh we on, diſdain we now to fear,
A thouſand wounds let every boſom bear,
Till the keen ſword be blunt, be broke the pointed ſpear.
And ſee the clouds of duſty battle riſe!
Hark how the ſhout runs rattling through the ſkies!
The diſtant legions catch the ſounds from far,
And Cæſar liſtens to the thundering war,
He comes, he comes, yet ere his ſoldier dies,
Like lightning ſwift the winged warrior flies:
Haſte then to death, to conqueſt haſte away;
Well do we fall, for Cæſar wins the day.

He

He ſpoke, and ſtraight, as at the trumpet's ſound,
Rekindled warmth in every breaſt was found;
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-ſoldier's fate,
To ſee if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With ſlaughter'd carcaſes around him ſpread;
With nervous arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms ſupply:
Even his fierce ſelf he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough ſtaff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold aſſailants back:
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcaſe falls,
Whilſt the clench'd fingers gripe the topmoſt walls:
Here ſtones he heaves; the maſs deſcending full,
Cruſhes the brain, and ſhivers the frail ſcull.
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the flames hiſs in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimſon drown'd.
And now the ſwelling heaps of ſlaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, ſo void of fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted pard, and ſcorns the hunter's ſpear.

The

The cloſing ranks the warrior ſtraight enfold,
And, compaſs'd in their ſteely circle, hold.
Undaunted ſtill, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercomes;
Till, clogg'd with blood, his ſword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful maſter's will;
Edgeleſs it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruiſes ſore.
Mean time, on him, the crouding war is bent,
And darts from every hand, to him are ſent:
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel ſport ordain'd the fight;
A wondrous match of war ſhe ſeem'd to make,
Her thouſands here, and there her one to ſtake;
As if on nightly terms in liſts they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thouſand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thouſand javelins round his temples ſing;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His ſteely helm is inward taught to bow.
The miſſive arms, fix'd all around, he wears,
And ev'n his ſafety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of ſpears.
Ceaſe, ye Pompeian warriors! ceaſe the ſtrife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this ſingle life;
Your darts, your idle javelins caſt aſide,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide:
The forceful rams reſiſtleſs horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vaſt machines of war;

Let

Let dreadful flames, let maſſy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæſar's ſoldier, like a town.
At length, his fate diſdaining to delay,
He hurls his ſhield's neglected aid away,
Reſolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But ſtands unguarded now on every ſide.
Incumber'd ſore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and ſtiff he treads the hoſtile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the croud ſurvey,
Mark where to fix, and ſingle out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unwieldy elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely ſhower from far,
Rouzing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war;
In vain the diſtant troops the fight renew,
And with freſh rage the ſtubborn foe purſue;
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty ſavage ſtands,
And ſcorns the malice of a thouſand hands.
Not all the wounds a thouſand darts can make,
Though all find place, a ſingle life can take.
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful vow,
A ſhaft, ſure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left orb of ſight.
But he (ſo rage inſpir'd, and mad diſdain)
Remorſeleſs fell, and ſenſeleſs of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With ſtringy nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.

So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's ſpear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with pain,
And catches at the flying ſhaft in vain.
Down from his eyeleſs hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled viſage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each ſeverer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face.
The victors raiſe their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph ſtrike the vaulted ſky:
Not Cæſar thus a general joy had ſpread,
Though Cæſar's ſelf like Scæva thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded ſoldier, in his breaſt,
The riſing indignation deep repreſt,
And thus, in humble vein, his haughty foes addreſt:
Here let your rage, ye Romans, ceaſe, he ſaid,
And lend your fellow-citizen your aid;
No more your darts nor uſeleſs javelins try
Theſe, which I bear, will deaths enow ſupply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious fate for you.
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit even Cæſar, ſo I fly from death.
The wretched Aulus liſten'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future ſpoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedleſs eaſe,
He thought the captive and his arms to ſeize,

When, ere he was aware, his thundering ſword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.
Warm'd with the ſlaughter, with freſh rage he burns,
And vigour with the new ſucceſs returns.
So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt deceit,
Such be their fate, ſuch as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquiſh'd yet!
If you would ſtop the vengeance of my ſword,
From Cæſar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, me
Baſe, like yourſelves, and fond of life to be!
But know, not all the names which grace your cauſe,
Your reverend ſenate, and your boaſted laws,
Not Pompey's ſelf, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.
Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing duſt betray'd
Cæſarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence ſeem to yield,
And to increaſing numbers quit the field;
Diſſembling ſhame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle arm retreat.
Then fell the warrior, for till then he ſtood;
His manly mind ſupply'd the want of blood.
It ſeem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppoſe, from oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell.
Straight with officious haſte his friends draw near,
And, raiſing, joy the noble load to bear:

To

To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breaſt inſhrin'd.
The wounding weapons, ſtain'd with Scæva's blood,
Like ſacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.
Oh! happy ſoldier, had thy worth been try'd,
In pious daring, on thy country's ſide!
Oh! had thy ſword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with Cantabrian ſlaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathleſs annals ſhone!
But now no Roman Pæan ſhalt thou ſing,
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn pomp ſhalt move,
Through crouding ſtreets, to Capitolian Jove,
The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapleſs victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
How haſt thou fought, to make thyſelf a ſlave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor reſts encompaſs'd round by Cæſar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.
So when fierce winds with angry ocean ſtrive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable awhile the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud ſurge, and ſtay the ſwelling tide:
Yet reſtleſs ſtill the waves unweary'd roll,
Work underneath at length, and ſap the ſinking mole.
With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the ſhore the jutting wall extends:

There proves, by land and ſea, his various might,
And wins his paſſage by the double fight.
Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their cloſe camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting ſtreams of Alpine ſnow,
Beyond his utmoſt margin ſwells the Po,
And looſely lets the ſpreading deluge flow:
Where-e'er the weaker banks oppreſt retreat,
And ſink beneath the heapy waters weight,
Forth guſhing at the breach, they burſt their way,
And waſteful o'er the drowned country ſtray:
Far diſtant fields and meads they wander o'er,
And viſit lands they never knew before;
Here, from its ſeat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other maſters borne;
While gathering, there, it heaps the growing ſoil,
And loads the peaſant with his neighbour's ſpoil.

Soon as aſcending high, a riſing flame,
To Cæſar's ſight, the combat's ſignal, came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruin ſcatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
Thence to the hoſtile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace, and ſleep ſecure, he mourns,
With rancorous deſpite, and envious anguiſh, burns.
At length reſolv'd (ſo rage inſpir'd his breaſt)
He means to break the happy victor's reſt;
Once more to kindle up the fatal ſtrife,
And daſh their joys with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
(*Tor*quatus near a neighbouring caſtle lay)

But he, by prudent caution taught to yield,
Truſts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There, ſafe within himſelf, he ſtands his ground,
And lines the guarded rampart ſtrongly round.
So when the ſeamen from afar deſcry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering ſky,
Hear the winds roar, and mark the ſeas run high,
They furl the fluttering ſheet with timely care,
And wiſely for the coming ſtorm prepare.
But now the victor, with reſiſtleſs haſte,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had paſt;
When ſwift deſcending from the riſing grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe ſurrounds.
As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vaſt furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
Rouz'd in his baleful bower the giant roars,
And with a burſt the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror ſhrieks the ſhuddering ſwain,
To ſee the fiery ruin ſpread the plain.
Nor with leſs horror Cæſar's bands behold
Huge hoſtile duſty clouds their rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to ſhun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
Well, on that day, the world repoſe had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war reſtrain'd.
Oh, Rome! how free, how happy hadſt thou been!
Thy own great miſtreſs, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla, then, thy great avenger ſtood,
And dy'd his thirſty ſword in traitors blood.

But, oh! for ever ſhalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthleſs father, and too tender ſon.
With fatal pity, Pompey, haſt thou ſpar'd,
And given the blackeſt crime the beſt reward:
How had that one, one happy day, withheld
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
Than ſome vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric, then, nor Juba, had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghoſts aton'd;
Cato had, for his country's good, ſurviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And Fate had undecreed Pharſalia's plain.
But Cæſar, weary of th' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his ſhatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wiſe,
To quit the baffled foe's purſuit adviſe.
To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
Oh! never, (he replies) ſhall Pompey come,
Like Cæſar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from thoſe ſacred walls have fled,
Could I have borne our ſtreets with ſlaughter red,
And ſeen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's froſt,
Or burn on ſwarthy Libya's ſultry coaſt;
No clime, no diſtant region, is too far,
Where I can baniſh, with me, fatal war.

I fled,

I fled, to bid my country's ſorrows ceaſe;
And ſhall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but ſafe and free from arms remain,
And Cæſar ſtill ſhall think ſhe wears his chain.
He ſpoke, and eaſtward ſought the foreſt wide,
That riſing clothes Candavia's ſhady ſide;
Thence to Æmathia took his deſtin'd way,
Reſerv'd by fate for the deciding day.
Where Eurus blows, and wintery ſuns ariſe,
Theſſalia's boundary proud Oſſa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery ſign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for ſhades ſupplies.
On Pindus ſtrikes the fady weſtern light,
When glittering Veſper leads the ſtarry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle ſpace, a valley low depreſs'd,
Once a wide, lazy, ſtanding lake poſſeſs'd;
While growing ſtill the heapy waters ſtood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the ruſhing flood:
But when Alcides to the taſk apply'd,
And cleft a paſſage through the mountains wide;
Guſhing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increaſing load.
Then roſe (oh, that it ſtill a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharſalia's fatal plain,
Once ſubject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace was built, whoſe warriors boaſt
Their chief firſt landed on the Trojan coaſt;

Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the Muſes' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa ſtood,
Where Hercules his fatal ſhafts beſtow'd;
Lariſſa ſtrong aroſe, and Argos, now
A plain, ſubmitted to the labouring plow.
Here ſtood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Bœotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
Here ſad Agave's wandering ſenſe return'd,
Here for her murder'd ſon the mother mourn'd;
With ſtreaming tears ſhe waſh'd his ghaſtly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relick laid.
The guſhing waters various ſoon divide,
And every river rules a ſeparate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos bluſhes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian ſea,
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarſe murmurs his loſt daughter calls.
Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbour iſles he laves;
While pure Amphryſus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he ſat a ſhepherd ſwain,
And watch'd his charge upon the graſſy plain.
Swift to the main his courſe Sperchios bends,
And, ſounding, to the Malian gulph deſcends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy miſts, nor fleecy clouds ariſe.

Here

Here Phœnix, Melas, and Aſopus run,
And ſtrong Apidanus drives ſlow Enipeus on.
A thouſand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and loſt in Peneus' nobler name:
Bold Titareſus ſcorns his rule, alone,
And, join'd to Peneus, ſtill himſelf is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a ſuperior tide.
'Tis ſaid, through ſecret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He ſcorns to mingle with a mean ally.
When riſing grounds uprear'd at length their heads,
And rivers ſhrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians firſt are ſaid, with early care,
In furrows deep to ſink the ſhining ſhare.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow ſoil.
To theſe the bold Æolidæ ſucceed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery ſteed,
And Minyæ, to explore the deep, decreed.
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother Cloud diſclos'd the Centaurs' race:
In Pelethronian caves ſhe brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monſtrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus firſt ſaw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here talleſt trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled ſtorms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breaſt,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his gueſt.

Here,

, with brute-fury, luſtful Neſſus try'd
To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
'Tis juſtly by the fatal ſhaft he dy'd.
This parent land the pious leach confeſt,
Chiron, of all the double race the beſt:
'Midſt golden ſtars he ſtands refulgent now,
And threats the ſcorpion with his bended bow.
Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the firſt Theſſalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent ſtroke,
Omen of war, the neighing courſer broke;
Here, taught by ſkilful riders to ſubmit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.
From fair Theſſalia's Pegaſæan ſhore,
The firſt bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the ſons of earth wide oceans to explore.
Here, when Itonus held the regal ſeat,
The ſtubborn ſteel he firſt ſubdued with heat,
And the tough bars on ſounding anvils beat:
In furnaces he ran the liquid braſs,
And caſt in curious works the molten maſs.
He taught the ruder artiſt to refine,
Explor'd the ſilver and the golden mine,
And ſtamp'd the coſtly metal into coin.
From that old æra avarice was known,
Then all the deadly ſeeds of war were ſown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the miſchief ran,
And thoſe curſt pieces were the bane of man.
Huge Python, here, in many a ſcaly fold,
To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:

Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
Here proud Alæus durſt the gods defy,
And taught his impious brood to ſcale the ſky:
While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
With heaven's bright orbs, and ſtop the circling ſphere.
To this curſt land, by Fate's appointed doom,
With one conſent the warring leaders come;
Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
To ſee the terrible event ſo near.
A few, and but a few, with ſouls ſerene,
Wait the diſcloſing of the dubious ſcene.
But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
And born to be his nobler ſire's diſgrace.
A day ſhall come, when this inglorious ſon
Shall ſtain the trophies all by Pompey won:
A thief, and ſpoiler, ſhall he live confeſs'd,
And act thoſe wrongs his father's arm redreſs'd.
Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
He pries into that fate he fears to know;
Nor ſeeks he, with religious vows, to move
The Delphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
No prieſtly Auguſ's arts employs his cares,
Nor Babylonian ſeers, who read the ſtars;
He nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
Nor any juſt, though ſecret, rites inquires;
But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
Dire myſteries of magic he explores,
Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.

He

He thinks, 'tis little thoſe above can know,
And ſeeks accurſt aſſiſtance from below.
The place itſelf the impious means ſupplies,
While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful deeds, all monſtrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falſehood told,
Whate'er tranſcends belief, and reaſon's view,
Their art can furniſh, and their power makes true.
The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly uſe:
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And liſtening rocks attend the charmer's ſong.
There, potent and myſterious plants ariſe,
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the ſkies;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice aſcends,
Through the whole vaſt expanſe, each power attends;
Ev'n all thoſe ſullen deities, who know
No care of heaven above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Aſſyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian prieſts, their local gods detain;
From every altar looſe at once they fly,
And with the ſtronger foreign call comply.
The coldeſt hearts Theſſalian numbers warm,
And ruthleſs boſoms own the potent charm;
With monſtrous power they rouze perverſe deſire,
And kindle into luſt the wintery fire:
Where noxious cups, and poiſonous philtres fail,
More potent ſpells and myſtic verſe prevail.

No

No draughts ſo ſtrong the knots of love prepare,
Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
Oft, ſullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
Melt, as the thread runs on, and ſighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud inchantreſs gives command,
Eternal motion ſtops her active hand;
No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But univerſal nature ſtands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to riſe,
And everlaſting night pollutes the ſkies.
Jove wonders, to behold her ſhake the pole,
And, unconſenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, ſhe hides the ſun's bright face,
And blots the wide æthereal azure ſpace:
Looſely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing hair,
And ſtraight the ſtormy lowering heavens are fair:
At once, ſhe calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly rain.
In ſtilleſt calms, ſhe bids the waves run high,
And ſmooths the deep, though Boreas ſhakes the ſky;
When winds are huſh'd, her potent breath prevails,
Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging ſails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock ſuſpended hung.
No more the Nile his wonted ſeaſons knows,
And in a line the ſtraight Mæander flows.
Arar has ruſh'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the ſluggiſh Rhone.

Hugs

rtug untains have been level'd with the plain,
And ... from heaven has tall Olympus lain.
Riphæan crystal has been known to melt,
And ... in snows a sudden summer felt.
No l... rest by Cynthia's moister beam,
Al... Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
Bv... forbid, her tides revolve no more,
... margin of the guarded shore.
... numbers struck,
... deep has shook;
... yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, an... nether day;
While wonder... eyes ... dful cleft between,
Anothe... seen.
Each d... orm'd to kill,
Fear the ... rags, and execute their will.
Lions, to them, their nobler rage submit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet.
For them, the snake foregoes her wintery hold,
And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,
And blasted vipers die by human breath.
What law the heavenly natures thus constrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
What wondrous powers do charms and herbs imply,
And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror sway?
Do secret rites their deities atone,
Or mystic piety to man unknown?

Do

Do ſtrong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god their ſlave?
One, whoſe command obedient nature awes,
Who, ſubject ſtill himſelf to magic laws,
Acts only as a ſervile ſecond cauſe?
Magic the ſtarry lamps from heaven can tear,
And ſhoot them gleaming through the duſky air;
Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul ſpells the ſilver queen:
Now pale the ghaſtly goddeſs ſhrinks with dread,
And now black ſmoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interpoſing ſhade,
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid:
Held by the charming ſong, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
And labours with the long purſuing pain;
Till down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal foam.
But theſe, as arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embrued,
With haughty ſcorn the fierce Erictho view'd.
New miſchief ſhe, new monſters durſt explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hoſpitable roofs ſhe flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deſerts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag deſcends,
And ſits in black aſſemblies of the fiends.

Dark

tted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
rumy, and foul, a loathſome burden grow:
Ghaſtly, and frightful-pale her face is ſeen,
Unknown to chearful day, and ſkies ſerene:
But when the ſtars are veil'd, when ſtorms ariſe,
And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, ſhe takes her wicked way,
And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play.
Where-e'er ſhe breathes, blu poiſons round her ſpread,
The withering graſs avows her fatal tread,
And drooping Ceres hangs her blaſted head.
Nor holy rites, nor ſuppliant prayer ſhe knows,
Nor ſeeks the gods with ſacrifice, or vows:
Whate'er ſhe offers is the ſpoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs ſhe ſend a ſecond voice on high,
Scar'd at the firſt, the trembling gods comply.
Oft in the grave the living has ſhe laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile ſhe ſeeks her prey,
And bears the ſmoking aſhes warm away;
Snatches ſome burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the ſad father's hand;
Seizes the ſhroud's looſe fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moiſt carcaſe by degrees ſhall waſte,
There, greedily on every part ſhe flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.

Her

Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the ſtrangling nooſe,
And from the croſs dead murderers unlooſe:
Her charms the uſe of ſun-dry'd marrow find,
And huſky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy ſinews oft her jaws are ſtrung,
And thus ſuſpended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where-e'er the battle bleeds, and ſlaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beaſts, ſhe hies;
Nor then content to ſeize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws ſhe tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morſel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorſe could ſtop her hand,
When human gore her curſed rites demand.
Whether ſome tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's ſide is torn;
Whether her purpoſe aſks ſome bolder ſhade,
And by her knife, the ghoſt ſhe wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the firſt guſhing of the flood;
All miſchief is of uſe, and every murder good.
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She ſtands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks ſhe tears,
Or cuts left-handed ſome ſelected hairs.
Oft when in death her gaſping kindred lay,
Some pious office would ſhe feign to pay;
And while cloſe hovering o'er the bed ſhe hung,
Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;

Then, in hoarſe murmurs, ere the ghoſt could go,
Mutter'd ſome meſſage to the ſhades below.
A fame like this around the region ſpread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her ſable courſe the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy ſun;
When the vile youth in ſilence croſs'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthleſs train.
Through ruins waſte and old, long wandering round,
Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in ſullen mood ſhe ſate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that ſame hour, ſhe ran new numbers o'er,
And ſpells unheard by hell itſelf before;
Fearful, leſt wavering deſtiny might change,
And bid the war in diſtant regions range.
She charm'd Pharſalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the ſlaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign,
And riot in the plenty of the ſlain:
So, many a royal ghoſt ſhe may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthleſs hand,
And rob of many an urn Heſperia's mourning land.
Already ſhe enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what ſpoils the rival chiefs ſhall yield;
With what fell rage each corſe ſhe ſhall invade,
And fly rapacious on the proſtrate dead.
To her, a lowly ſuppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy ſon:
Hail! mighty miſtreſs of Hæmonian arts,
To whom ſtern Fate her dark decrees imparts;

At

At thy approving, bids her purpoſe ſtand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes preſume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou ſhalt know me for great Pompey's ſon;
With him, all fortunes am I born to ſhare,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.
Let not blind chance for ever wavering ſtand,
And awe us with her unreſolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter——Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.
Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herſelf her fatal purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike, and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy ſkill divine foreſee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magic fame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid ſmile, the hag replies.
Hadſt thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any leſs deciſion of the ſword;
The gods, unwilling, ſhould my power confeſs,
And crown thy wiſhes with a full ſucceſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle friend to ſave,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave:

Or would thy hate ſome foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.
But when effects are to their cauſes chain'd,
From everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:
Then far behind we own our arts are caſt,
And magic is by fortune's power ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy ſoul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd event;
My potent charms o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand mouths extort the tale:
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, ſhall tell,
The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:
Though, ſtill, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
Of theſe a corſe our myſtic rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
So ſhall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the ſad ſhade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human ſound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double darkneſs ſpread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footſteps tread.
Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er ſhe took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey;
The ſavage race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And while ſhe culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcaſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping with her gory fingers, tries;
Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.

Of

Of all the flitting ſhadows of the ſlain,
Fate doubts which ghoſt ſhall turn to life again.
At her ſtrong bidding (ſuch is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian ſtrand;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms.
Among the dreadful carnage ſtrew'd around,
One, for her purpoſe fit, at length ſhe found;
In his pale jaws a ruſty hook ſhe hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeleſs load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff ſhe ſtaid,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
There evermore the wicked witch delights
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practiſe helliſh rites.
Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,
Subſides the gloomy vale within the ground;
A downward grove, that never knew to riſe,
Or ſhoot its leafy honours to the ſkies,
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful ſhade;
Within diſmay, and fear, and darkneſs dwell,
And filth obſcene beſmears the baleful cell.
There, laſting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but ſuch as magic flames diſcloſe;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
In dull ſtagnation ſleeps the lazy air.
There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vaſſals to reſort:

Thence with like eaſe the ſorcereſs could tell,
As if deſcending down, the deeds of hell.
And now ſhe for the ſolemn taſk prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads ſhe wears,
And binds, with twining ſnakes, her wilder hairs.
All pale, for dread, the daſtard youth ſhe ſpy'd,
Heartleſs his mates ſtood quivering by his ſide.
Be bold! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abject fear;
Living and human ſhall the form appear,
And breathe no ſounds but what ev'n you may hear.
How had your vile, your coward ſouls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld;
Heard the loud floods of rolling ſulphur roar,
And burſt in thunder on the burning ſhore?
Had you ſurvey'd yon priſon-houſe of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below?
Seen the vaſt dog with curling vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming Furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell?
This ſaid, ſhe runs the mangled carcaſe o'er,
And wipes from every wound the cruſty gore;
Now with hot blood the frozen breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong lunar dews confirms her charms.
Anon ſhe mingles every monſtrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the ſpotted Lynx ſhe lacks,
Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with ſnaky food;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her ſtore the tardy Remora ſupplies,
With ſtones from eagles warm, and dragons eyes;

Snake

Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er Arabian deſerts prey;
The viper bred in Erythræan ſtreams,
To guard in coſtly ſhells the growing gems;
The ſlough by Libya's horned ſerpent caſt,
With aſhes by the dying Phœnix plac'd
On odorous altars in the fragrant eaſt.
To theſe ſhe joins dire drugs without a name,
A thouſand poiſons never known to fame;
Herbs o'er whoſe leaves the hag her ſpells had ſung,
And wet with curſed ſpittle as they ſprung;
With every other miſchief moſt abhorr'd,
Which hell, or worſe Erictho, could afford.
At length, in murmurs hoarſe her voice was heard,
Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the loweſt Stygian gods rever'd.
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Diſcordant, and unlike to human ſounds:
It ſeem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful ſhrecching of the midnight owl;
The hiſs of ſnakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the ſhore;
The groan of winds amongſt the leafy wood,
And burſt of thunder from the rending cloud:
'Twas theſe, all theſe in one. At length ſhe breaks
Thus into magic verſe, and thus the gods beſpeaks.
Ye Furies! and thou black accurſed hell!
Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe!
And thou ſole arbiter of all below,

Pluto! whom ruthleſs fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain;
Ye fai[illegible]ian manſions of the bleſt,
Where [illegible]ſſalian charmer hopes to reſt;
Styx! and [illegible]ſephone, compell'd to fly
Thy f[illegible]nother, and the chearful ſky!
Thi[illegible] by whom my whiſpers breathe
My [illegible]oſe to the ſhades beneath;
Tho[illegible] who at the infernal gate,
In [illegible]; hunger, ſtill doſt wait!
Ar[illegible]d Charon, horrible and hoar!
For ever labouring back from ſhore to ſhore:
Who murmuring doſt in wearineſs complain,
That I ſo oft demand thy dead again;
Hear, all ye powers! If e'er your hell rejoice,
In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
If ſtill with human fleſh I have been fed,
If pregnant mothers have, to pleaſe you, bled;
If from the womb theſe ruthleſs hands have torn
Infants, mature, and ſtruggling to be born;
Hear and obey! nor do I aſk a ghoſt,
Long ſince receiv'd upon your Stygian coaſt;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates.
Let the pale ſhade theſe herbs, theſe numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike form appear.
Here let him ſtand, before his leader's ſon,
And ſay what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight, let this be done.
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: then rear'd her hateful head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending ſhade.

Too

Too well the trembling ſprite the carcaſe knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew;
Fain from thoſe mangled limbs it would have run,
And, lothing, ſtrove that houſe of pain to ſhun.
Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
And wonder'd hell could dare to diſobey;
With curling ſnakes the ſenſeleſs trunk ſhe beats,
And curſes dire, at every laſh, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyſs profound:
Ye fiends hell-born, ye ſifters of deſpair!
Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care?
Still ſleep thoſe whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghoſt this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in Fate's deſpite,
Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now ſecure you roam,
My vengeance ſhall purſue, and chace you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate, that dar'ſt to riſe,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more ſhalt veil thy horrors in diſguiſe;
Still in thy form accurſed ſhalt thou dwell,
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each myſtery beneath I will diſplay,
And Stygian loves ſhall ſtand confeſs'd to day.
Thee, Proſerpine! thy fatal feaſt I 'll ſhow,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once-fond mother loaths thee now.

At

At my command, earth's barrier ſhall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams ſhall beat,
And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy ſeat.
Yet, am I yet, ye ſullen fiends, obey'd?
Or muſt I call your maſter to my aid?
At whoſe dread name the trembling Furies quake;
Hell ſtands abaſh'd, and earth's foundation ſhake?
Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes,
And your unviolable flood defies?
She ſaid; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels ſtole the purple tide,
And warmth and motion through the members glide;
The nerves are ſtretch'd, the turgid muſcles ſwell,
And the heart moves within its ſecret cell;
The haggard eyes their ſtupid lights diſcloſe,
And heavy by degrees the corpſe aroſe.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
And death, all-o'er, the livid viſage wears.
Pale, ſtiff, and mute, the ghaſtly figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread commands.
When thus the hag: Speak what I wiſh to know,
And endleſs reſt attends thy ſhade below;
Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
No charms ſhall drag thee back to life again;
Such hallow'd wood ſhall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy laſt repoſe conſpire,
No ſiſter of our art thy ghoſt ſhall wrong,
Or force thee liſten to her potent ſong.

Since

Since the dark gods in myſtic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the deed:
Do thou unfold what end theſe wars ſhall wait,
Perſons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the juſt Interpreter of Fate.
She ſpoke, and, as ſhe ſpoke, a ſpell ſhe made,
That gave new preſcience to th' unknowing ſhade.
When thus the ſpectre, weeping all for woe;
Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
I ſaw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
Too ſoon recall'd to hated life again;
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghoſt had paſs'd
The ſilent ſtream, that wafts us all to reſt.
All I could learn, was from the looſe report
Of wandering ſhades, that to the banks reſort.
Uproar, and diſcord, never known till now,
Diſtract the peaceful realms of death below;
From bliſsful plains of ſweet Elyſium ſome,
Others from doleful dens, and torments, come;
While in the face of every various ſhade,
The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghoſts of patriots ſtood,
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii ſeen,
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
The Cenſor ſad foreſaw his Cato's doom,
Reſolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.

Of all the ſhades that haunt the happy field,
Thee only, Brutus! ſmiling I beheld;
Thee, thou firſt conſul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
From whoſe juſt wrath the conſcious tyrant fled,
When freedom firſt uprear'd her infant head.
Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidſt their pains,
And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
There the Cethegan naked race I view'd,
The Marii fierce, with human gore embrued,
The Gracchi, fond of miſchief-making laws,
And Druſi, popular in faction's cauſe;
All clap'd their hands in horrible applauſe.
The craſh of brazen fetters rung around,
And hell's wide caverns trembled with the ſound.
No more the bounds of fate their guilt conſtrain,
But proudly they demand th' Elyſian plain.
Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with buſy cares,
New torments for the conquerors prepares;
New chains of adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep reſerves of woe:
Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in ſtore,
And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, oh noble youth! in peace depart,
And ſooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart:
Sweet is the reſt, and bliſsful is the place,
That wait thy ſire, and his illuſtrious race.
Nor fondly ſeek to lengthen out thy date,
Nor envy the ſurviving victor's fate;
The hour draws near when all alike muſt yield,
And death ſhall mix the fame of every field.

Haste then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
And proudly from your kumbler urns descend;
Bold in superior virtue shall you come,
And trample on the demigods of Rome.
Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,
Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid?
'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
Seek not to know what for thyself remains,
That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
Prophetic there, thy father's shade shall rise,
In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:
He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
Where he may best advise thee to retreat.
In vain to various climates shall you run,
In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,
In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone.
Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
And all in distant regions shall you die.
Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
No safer refuge, than Emathia's field.

He said, and with a silent, mournful look,
A last dismission from the bag bespoke.
Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold hand,
Again be subject to the same command;
But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
And render back to rest the troubled shade.
A pile of hollow'd wood Erictho builds,
The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields;
She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.

'Tis.

hile the ſecret dark their footſteps hides,
Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, ſhe guides;
And, for the light began to ſtreak the eaſt,
With potent ſpells the dawning ſhe repreſs'd;
Commanded night's obedient queen to ſtay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the riſing day.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, firſt, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharſalia; after that, the impatient deſire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the ſpeech of each general to his army, and the battle itſelf: the flight of Pompey; Cæſar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective againſt him, and the very country of Theſſaly, for being the ſcene (according to this and other authors) of ſo many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful ſun his cloudy head;
He ſicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have fought the backward eaſt again:
Full oft he turn'd him from the deſtin'd race,
And wiſh'd ſome dark eclipſe might veil his radiant face.
Pompey, meanwhile, in pleaſing viſions paſt
The night, of all his happy nights the laſt.
It ſeem'd, as if, in all his former ſtate,
In his own theatre ſecure he ſate:
About his ſide unnumber'd Romans croud,
And, joyful, ſhout his much-lov'd name aloud;

The

The echoing benches ſeem to ring around,
And his charm'd ears devour the pleaſing ſound.
Such both himſelf, and ſuch the people ſeem,
In the falſe proſpect of the feigning dream;
As when in early manhood's beardleſs bloom,
He ſtood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms ſuppreſt,
And Spain ſubdued, the conqueror confeſt:
When rais'd with honours never known before,
The conſul's purple, yet a youth, he wore:
When the pleas'd ſenate ſat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.
Perhaps, when our good days no longer laſt,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the paſt:
Perhaps, the riddling viſions of the night
With contrarieties delude our ſight;
And when fair ſcenes of pleaſure they diſcloſe,
Pain they foretel, and ſure enſuing woes.
Or was it not, that, ſince the fates ordain
Pompey ſhould never ſee his Rome again,
One laſt good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?
Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long the bliſsful ſlumber take!
Too ſoon the morrow's ſleepleſs night will come,
Full fraught with ſlaughter, miſery, and Rome;
With horror, and diſmay, thoſe ſhades ſhall riſe,
And the loſt battle live before his eyes.
How bleſt his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have ſeen!

Oh!

Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long-try'd friends their deſtiny to know;
So each to each might their ſad thoughts convey,
And make the moſt of their laſt mournful day.
But now, unconſcious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die:
While her fond hopes with confidence preſume,
Nothing ſo terrible from fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the ſad city Fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, faſt falling, ſhould her loſs bemoan!
Then ſhould the luſty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpleſs train,
As once for godlike Brutus, ſhould complain;
Their treſſes ſhould they tear, their boſoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful ſtreet.
Nor ſhalt thou, Rome, thy guſhing ſorrows keep,
Though aw'd by Cæſar, and forbid to weep;
Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He ſhakes his threatening fauchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crouds the conqueror ſhall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
In ſad proceſſion, ſighing ſhall they go,
And ſtain his laurels with the ſtreams of woe.
But now, the fainting ſtars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent the legions croud,
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waſte,
And hurry on thoſe hours that fly too faſt!

Too ſoon, for thouſands, ſhall the day be done,
Whoſe eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting ſun.
Tumultuous ſpeech th' impulſive rage confeſt,
And Rome's bad genius roſe in every breaſt.
With vile diſgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, ſlow, and tame,
And cry, He ſinks beneath his father's fame.
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
And think 'tis power, and empire, he purſues;
That, fearing peace, he practiſes delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eaſtern kings of lingering wars complain,
And wiſh to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own raſh hands are to the taſk aſſign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of Fate to be,
We blindly act the miſchiefs they decree;
We call the battle, we the ſword prepare,
And Rome's deſtruction is the Roman prayer.
The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the reſt the ſweet perſuader ſpeaks;
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whoſe rule and government rever'd,
Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd:
But now, detain'd amidſt an armed throng,
Where loſt his arts, and uſeleſs was his tongue,
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar ſide his pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble cauſe:

For

For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
This only boon her ſuppliant vows implore,
That thou would'ſt deign to uſe her aid once more:
In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
And, to chaſtiſe proud Cæſar, aſk the fight.
Shall he, one man againſt the world combin'd,
Protract deſtruction, and embroil mankind?
What will the vanquiſh'd nations murmuring ſay,
Where once thy conqueſts cut their winged way;
When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
And ſee thee move thus languiſhing and ſlow?
Where are thoſe fires that warm'd thee to be great?
That ſtable ſoul, and confidence in Fate?
Canſt thou the gods ungratefully miſtruſt?
Or think the ſenate's ſacred cauſe unjuſt?
Scarce are th' impatient enſigns yet withheld:
Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
Doſt thou Rome's chief, and in her cauſe, appear?
'Tis hers to chooſe the field, and ſhe appoints it here.
Why is this ardor of the world withſtood,
The injur'd world, that thirſts for Cæſar's blood?
See! where the troops with indignation ſtand,
Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the laſt command.
Reſolve the ſenate then, and let them know,
Are they thy ſervants, or their ſervant thou?
Sore ſigh'd the liſtening chief, who well could read
Some dire deluſion by the gods decreed;
He ſaw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his purpoſe, and perplex his mind.

Since

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer ſhall your fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her way,
And waſte the world on one devoted day.
But, oh! be witneſs thou, my native Rome,
With what a ſad fore-boding heart I come;
To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy raſh ſons compel me to the field.
How eaſily had Cæſar been ſubdued,
And the bleſt victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown diſdain,
They wiſh for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty ſwords to ſtain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe
At once the empire of the deep forego;
Here by neceſſity they ſeem to ſtand,
Coop'd-up within a corner of the land.
By famine to the laſt extremes compell'd,
They ſnatch green harveſts from th' unripen'd field;
And wiſh we may this only grace afford,
To let them die like ſoldiers, by the ſword.
'Tis true, it ſeems an earneſt of ſucceſs,
That thus our bolder youth for action preſs:
But let them try their inmoſt hearts with care,
And judge betwixt true valour and raſh fear;
Let them be ſure this eagerneſs is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driven the headlong coward on.

Give me the man, whoſe cooler ſoul can wait,
With patience, for the proper hour of Fate.
See what a proſperous face our fortunes bear!
Why ſhould we truſt them to the chance of war?
Why muſt we riſk the world's uncertain doom,
And rather chooſe to fight, than overcome?
Thou Goddeſs Chance! who to my careful hand
Haſt given this weariſome ſupreme command;
If I have, to the taſk of empire juſt,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my truſt;
Be kind, and to thyſelf the rule reſume,
And, in the fight, defend the cauſe of Rome:
To thy own crowns, the wreath of conqueſt join;
Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
But ſee! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
We fight; and Cæſar's ſtronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a ſcene of guilt this day ſhall ſhow!
What crouds ſhall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red ſhall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin ſwell his foamy flood.
Oh! if our cauſe my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my boſom be the firſt to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremoſt ſtrike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day, with ruin ſhall my name be join'd,
Or ſtand the common curſe of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquiſh'd ſhall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown.
He ſpoke; and, yielding to th' impetuous croud,
The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.

L n long vex'd by ſtormy Corus' blaſt,
The weary pilot quits the helm at laſt;
He leaves his veſſel to the winds to guide,
And drive unſteady with the tumbling tide.
Loud through the camp the riſing murmurs ſound,
And one tumultuous hurry runs around;
Sudden their buſy hearts began to beat,
And each pale viſage wore the marks of Fate.
Anxious, they ſee the dreadful day is come,
That muſt decide the deſtiny of Rome.
This ſingle vaſt concern employs the hoſt,
And private fears are in the public loſt.
Should earth be rent, ſhould darkneſs quench the ſun,
Should ſwelling ſeas above the mountains run,
Should univerſal nature's end draw near,
Who could have leiſure for himſelf to fear?
With ſuch conſent his ſafety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
And now the warriors all, with buſy care,
Whet the duil ſword, and point the blunted ſpear;
With tougher nerves they ſtring the bended bow,
And in full quivers ſteely ſhafts beſtow;
The horſeman ſees his furniture made fit,
Sharpens the ſpur, and burniſhes the bit;
Fixes the rein, to check or urge his ſpeed,
And animates to fight the ſnorting ſteed.
Such once the buſy gods employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold ſons began their impious war.
The Lemnian power, with many a ſtroke, reſtor'd
Blue Neptune's trident, and ſtern Mars's ſword;

In

In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
The horrors of her Gorgon ſhield diſplay'd;
Phœbus his once victorious ſhafts renew'd,
Diſus'd, and ruſty with the Python's blood;
While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops ſtrove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.
Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
What curſt events Theſſalia's plains prepare;
Black ſtorms oppos'd againſt the warriors lay,
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
Full in their eyes the dazzling flaſhes broke,
And with amaze their troubled ſenſes ſtroke:
Tall fiery columns in the ſkies were ſeen,
With watery Typhons interwove between.
Glancing along the bands ſwift meteors ſhoot,
And from the helm the plumy honours cut;
Sudden the flame diſſolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the ſhining ſteely blade.
Strange to behold! their weapons diſappear,
While ſulphurous odour taints the ſmoking air.
The ſtandard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:
Anon, black ſwarms hang cluſtering on its height,
And preſs the bearer with unwonted weight.
Big drops of grief each ſweating marble wears,
And Parian gods and heroes ſtand in tears.
No more th' auſpicious victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane,
And bellowing ſeeks Emathia's fatal plain.

But who, O Cæſar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didſt thou ſummon from their dark abodes?
The Furies liſten'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell aroſe.
Did then the monſters, fame records, appear?
Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
Some ſaw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves diſcloſe.
Others beheld a ſanguine torrent take
Its purple courſe, through fair Bœbeïs' lake;
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud ſhouts of battle on Pharſalia's field.
While others thought they ſaw the light decay,
And ſudden ſhades oppreſs the fainting day;
Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
And ſaw the ghoſts of all their bury'd race;
Beheld them riſe and glare with pale affright,
And ſtalk around them, in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cauſe, the croud, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, ſons, and fathers bleed,
Conſenting, to the prodigies agreed;
And, while they thirſt impatient for that blood,
Bleſs theſe nefarious omens all as good.
But wherefore ſhould we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madneſs was foretold?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which laſt ſurvive;
And theſe had not another day to live.
Theſe ſhook for what they ſaw; while diſtant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes.
Where Tyrian Gades ſees the ſetting ſun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,

From

From the bright orient to the glowing weſt,
In every nation, every Roman breaſt
The terrors of that dreadful day confeſt.
Where Aponus firſt ſprings in ſmoky ſteam,
And full Timavus rolls his nobler ſtream;
Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur ſat the ſkies to view:
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd)
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the ſeer obſerv'd Jove's forky flame,
And mark'd the firmament's diſcordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of ſudden night,
The ſtruggling ſun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the firſt birth of morning in the ſkies,
Sure never day like this was known to riſe;
In the blue vault, as in a volume ſpread,
Plain might the Latian deſtiny be read.
Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods aſſign'd
To be the worthy maſters of mankind!
On thee, the heavens with all their ſignals wait,
And ſuffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great names to lateſt times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verſe immortal made,
In free-born nations juſtly ſhall prevail,
And rouze their paſſions with this nobleſt tale;
How ſhall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each paſt event were yet to come!
How ſhall their boſoms ſwell with vaſt concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee ſhall join,
And every honeſt heart to Pompey's cauſe incline.

De-

Deſcending, now, the bands in juſt array,
From burniſh'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they ſpread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.
On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The firſt and fourth ſelected legions led:
Luckleſs Domitius, vainly brave in war,
Drew forth the right with unauſpicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submiſſive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undiſtinguiſh'd took his ſtand,
Reſerv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning ſand.
Near the low marſhes and Enipeus' flood,
The Pontic horſe and Cappadocian ſtood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Leigemen and vaſſals to the Latian reign,
Poſſeſs'd the riſing grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians ſcour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe.
Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd hoſt,
Let the whole human race at once be loſt.
Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,
And tyranny want ſubjects for its reign.
Cæſar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The ſpoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When, with a ſudden, but a glad ſurprize,
The foe deſcending ſtruck his wondering eyes.

Eager,

Eager, and burning for unbounded ſway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he ſtruggled with protracting time,
That ſav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:
At length he ſees the wiſh'd-for day is come,
To end the ſtrife for liberty, and Rome;
Fate's dark myſterious threatenings to explain,
And eaſe th' impatience of ambition's pain.
But, when he ſaw the vaſt event ſo nigh,
Unuſual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment ſunk his heart ſuppreſs'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breaſt.
Though his paſt fortunes promiſe now ſucceſs,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no leſs.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer;
While theſe forbid to hope, and thoſe to fear.
At length his wonted confidence returns,
With his firſt fires his daring boſom burns;
As if ſecure of victory, he ſtands,
And fearleſs thus beſpeaks the liſtening bands:

Ye warriors! who have made your Cæſar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the gods, whate'er you wiſh, afford;
And fate attends on the deciding ſword.
By your firm aid alone your leader ſtands,
And truſts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day ſhall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's diſtinguiſh'd flood.
For this bleſt morn we truſted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bad the triumph wait.

This

This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a ſafe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful ſeat.
The long diſpute of guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And conqueſt ſhall the juſter cauſe reward.
Have you, for me, with ſword and fire laid waſte
Your country's bleeding boſom, as you paſt?
Let the ſame ſwords as boldly ſtrike to-day,
And the laſt wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cauſe to which my vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and maſters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wiſhes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, ſo the world be yours.
Nor think the taſk too bloody ſhall be found,
With eaſy glory ſhall our arms be crown'd:
Yon hoſt come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of diſputants from Grecian ſchools.
To theſe, luxurious eaſtern crouds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a differing kind:
Their own firſt ſhouts ſhall fill each ſoul with fears,
And their own trumpets ſhook their tender ears.
Unjuſtly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.

On

On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay theſe ſoft, lazy, worthleſs nations low.
Shew Pompey, that ſubdued them, with what eaſe
Your valour gains ſuch victories as theſe:
Shew him, if juſtice ſtill the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From diſtant Tigris ſhall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waſte their blood,
To make the cauſe of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the ſame,
They hate alike the whole Auſonian Name;
But moſt thoſe haughty maſters whom they know,
Who taught their ſervile vanquiſh'd necks to bow.
Mean-while, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd companions I behold;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnerſhip have trod.
Is there a ſoldier to your chief unknown?
A ſword, to whom I truſt not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the ſky,
And ſay from whom the fatal weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auſpicious furies riſe,
And rage redoubled flaſhes in your eyes.
With joy thoſe omens of ſucceſs I read,
And ſee the certain victory decreed;
I ſee the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the ſlain:
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I ſurvey,
And the pale ſenate crowns the glorious day.

But

But, oh! forgive my tedious laviſh tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
My ſoul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can aſk, with full conſent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny?
The treaſures of the world before you lie.
Oh Theſſaly! what ſtars, what powers divine,
To thy diſtinguiſh'd land this great event aſſign?
Between extremes, to-day our fortune lies,
The vileſt puniſhment, and nobleſt prize.
Conſider well the captive's loſt eſtate,
Chains, racks, and croſſes, for the vanquiſh'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Roſtrum's height ſhall grace:
But that 's a thought unworthy Cæſar's care,
More for my friends than for myſelf I fear.
On my good ſword ſecurely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am ſure to die.
But oh! for you my anxious ſoul foreſees,
Pompey ſhall copy Sylla's curſt decrees;
The Martian field ſhall bluſh with gore again,
And maſſacres once more the peaceful Septa ſtain.
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's ſtrugglings ſhare,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
Who ſhall with mercy uſe the power you give;
Whoſe rage for ſlaughter with the war ſhall ceaſe,
And ſpare his vanquiſh'd enemies in peace.

Nor

Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave companions lot;
When, by advantage of the ſtraiter ground,
Succeſsful Pompey compaſs'd us around;
When quite diſarm'd your uſeleſs valour ſtood,
Till his fell ſword was ſatiated with blood.
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
Whatever Roman flies before you, ſpare.
But, while oppos'd and menacing they ſtand,
Let no regard withhold the lifted hand:
Let friendſhip, kindred, all remorſe, give place,
And mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
Still let reſiſtance be repaid with blood,
And hoſtile force by hoſtile force ſubdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit ſtill, to Cæſar, is the ſame.
Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So ſhall no obſtacles our march delay,
Nor ſtop one moment our victorious way.
Nor ſpare your camp; this night we mean to lie
In that from whence the vanquiſh'd foe ſhall fly.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, ſudden at the word,
They ſeize the lance, and draw the ſhining ſword:
At once the turfy fences all lie waſte,
And through the breach the crouding legions haſte;
Regardleſs all of order and array
They ſtand, and truſt to fate alone the day.
Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
Had each once known a Pompey for his ſon;

Had

Had Cæſar's ſoul inform'd each private breaſt,
A fiercer fury could not be expreſs'd.
With ſad preſages, Pompey, now, beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
He ſaw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
Dire is the omen when the valiant fear,
Which yet he ſtrove to hide, with well-diſſembled cheer.
High on his warrior ſteed, the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began:
The time to eaſe your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour ſought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the ſtrivings of diſtracted Rome:
For this one laſt effort exert your power,
Strike home to day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your houſhold-gods, and Rome, your ſouls can move,
Hither by fate they ſeem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle ſhall be fought.
Let none the favouring gods aſſiſtance fear;
They always make the juſter cauſe their care.
The flying dart to Cæſar ſhall they guide,
And point the ſword at his devoted ſide:
Our injur'd laws ſhall be on him made good,
And liberty eſtabliſh'd in his blood.
Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not ſpar'd your Pompey's head ſo long;
Nor lengthen'd out my age to ſee the wrong.

All

All we can wiſh for, to ſecure ſucceſs,
With large advantage, here, our arms poſſeſs:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illuſtrious names for ſoldiers ſtand.
Could the great dead reviſit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be ſlain;
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boaſt,
Proud to be mingled in this nobleſt hoſt.
If men, if multitudes, can make us ſtrong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Where-ever earth, or people, can be found;
To us the nations iſſue forth in ſwarms,
And in Rome's cauſe all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings incloſe,
Within their ample folds, our ſhrinking foes?
Thouſands, and thouſands, uſeleſs, may we ſpare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the ſummit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they ſue,
And place their laſt, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you ſpread,
Each hoary reverend majeſtic head;
Imagine, Rome herſelf your aid implor'd,
To ſave her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the preſent age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:
On your ſucceſs dependent all rely;
Theſe to be born in freedom, thoſe to die.

ſink (if there be a thought can move you more,
A pledge more dear than thoſe I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were ſuch a poſture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, proſtrate at your feet.
Myſelf, my wife, my ſons, a ſuppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I, to exile born,
My laſt diſhonourable years ſhall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's ſcorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general ſave,
Nor let his hoary head deſcend to earth a ſlave.
Thus while he ſpoke, the faithful legions round,
With indignation caught the mournful ſound;
Falſely, they think, his fears thoſe dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæſar proves them true.
What differing thoughts the various hoſts incite,
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
Thoſe bold ambition kindles into rage,
And theſe their fears for liberty engage.
How ſhall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Though all the years to come ſhould roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increaſe;
Though nature all her genial powers employ,
All ſhall not yield what theſe curſt hands deſtroy.
Soon ſhall the greatneſs of the Roman name,
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
Low ſhall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
While yearly magiſtrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field,

Shall

Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
Who could to ſuch bleak wilds his Latine rites aſſign.
Ev'n now behold! where waſte Heſperia lies,
Where empty cities ſhock our mournful eyes;
Untouch'd by time, our infamy they ſtand,
The marks of civil diſcord's murderous hand.
How is the ſtock of human-kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
Our fathers fertile fields by ſlaves are till'd,
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd:
Such were the heaps, the millions of the ſlain,
As 'twere the purpoſe of Emathia's plain,
That none for future miſchiefs ſhould remain.
Well may our annals leſs misfortunes yield,
Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field;
But let Pharſalia's day be ſtill forgot,
Be ras'd at once from every Roman thought.
'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, diſplay'd
The greatneſs her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome ſhe drew,
And ſet her ſubject nations all to view;
As if ſhe meant to ſhew the haughty queen,
Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh countleſs loſs! that well might have ſupply'd
The deſolation of all deaths beſide.
Though famine with blue peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful earthquakes with deſtroying fire;
Pharſalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
And built again the ruins of mankind.
Immortal gods! with what reſiſtleſs force,
Our growing empire ran its rapid courſe!

Still every year with new ſucceſs was crown'd,
And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound;
Till Rome ſtood miſtreſs of the world confeſs'd,
From the gray orient, to the ruddy weſt;
From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
Where-e'er the ſtars, or brighter Phœbus ſhone;
As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold, how fortune tears away
The gift of ages in one fatal day!
One day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd Indians chain,
And turns the wandering Dæ looſe again:
No longer ſhall the victor conſul now
Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow:
Exulting Parthia ſhall her ſlaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the vengeance due to Craſſus' ghoſt.
While liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barbarous climes;
Beyond the Rhine and Tanaïs ſhe flies,
To ſnowy mountains, and to frozen ſkies;
While Rome, who long purſued that chiefeſt good,
O'er fields of ſlaughter, and through ſeas of blood,
In ſlavery, her abject ſtate ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven
A ſhort-liv'd tranſitory bleſſing given?
Of thee, firſt Brutus, juſtly we complain!
Why didſt thou break thy groaning country's chain,
And end the proud laſcivious tyrant's reign?
Why did thy patriot hand on Rome beſtow
Laws, and her conſuls righteous rule to know?

In

In ſervitude more happy had we been,
Since Romulus firſt wall'd his refuge in,
Ev'n ſince the twice ſix vulturs bad him build,
To this curſt period of Pharſalia's field.
Medes and Arabians of the ſlaviſh Eaſt
Beneath eternal bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
From ſire to ſon accuſtom'd to be free,
Feel indignation riſing in our blood,
And bluſh to wear the chains that make them proud.
Can there be gods, who rule yon azure ſky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the buſineſs of a thundering Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs grove?
While Caſſius holds the balance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
The ſun ran back from Atreus' monſtrous feaſt,
And his fair beams in murky clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhines he now? why lends his golden light
To theſe worſe parricides, this more accurſed ſight?
But chance guides all; the gods their taſk forego,
And providence no longer reigns below.
Yet are they juſt, and ſome revenge afford
While their own heavens are humbled by the ſword,
And the proud victors, like themſelves, ador'd:
With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they ſtand,
And incenſe, prayers, and ſacrifice demand;
While, trembling, ſlaviſh, ſuperſtitious Rome,
Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.

Now either hoſt the middle plain had paſs'd,
And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd;
Then every well known feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their brothers, ſons their fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the curſe of civil hate,
Mark where their miſchiefs are aſſign'd by fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves deſtruction wait.
Stupid awhile, and at a gaze, they ſtood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood:
Some ſmall remains of piety withſtand,
And ſtop the javelin in the lifted hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort moment ſtep'd between,
And motionleſs, as ſtatues, all were ſeen.
And oh! what ſavage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæſar yet ſuſpends his rage?
For him, ye gods! for Craſtinus, whoſe ſpear
With impious eagerneſs began the war,
Some more than common puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the grave long laſting plagues ordain,
Surviving ſenſe, and never-ceaſing pain.
Straight, at the fatal ſignal, all around
A thouſand fifes, a thouſand clarions, ſound;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors ſtrike the vaulted ſky.
The joining battles ſhout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult ſpreads afar,
And the world trembles at the diſtant war.

Now

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various maſters bear:
Some ſeek the nobleſt Roman heart to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs ground;
While chance decrees the blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters innocence and guilt.
But random ſhafts too ſcanty death afford,
A civil war is buſineſs for the ſword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.
Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry diſpos'd;
So crouded was the ſpace, it ſcarce affords
The power to toſs their piles, or yield their ſwords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they ſtand,
With headlong wrath ruſh furious Cæſar's band;
In vain the lifted ſhield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted boſoms guards;
Through ſhields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow;
Oh rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal war,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid piety diſarm'd:
Thoſe, by hot blood, and ſmoking ſlaughter warm'd.
Nor in ſuſpenſe uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'er-maſter'd by a power too ſtrong,
And borne by fates impetuous ſtream along.
From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horſe
Wide o'er the plain extending take their courſe;

Wheeling around the hoſtile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the ſhot ſucceed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the miſſile rage;
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whiſtle through the ſky:
Of feather'd ſhafts, a cloud thick ſhading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the heaven, then ſtrew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring miſchief ſend,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.
But Cæſar, timely careful to ſupport
His wavering front againſt the firſt effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong rear with choſen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs foe the fight purſue,
A ſudden band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, oh ſhame! the looſe barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken ſquadrons o'er the field,
And ſhew, too late, that ſlaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred cauſe of freedom to maintain.
The fiery ſteeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs foot are borne.
Hence foul confuſion and diſmay ſucceed,
The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die.

Oh,

Oh, that Emathia's ruthleſs guilty plain
Had been contented with this only ſtain;
With theſe rude bones had ſtrewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her ſprings with none but Aſian gore!
But if ſo keen her thirſt for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the ſlaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul:
Let theſe alone ſurvive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
Did Cæſar's buſineſs, and like fate deſtroy'd.
Prevailing ſtill the victors held their courſe,
Till Pompey's main reſerve oppos'd their force;
There, in his ſtrength, the chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
There in ſuſpence th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæſar's favouring goddeſs doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vaſſals on,
Nor eaſtern bands in gorgeous purple ſhone;
There the laſt force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots ſtruggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty ſcene affords!
Sires, ſons, and brothers, ruſh on mutual ſwords!
There every ſacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worſt rage, and Cæſar's blackeſt deeds.
But, oh! my Muſe, the mournful theme forbear,
And ſtay thy lamentable numbers here;
Let not my verſe to future times convey,
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;

In [illegible]s and ſilence hide her crimes from fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable country's ſhame.
But [illegible]'s rage ſhall with oblivion ſtrive,
And f[illegible]al infamy ſurvive.
From [illegible] rank, unweary'd, ſtill he flies,
And wi[illegible]r fires their fainting wrath ſupplies.
His g[illegible]es each ſign of guilt explore,
And mark whoſe ſword is deepeſt dy'd in gore;
Obſerve where pity and remorſe prevail,
What arm ſtrikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd heaps around,
And views ſome foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the guſhing blood reſtrain,
And ſtrive to keep the parting ſoul in pain:
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon ſhield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart:
The many ſhout, arms claſh, the wounded cry,
And one promiſcuous peal groans upwards to the ſky.
Nor furious Cæſar, on Emathia's plains,
Leſs terribly the mortal ſtrife ſuſtains;
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his geſture now, he ſtrives,
Now with his lance the lagging ſoldier drives:
The weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the ſtrong,
And hurries war's impetuous ſtream along.

Strike

Strike home, he cries, and let your ſwords eraſe
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waſte your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary doting ſenate ſtand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty ſhall bleed at every wound.
The curs'd deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the word,
The purple nobles ſunk beneath the ſword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illuſtrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Metelii and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the ſtate had ſo decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy ſinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's laſt hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidſt the croud,
Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd viſage ſhroud?
Where fought thy arm that day? But, ah! forbear!
Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed ſpear;
Seek not to haſten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæſar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy ſteel purſues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the meaſure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmoſt heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou ſhalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy ſword:
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance ſhall demand,
And aſk the victim at thy righteous hand.

Among

Among huge heaps of the Patrician ſlain,
And Latian chiefs, who ſtrew'd that purple plain,
Recording ſtory has diſtinguiſh'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell.
In every loſs of Pompey ſtill he ſhar'd,
And dy'd in liberty, the beſt reward;
Though vanquiſh'd oft by Cæſar, ne'er enſlav'd,
Ev'n to the laſt, the tyrant's power he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious ſtreaming wound,
In pleaſure ſunk the warrior to the ground;
No longer forc'd on vileſt terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæſar to forgive.
Him, as he paſs'd inſulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
Forſake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Muſt the war loſe that ſtill ſucceſsful ſword,
And my neglected province want a lord?
He ſpoke; when, lifting ſlow his cloſing eyes,
Fearleſs the dying Roman thus replies:
Since wickedneſs ſtands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæſar's arms their wiſh'd ſucceſs have met;
Free and rejoicing to the ſhades I go,
And leave my chief ſtill equal to his foe;
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet ſhalt thou bow thy vanquiſh'd head ere night.
Dire puniſhments the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I ſhall know,
And hear thy ghoſt lamenting loud below.

He

He ſaid; and ſoon the leaden ſleep prevail'd,
And everlaſting night his eyelids ſeal'd.
But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore!
What verſe can run the various ſlaughter o'er!
For leſſer woes our ſorrows may we keep;
No tears ſuffice, a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thouſand deaths ariſe,
And horrors manifold the ſoul ſurprize.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And guſhing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmoſt throat receives the ſword:
At once, a ſingle blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk diſmember'd ſtands.
Some in their breaſts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing ſpear.
Here, like a fountain, ſprings a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and ſtains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethren prey;
One ſtarts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While ſome deteſted ſon, with impious ire,
Lops by the ſhoulders cloſe his hoary ſire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the curſed deed,
And baſtard-born the murderer aread.
No private houſe its loſs lamented then,
But count the ſlain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian ſtreams, and Aſiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late poſterity was loſt that day:

A race

A race of future ſlaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How ſhall our miſerable ſons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our baſe hands, with juſtice ſhall they ſay,
The ſacred cauſe of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curſe of bondage leaves;
Themſelves were cowards, and begot us ſlaves.
'Tis juſt; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One ſtruggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cauſe to fight,
And let them keep, or loſe themſelves, their right.
But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome deſcry'd,
And ſaw the changing gods forſake her ſide.
Hard to believe, though from a riſing ground
He view'd the univerſal ruin round,
In crimſon ſtreams he ſaw deſtruction run,
And in the fall of thouſands felt his own.
Nor wiſh'd he, like moſt wretches in deſpair,
The world one common miſery might ſhare:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Beſought the gods to pity poor mankind,
To let him die, and leave the reſt behind:
This hope came ſmiling to his anxious breaſt,
For this his earneſt vows were thus addreſs'd.
Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let Rome ſurvive.
Or if this head ſuffices not alone,
My wife, my ſons, your anger ſhall atone;

If

If blood the yet unſated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me cruſh'd beneath the weight:
Give then your long-purſuing vengeance o'er,
And ſpare the world, ſince I can loſe no more.
So ſaying, the tumultuous field he croſs'd,
And warn'd from battle his deſpairing hoſt.
Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed ſword;
Had he not fear'd th' example might ſucceed,
And faithful nations by his ſide would bleed.
Or did his ſwelling ſoul diſdain to die,
While his inſulting father ſtood ſo nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods ſhall ſtill purſue,
Nor his pale head ſhall 'ſcape the victor's view.
Or elſe, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear ſake he fled, whom beſt he lov'd:
Malicious Fortune to his wiſh agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's ſight to bleed.
Borne by his winged ſteed at length away,
He quits the purple plain, and yields the day.
Fearleſs of danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring ſoul ſupports his loſt eſtate;
Nor groans his breaſt, nor ſwell his eyes with tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtic form he wears.
An awful grief ſat decent in his face,
Such as became his loſs, and Rome's diſgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant frame,
In greatneſs and misfortune ſtill the ſame;

While

While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging ſees him leave Pharſalia's field.
Now, diſentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er:
At leiſure now review the glorious ſcene,
And call to mind how mighty thou haſt been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;
Let the juſt gods bear witneſs on thy ſide,
Thy cauſe no more ſhall by the ſword be try'd.
Whether ſad Afric ſhall her loſs bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodſhed ſhall be all their own.
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name ſhall charm
The peaceful world, with one conſent, to arm;
Nor for thy ſake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themſelves, the fighting ſenate ſtand:
The war but one diſtinction ſhall afford,
And Liberty, or Cæſar, be the word.

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquiſh'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleaſure from thoſe ſeas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltleſs thou,
And pity Cæſar, for whoſe ſake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph ſhall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though miſery thy baniſhment attends,
Though thou ſhalt die, by thy falſe Pharian friends;
Yet truſt ſecurely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loſs was for a bleſſing giv'n:
Though flight may ſeem the warrior's ſhame and curſe;
To conquer, in a cauſe like this, is worſe.

And

And, oh! let every mark of grief be ſpar'd.
May no tear fall, no groan, no ſigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power.
Meanwhile ſurvey th' attending world around,
Cities by thee poſſeſs'd, and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric, or on Aſia, caſt thy eye,
And mark the land where thou ſhalt chooſe to die.

Lariſſa firſt the conſtant chief beheld,
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
And, ſighing, pour their preſents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feaſt:
Would put on joy to chear her noble gueſt;
But weeps, and begs to ſhare his woes at leaſt.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his loſt eſtate,
Such faith, ſuch friendſhip, on his ruins wait;
With eaſe Pharſalia's loſs might be ſupply'd,
While eager nations haſten to his ſide:
As if misfortune meant to bleſs him more,
Than all his long proſperity before.
In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquiſh'd aid;
Henceforth to Cæſar be your homage paid,
Cæſar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead.
With that, his courſer urging on to flight,
He vaniſh'd from the mournful city's ſight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curſe the cruel gods, in fierceneſs of deſpair.

Now in huge lakes Heſperian crimſon ſtood,
And Cæſar's ſelf grew ſatiated with blood.

The great patricians fall'n, his pity ſpar'd
The worthleſs, unreſiſting, vulgar herd.
Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And ſcattering terror ſpread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hoſtile camp his way he bent,
Careful to ſeize the haſty flier's tent,
The leiſure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary ſoldiers toil,
But led them prone, and greedy to the ſpoil,
Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
The glorious recompence attends you yet:
Much have you done to-day, for Cæſar's ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquiſh'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Aſia, and Heſperian gold;
For you the once-great Pompey's ſtore attends,
With regal ſpoils of his barbarian friends:
Haſte then, prevent the foe, and ſeize that good,
For which you paid ſo well with Roman blood.
He ſaid; and with the rage of rapine ſtung,
The multitude tumultuous ruſh along.
On ſwords, and ſpears, on fires and ſons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withſtand
The brutal ſoldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?
There, wealth collected from the world around,
The deſtin'd recompence of war, they found.

But,

But, oh! not golden Arimaſpus' ſtore,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victor's griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other ſpoils they ſcorn, as worthleſs prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
Here, in patrician tents, plebeians reſt,
And regal couches are by ruffians preſs'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And ſleep where late their ſlaughter'd ſires were laid.
Meanwhile the battle ſtands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their ſlumbers brood.
Aſtoniſhment and dread their ſouls infeſt,
And guilt ſits painful on each heaving breaſt.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain;
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er again.
Aſcending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:
Hence dire affright diſtracts the warriors ſouls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By ſome pale ſpectre flies all night purſued.
In various forms the ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the ſon:
To every wretch his proper phantom fell,
While Cæſar ſleeps the general care of hell.
Such were his pangs as mad Oreſtes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, ſuch Agave knew;
He when his rage firſt came, and ſhe when her's withdrew.

Preſent and future ſwords his boſom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends;
To wheels ſhe binds him, and with vultures rends,
With racks of conſcience, and with whips of fiends.
But ſoon the viſionary horrors paſs,
And his firſt rage with day reſumes its place:
Again his eyes rejoice to view the ſlain,
And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feaſts amidſt the heaps of death abhorr'd.
There each pale face at leiſure he may know,
And ſtill behold the purple current flow.
He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, thoſe gods he ſerves, his utmoſt wiſh have crown'd;
Still greedy to poſſeſs the curs'd delight,
To glut his ſoul, and gratify his ſight,
The laſt funereal honours he denies,
And poiſons with the ſtench Emathia's ſkies.
Not thus the ſworn inveterate foe of Rome,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd conſul's bones a tomb:
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires ſhone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæſar's rage from fiercer motives roſe;
Theſe were his countrymen, his worſt of foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred paſt,
And give the wandering ſhades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:

To

To feed the flame, let heapy foreſts riſe,
Far be it ſeen to fret the ruddy ſkies,
And grieve deſpairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unbury'd carcaſes the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all diſſolving die,
And loſt in nature's blending boſom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
Theſe and the world one common lot ſhall have;
One laſt appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waſte yon azure heavens, this earth, and ſea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled maſs,
Where ſtars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And though thou ſcorn their fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar theſe ſouls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs Fortune's power,
And parent Earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe Romans fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the ſky;
That ſtarry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler ſhelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does ſlaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy ſenſe;
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious ſtream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted ſteam.
But ſee, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæſar from the field!

Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Biſtonian plain;
From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forſake their darkſome homes:
With theſe, lean dogs in herds obſcene repair,
And every kind that ſnuffs the tainted air.
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erſt to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were ſuch flocks of vultures ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading plumes the crouded ſky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they ſat,
And drop'd raw morſels down, and gory fat:
Oft their tir'd talons, looſening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the ſlain ſupply'd too full a feaſt,
The plenty bred ſatiety at laſt;
The ravenous feeders riot at their eaſe,
And ſingle out what dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part borne away, the reſt neglected lie,
For noon-day ſuns, and parching winds, to dry;
Till length of time ſhall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.
Oh fatal Theſſaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd;
That thus the gods to thee deſtruction doom,
And load thee with the curſe of falling Rome!
Still to new crimes, new horrors, doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.

What

What rolling years, what ages, can repay
The multitudes thy wars have ſwept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous ſtore ſhould ſpread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more ſlaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all thoſe tombs, and all thoſe urns, infold.
Hence bloody ſpots ſhall ſtain thy graſſy green,
And crimſon drops on bladed corn be ſeen:
Each plowſhare ſome dead patriot ſhall moleſt,
Diſturb his bones, and rob his ghoſt of reſt.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;
No mariner his labouring bark ſhould moor,
In hopes of ſafety, on thy dreadful ſhore;
No ſwain thy ſpectre-haunted plain ſhould know,
Nor turn thy blood-ſtain'd fallow with his plow:
No ſhepherd e'er ſhould drive his flock to feed,
Where Romans ſlain enrich the verdant mead:
All deſolate ſhould lie thy land and waſte,
As in ſome ſcorch'd or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Theſſaly's diſtinguiſh'd land to wait;
New blood, and other ſlaughters, they decree,
And others ſhall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina ſhall boaſt their ſlain,
Pachynus' waters ſhare the purple ſtain,
And Actium juſtify Pharſalia's plain.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pompey flies, firſt to Lariſſa, and after re; where he embarks upon a ſmall af melancholy meeting wi of the Mitylenians invitati wife for the coaſt of Aſia. In the way thither is joined by his ſon Sextus and al perſons of diſtinction, who had fled le; and among the reſt -Græcia. To him he rec pplies from the king of E lies in Aſia. After coaſting Cilicia for ſome time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the ſenate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent circumſtances of the commonwealth, and propoſes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whoſe kings he may expect aſſiſtance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, oppoſes very warmly; and, in conſideration of young Ptolemy's perſonal obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey ſets ſail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his arrival on that coaſt, the king calls a council, where at the inſtigation of Pothinus, a villainous miniſter, it is reſolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general

general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegado Roman ſoldier, who had formerly ſerved under Pompey, upon ſome frivolous pretences, perſuades him to quit his ſhip, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the ſhore, he treacherouſly murders him, in the ſight of his wife, his ſon, and the reſt of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the ſea. The head is fixed upon a ſpear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the ſucceeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the ſhore, brings it to land with ſome difficulty; and, with a few planks that remained from a ſhipwrecked veſſel, burns it. The melancholy deſcription of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective againſt the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of ſo great a man, concludes this book.

NOW through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the ſweet maze of Tempe's pleaſing ſhade,
Chearleſs, thy flying chief renew'd his ſpeed,
And urg'd, with gory ſpurs, his fainting ſteed.
Fall'n from the former greatneſs of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obſcurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increaſe his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horſemen tread:
He ſtarts at every ruſtling of the trees,
And fears the whiſpers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt eſtate;
And, though he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæſar's head.

Where-

Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
His well-known viſage ſtill his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whoſe gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze aſtoniſh'd, theſe their chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf is told.
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing eyes:
Still aggravates, ſtill urges his diſgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph ſadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret ſhame and anxious care he burns.
Thus age to ſorrows oft the great betrays,
When loſs of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment ſtill one end ſhall have,
Leſt early miſery prevent the grave,
The good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And eaſe once paſt becomes the preſent load:
Then let the wiſe, in fortune's kindeſt hour,
Still keep one ſafe retreat within his power;
Let death be near, to guard him from ſurprize,
And free him, when the fickle goddeſs flies.
  Now to thoſe ſhores the hapleſs Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient ſtream:
Red with Emathian ſlaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whoſe keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome river's ſmooth deſcending tide,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the main,
Whoſe ſpreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the winds and ſtormy ſea,
And to the Leſbian iſle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the midſt of danger, death, and war.
There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad viſions haunt her ſlumbers with affright,
And Theſſaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the ſkies,
Swift to the ſhore the penſive mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her ſight ſhe fixes on the ſeas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each ſail that riſes in the round:
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the ſwoln canvas labouring with her doom.
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's ſelf his own ſad ſtory brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou loſt Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain ſorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful veſſel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the ſtrand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the gods could do,
There ſoon her dear much-alter'd lord ſhe knew;
Though fearful all and ghaſtly was his hue.

Rude

Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
And duſt was caſt upon his Roman gown.
She [illegible] fainting, ſunk in ſudden night;
Gri[illegible]er breath, and ſhut out loathſome light:
The [illegible] nerves no more their force exert,
And [illegible]eas'd within the freezing heart;
D[illegible] ſeem'd her wiſhes to obey,
[illegible] upon the beach, a corſe ſhe lay.
[illegible] the veſſel moor,
An[illegible] iews the lonely ſhore.
The [illegible]ards their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverently their ruder grief ſuppreſs'd.
Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched miſtreſs from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a ſtrict embrace,
And joins his cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs face:
At the known touch, her failing ſenſe returns,
And vital warmth in kindling bluſhes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he ſeeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief:
Canſt thou then ſink, thou daughter of the great,
Sprung from the nobleſt guardians of our ſtate;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt ſhock of fate?
Whatever deathleſs monuments of praiſe
Thy ſex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of ſtate;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs fortune quits her huſband's ſide.
Arm then thy ſoul, the glorious taſk to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable lord to love.

Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
Oh make that loſs thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
This grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:
Theſe tears a dying huſband ſhould deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the loſs of what they valued moſt.
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron roſe;
Yet, ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her woes:
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæſar's hated bed?
To thee unlucky, and a curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
My bleeding Craſſus, and his fire, ſtood by,
And fell Erynnis ſhook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juſter cauſe.
Ah! my once greateſt lord! ah! cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miſeries my baneful love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo?
But ſee, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my life I would have given;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.

Kill me, and ſcatter me upon the ſea,
So ſhall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
And thou, where-e'er thy ſullen phantom flies,
Oh! Julia! let thy rival's blood ſuffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey ſpare.
  She ſaid, and ſunk within his arms again;
In ſtreams of ſorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That ſaw, without a tear, Pharſalia's field.
  Now to the ſtrand the Mitylenians preſs'd,
And humbly thus beſpoke their noble gueſt:
  If, to ſucceeding times, our iſle ſhall boaſt
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coaſt,
Diſdain not, if thy preſence now we claim,
And fain would conſecrate our walls to fame.
Make thou this place in future ſtory great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat.
This may we plead, in favour of the town;
That, while mankind the proſperous victor own,
Already, Cæſar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some ſafety too our ambient ſeas ſecure;
Cæſar wants ſhips, and we defy his power.
Here may Rome's ſcatter'd fathers well unite
And arm againſt a ſecond happier fight.
Our Leſbian youth with ready courage ſtands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.

For

For gold, whate'er to ſacred uſe is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendſhip we intreat,
Seek not to ſhun us in thy low eſtate;
But let our Leſbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatneſs, worthy of thy love.

Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
Witneſs the pledge committed to your care:
Here in ſecurity I plac'd my home,
My houſhold-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ranſom might your pardon buy,
And yet I truſt you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you ſingly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may ſhare.
Leſbos! for ever ſacred be thy name!
May late poſterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example ſpread around,
Or whether, ſingly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh! grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power ſo loſt a cauſe to own,
Grant, like the Leſbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Cæſar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the ſame juſt hoſpitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the ſhip his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the ſounding ſhore.

It ſeem'd as if the nation with her paſs'd,
And baniſhment had laid their iſland waſte.
Their ſecond ſorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the juſt pretence;
The Leſbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
So was ſhe lov'd, ſo winning was her grace,
Such lowly ſweetneſs dwelt upon her face;
In ſuch humility her life ſhe led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
As if his fortune were already fled.

Half hid in ſeas deſcending Phœbus lay,
And upwards half, half downwards ſhot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's ſoul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes,
And thoſe ſad ſcenes his future views diſcloſe,
In converſation for relief he ſought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now ſits he by the careful pilot's ſide,
And aſks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his art attends to moſt,
Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coaſt.

To him, intent upon the rolling ſkies,
The heaven-inſtructed ſhipman thus replies:
Of all yon multitude of golden ſtars,
Which the wide rounding ſphere inceſſant bears,

The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the conſtant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the leſſer Bear aſpires,
And from the topmaſt gleam its paly fires,
Then Boſphorus near-neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian ſhore:
But when Caliſto's ſhining ſon deſcends,
And the low Cynoſure tow'rds ocean bends,
For Syria ſtraight we know the veſſel bears,
Where firſt Canopos' ſouthern ſign appears.
If ſtill upon the left thoſe ſtars thou keep,
And, paſſing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
Then right a-head thy luckleſs bark ſhall reach
The Libyan ſhoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach.
But ſay, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What courſe doſt thou aſſign? what ſeas, what land?
Speak, and the helm ſhall turn at thy command.
To him the chief, by doubts uncertain toſt;
Oh, fly the Latian and Theſſalian coaſt:
Thoſe only lands avoid. For all beſide,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where ſhe pleaſe, a port provide.
Till Leſbos did my deareſt pledge reſtore,
That thought determin'd me to ſeek that ſhore:
All ports, all regions, but thoſe fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtraight the maſter veer'd,
And right for Chios, and for Aſia ſteer'd.
The working waves the courſe inverted feel,
And daſh and foam beneath the winding keel.

With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column ſkilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther, wide, in diſtant circles roll.
Now day's bright beams the various earth diſcloſe,
And o'er the fading ſtars the ſun aroſe;
When Pompey gathering to his ſide beheld
The ſcatter'd relicks of Pharſalia's field.
Firſt from the Leſbian iſle his ſon drew near,
And ſoon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, diſdain to wait
On vanquiſh'd Pompey's humbler low eſtate.
Proud monarchs, who in eaſtern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illuſtrious exile's train.
From theſe, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cauſe:
Thou beſt (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loſs Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The eaſtern nations, to ſupport the war!
Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæſar's ſide,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to ſeek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remoteſt Mede.
To Parthia's monarch my diſtreſs declare,
And at his throne ſpeak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now ſtring the Getic and Armenian bow,
And in full quivers feather'd ſhafts beſtow.

If

If when o'er Caſpian hills my troops I led,
'Gainſt Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Perſian field.
Beyond th' Aſſyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
Ev'n to the utmoſt eaſt I urg'd my way,
And ere the Perſian, ſaw the riſing day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ bluſh'd with Craſſus' blood,
And Latium her ſevereſt vengeance vow'd;
When war with Parthia was the common cry,
Who ſtop'd the fury of that rage, but I?
If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
Nor let Euphrates' ſtream the march delay;
In gratitude, to my aſſiſtance come;
Fight Pompey's cauſe, and conquer willing Rome.
He ſaid; the monarch chearfully obey'd,
And ſtraight aſide his royal robes he laid;
Then bid his ſlaves their humbler veſtments bring:
And in that ſervile veil conceals the king.
Thus majeſty gives its proud trappings o'er,
And humbly ſeeks for ſafety from the poor.
The poor, who no diſguiſes need, nor wear;
Unbleſt with greatneſs, and unvex'd with fear.
His princely friend now ſafe convey'd to land,
The chief o'erpaſs'd the fam'd Epheſian ſtrand,
Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's ſmooth deep,
And foamy cliffs with rugged Samos keep.

From Coan ſhores ſoft breathes the weſtern wind,
And Rhodes and Gnidos ſoon are left behind.
Then croſſing o'er Telmeſſos' ample bay,
Right to Pamphilia's coaſt he cuts his way.
Suſpicious of the land, he keeps the main,
Till poor Phaſelis, firſt, receives his wandering train.
There, free from fears, with eaſe he may command
Her citizens, ſcarce equal to his band.
Nor lingering there, his ſwelling ſails are ſpread,
Till he diſcerns proud Taurus' riſing head:
A mighty maſs he ſtands, while down his ſide
Deſcending Dipſas rolls his headlong tide.
In a ſlight bark he runs ſecurely o'er
The pirates once-infeſted dreadful ſhore.
Ah! when he ſet the watery empire free,
And ſwept the fierce Cilician from the ſea,
Could the ſucceſsful warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future ſafety, then, he fought!
At length the gathering fathers of the ſtate,
In full aſſembly, on their leader wait:
Within Syedra's walls their ſenate meets,
Whom, ſighing, thus th' illuſtrious exile greets.
My friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my country's ſtead;
Though quite defenceleſs and unarm'd we ſtand,
On this Cilician, naked, foreign ſtrand;
Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
And ſeem to ſeek for counſel in deſpair;
Preſerve your ſouls undaunted, free, and great,
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet,

Spite

Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
From Afric's duſt abandon'd Marius roſe,
To ſeize the Faſces, and inſult his foes.
My loſs is lighter, leſs is my diſgrace;
Shall I deſpair to reach my former place?
Still on the Grecian ſeas my navies ride,
And many a valiant leader owns my ſide.
All that Pharſalia's luckleſs field could do,
Was to diſperſe my forces, not ſubdue.
Still ſafe beneath my former fame I ſtand,
Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
'Tis yours to counſel and determine, whom
We ſhall apply to, in the cauſe of Rome;
What faithful friend may beſt aſſiſtance bring;
The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian king.
For me, what courſe my thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to ſpeak.
What moſt diſlike me in the Pharian prince,
Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd ſenſe:
Virtue, in youth, no ſtable footing finds,
And conſtancy is built on manly minds.
Nor, with leſs danger, may our truſt explore
The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor:
From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
Still mindful of the vanquiſh'd town's diſgrace;
From thence Numidian miſchiefs he derives,
And Hannibal in his falſe heart ſurvives:
With pride he ſaw ſubmiſſive Varus bow,
And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.

To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
Where ſtars unknown in diſtant azure burn;
Where Caſpian hills to part the world ariſe,
And night and day ſucceed in other ſkies;
Where rich Aſſyrian plains Euphrates laves,
And ſeas diſcolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
There ruſhing ſquadrons thunder o'er the plain;
There young and old the bow promiſcuous bend,
And fatal ſhafts with aim unerring ſend.
They firſt the Macedonian phalanx broke,
And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian ſtroke;
They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
And taught aſpiring Babylon to yield;
Fearleſs againſt the Roman pile they ſtood,
And triumph'd in our vanquiſh'd Craſſus' blood.
Nor truſt they to the points of piercing darts,
But furniſh death with new improving arts,
In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly,
And if they taſte the blood, the wounded die.
Too well their powers and favouring gods we know,
And wiſh our fate much rather would allow
Some other aid againſt the common foe.
With unauſpicious ſuccour ſhall they come,
Nurs'd in the hate and rivalſhip of Rome.
With theſe, the neighbouring nations round ſhall arm,
And the whole eaſt rouze at the dire alarm.
Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
Yet would I chooſe in that ſtrange land to die:
There let our ſhipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
Our loſs forgotten, and our names unknown:

Securely

Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly ſue to kings, whoſe crowns I gave:
From Cæſar free, enjoy my lateſt hour,
And ſcorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still, when my thoughts my former days reſtore,
With joy, methinks, I run thoſe regions o'er;
There, much the better parts of life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er Mæotis ſpread my happy name,
And Tanaïs ran conſcious of my fame;
My vanquiſh'd enemies my conqueſts mourn'd,
And cover'd ſtill with laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my preſent cares for thee;
Thine is the gain, whate'er the event ſhall be.
What greater boon canſt thou from heaven demand,
Than in thy cauſe to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus ſhall wage thy civil war,
And thoſe that hate thee, in thy ruin ſhare.
When Cæſar and Phraates battle join,
They muſt revenge, or Craſſus' wrongs, or mine.
  The leader ceas'd; and ſtraight a murmuring ſound
Ran through the diſapproving fathers round.
With theſe, in high pre-eminence, there ſate
Diſtinguiſh'd Lentulus, the conſul late:
None with more generous indignation ſtung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he roſe, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the ſubject, and the man:
  Can then Pharſalia's ruins thus control
The former greatneſs of thy Roman ſoul?

Muſt the whole world, our laws and country, yield
To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Haſt thou no hopes of ſuccour, no retreat,
But mean proſtration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and ſky,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt a fugitive to fly;
New ſtars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore?
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worſhip their fires, and on their kings depend?
Why didſt thou draw the world to arms around,
Why cheat mankind with liberty's ſweet ſound?
Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæſar brave,
When thou canſt yield thyſelf a tyrant's ſlave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror ſhook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
Who ſaw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main;
Shall ſhe, that very Parthia, ſee thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble ſuppliant bow?
Then haughtily with Rome her greatneſs mate,
And ſcorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
Thy tongue, in eaſtern languages untaught,
Shall want the words that ſhould explain thy thought:
Tears, then, unmanly, muſt thy ſuit declare;
And ſuppliant hands, uplifted, ſpeak thy prayer.
Shall Parthia (ſhall it to our ſhame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her own?
Our war no interfering kings demands,
Nor ſhall be truſted to barbarian hands:

Among

Among ourſelves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome ſhall ſerve the rebel ſon ſhe bore.
Why would'ſt thou bid our foes trangreſs their bound,
And teach their feet to tread Heſperian ground?
With enſigns, torn from Craſſus, ſhall they come,
And, with his raviſh'd honours, threaten Rome;
His fate thoſe blood-ſtain'd eagles ſhall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall.
Canſt thou believe the monarch, who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his ſuccours to thy waining ſtate,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate?
No eaſtern courage forms a thought ſo great.
In cold laborious climes the wintery north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of ſoul, and ſteady in the field;
While Aſia's ſofter climate, form'd to pleaſe,
Diſſolves her ſons in inſolence and eaſe.
Here ſilken robes inveſt unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple ſtreams.
Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds reſtrain,
Or ruſhing Tigris cuts the level plain,
Swifter than winds along the champian borne,
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And, diſtant ſtill, the vain purſuer ſcorn.
Nor with like eaſe they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their ſpeed delay.
Whene'er the thicker ſhades of night ariſe,
Unaim'd the ſhaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor

Nor are they form'd with conſtancy to meet
Thoſe toils, that make the panting ſoldier ſweat:
To climb the heights, to ſtem the rapid flood,
To make the duſty noon-day battle good,
Horrid with wounds, and cruſted o'er in blood.
Nor war's machines they know, nor have the ſkill
To ſhake the rampire, or the trench to fill:
Each fence that can their winged ſhafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, ſecure.
Light are their ſkirmiſhes, their war is flight,
And ſtill to wheel their wavering troops delight.
To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
And then to truſt them to the flitting air.
Whene'er their bows have ſpent the feather'd ſtore,
The mighty buſineſs of their war is o'er:
No manly ſtrokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving ſwords in ſturdy combate ſtand.
With ſwords the valiant ſtill their foes invade;
Theſe call in drugs and poiſon to their aid.
Are theſe the powers to whom thou bidſt us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
Shall theſe barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd?
But be it ſo! that death ſhall bring thee peace,
That here thy ſorrows and thy toils ſhall ceaſe.
Death is what man ſhould wiſh. But, oh! what fate
Shall on thy wife, thy ſad ſurvivor, wait!
For her, where luſt with lawleſs empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd deſires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?

How their wild monarch, like the beſtial race,
Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace?
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with feaſting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can ſate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From ſiſters and from mothers to abſtain.
The Greek and Roman, with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boaſt inceſtuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like theſe they can ſecurely brave,
What laws, what power, ſhall thy Cornelia ſave?
Think, how the helpleſs matron may be led,
The thouſandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant claſps his noble ſlave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand ſhe gave,
Her beauties oft in ſcorn he ſhall prefer,
And chooſe t' inſult the Roman name in her.
Theſe are the powers to whom thou would'ſt ſubmit,
And Rome's revenge and Craſſus' quite forget.
Thy cauſe, preferr'd to his, becomes thy ſhame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæſar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine!
How well your conquering legions might you lead,
'Gainſt the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
Level proud Babylon's aſpiring domes,
And with their ſpoils inrich our ſlaughter'd leaders' tombs?

No

No longer, Fortune! let our friendſhip laſt,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous Eaſt;
If civil ſtrife with Cæſar's conqueſt end,
To Aſia let his proſperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bleſs,
And Rome herſelf make vows for his ſucceſs.
Whene'er thou paſs the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged ſhade ſhall greet thee on the ſhore,
Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendſhip, to theſe foes of Rome?
Thou! from whoſe hand we hop'd revenge in vain,
Poor naked ghoſts, a thin unbury'd train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every ſide new objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful monument of Roman woes;
On every wall freſh marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale Heſperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian ſlaughter dy'd.
If ſights like theſe thou canſt with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy ſoul would fear?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf with joy may be beheld,
Inthron'd on ſlaughter in Emathia's field.
Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithleſs reign;
Abounding Ægypt ſhall receive thee yet,
And yield, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure retreat.

By

By nature ſtrengthen'd with a dangerous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largeſs of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjuſt ſuſpicions brand his truth;
Candour and innocence ſtill dwell with youth.
Truſt not a power accuſtom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of ſtate.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By intereſt and by craft alone are ſway'd,
And violate with eaſe the leagues they made:
While new ones ſtill make conſcience of the truſt,
True to their friends, and to their ſubjects juſt.
He ſpoke; the liſtening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's ſuffrage, and his counſel fail'd.
And now Cilicia's coaſt the fleet forſake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus to love's ambroſial goddeſs dear,
For ever grateful ſmoke the altars there:
Indulgent ſtill ſhe hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite ſeas from whence ſhe roſe.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the ſame.
The craggy clifts of Cyprus quickly paſt,
The chief runs ſouthward o'er the ocean vaſt.

Nor

But if thou wiſh to lay thy greatneſs down,
To ſome more juſt ſucceſſion yield thy crown;
Thy rival ſiſter willingly ſhall reign,
And ſave our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at firſt, in neutral peace we lay,
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæſar's prey.
Vanquiſh'd, where-e'er his fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with ſcorn, from all the world beſide,
By Cæſar chac'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining ſenate loath his ſight,
And ruin'd monarchs curſe his fatal flight:
While thouſand fantoms from th' unbury'd ſlain,
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Diſaſtrous ſtill purſue him in the rear,
And urge his ſoul with horror and deſpair.
To us for refuge now he ſeeks to run,
And would once more with Ægypt be undone.
Rouſe then, oh! Ptolemy, repreſs the wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may ſhare
The crimes of ſlaughter, and the woes of war.
His friendſhip ſhewn to thee ſuſpicions draws,
And makes us ſeem too guilty of his cauſe:
Thy crown beſtow'd, the victor may impute;
The ſenate gave it, but at Pompey's ſuit.
Nor, Pompey! thou thyſelf ſhall think it hard,
If from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd.
We follow where the god, conſtraining, lead;
We ſtrike at thine, but wiſh 'twere Cæſar's head.

Our

Our weakneſs this, this fate's compulſion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to ſpill;
Power awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
What hopes thy fond miſtaking ſoul betray'd,
To put thy truſt in Ægypt's feeble aid?
Our ſlothful nation, long diſus'd to toil,
With pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy ſoil,
Our idle force due modeſty ſhould teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach.
Shall we reſiſt where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharſalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal ſtrife before:
And ſhall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging victor's power?
Nor do we turn, unpitying, from diſtreſs;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but ſeek ſucceſs.
The prudent on the proſperous ſtill attends,
And none but fools chooſe wretches for their friends.
He ſaid; the vile aſſembly all aſſent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent.
Fond of the royalty his ſlaves beſtow'd,
And by new power of wickedneſs made proud.
Where Caſium high o'erlooks the ſhoaly ſtrand,
A bark with armed ruffians ſtraight is mann'd,
And the taſk truſted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Ægyptian ſouls thus proudly dare!
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let ſuch blood by cowards hands be ſpilt?

Some kindred murderer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by Cæſar's worthy ſword,
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy hand in ſuch a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread
Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd world his conqueſt own'd;
Had not the reverend ſenate call'd him head,
And Cæſar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman ſtill: a name ſhould be
For ever ſacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his ruin, who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er Ægypt's realm to reign.
The ſeamen, now, advancing near to ſhore,
Strike the wide ſail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the falſe miſcreants the navy meet,
And with diſſembled chear the Roman greet.
They feign their hoſpitable land addreſs'd,
With ready friendſhip, to receive her gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient ſhore,
Where ſhoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ſhip, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to paſs.
Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
A thouſand ſigns the danger near foretel,
Seen by his ſad preſaging friends too well.

Had

Had their low fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himſelf with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
But thus Fate will'd; and Pompey choſe to bear
A certain death, before uncertain fear.
While, now, aboard the hoſtile boat he goes,
To follow him, the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnerſhip in all his woes.
But, oh! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear;
Thou and my ſon remain in ſafety here.
Let this old head the danger firſt explore,
And prove the faith of yon' ſuſpected ſhore.
He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager hands:
Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy veſſel to my Leſbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful iſland borne?
Muſt I all lands, all ſhores, alike, forbear,
And only on the ſeas thy ſorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs tongue,
While eager from the deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild aſtoniſhment and fear,
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, ſolicitous, the dire event.

No danger aim'd againſt his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his name renown'd,
By mean ſubmiſſion to the boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile diſhonour muſt it bring)
The ruffian ſlave of an Ægyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthleſs as the ſavage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld
This hand of miſchief from Pharſalia's field?
But, thus, thou ſcatter'ſt thy deſtroying ſwords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
Can Roman hands be to the taſk decreed!
Ev'n Cæſar, and his gods, abhor the deed.
Say you! who with the ſtain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monſtrous title, yet to ſpeech unknown,
To lateſt times ſhall mark Septimius down!
Now in the boat defenceleſs Pompey ſate,
Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthleſs ſword:
The chief perceiv'd their purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
His Roman gown with patience, o'er his head;

And

And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breaſt,
His riſing indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No ſighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
Nor tears his ſtill unſully'd glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his ſeat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting ſoul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt trial, and my laſt,
As in ſome theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, ſhall be
A theme for preſent times, and late poſterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praiſe,
And honours waited on my early days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread period meet,
And force the world to own the ſcene complete.
Nor grieve, my heart! by ſuch baſe hands to bleed;
Whoever ſtrikes the blow, 'tis Cæſar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcaſe ſhall be torn,
Theſe limbs be toſt about for public ſcorn;
My long proſperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely, like a friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from fortune's power,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My wife and ſon behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate purſue!
My virtue rather let their praiſe approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.
Such conſtancy in that dread hour remain'd,
And, to the laſt, the ſtruggling ſoul ſuſtain'd.

Not ſo the matron's feebler powers repreſs'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breaſt:
With every ſtab her bleeding heart was torn,
With wounds much harder to be ſeen, than borne.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My love the ſword and ruthleſs hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal iſle,
That cruel Cæſar firſt might reach the Nile;
For Cæſar ſure is there; no hand but his
Has right to ſuch a parricide as this.
But whether Cæſar, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the way to Pompey's heart:
That ſacred pledge in my ſad boſom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and ſworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives, I ſingly bore
The camp's fatigue, the ſea's tempeſtuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from Pharſalia's field.
Ah, Pompey! doſt thou thus thy faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But Fate ſhall many means of death afford,
Nor want th' aſſiſtance of a tyrant's ſword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the ſtrangling cordage tie;
If their be any friend of Pompey nigh,
Transfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.

My

My lord! my huſband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting victor's chain.
She ſpoke; and ſtiffening ſunk in cold deſpair;
Her weeping maids the lifeleſs burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every ſail, and fly the faithleſs ſhore.
Nor agonies, nor livid death, diſgrace
The ſacred features of the hero's face;
In the cold viſage, mournfully ſerene;
The ſame indignant majeſty was ſeen;
There virtue ſtill unchangeable abode,
And ſcorn'd the ſpite of every partial god.
The bloody buſineſs now complete and done,
New Furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead;
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he preſs'd,
While yet the quivering muſcles life confeſs'd:
He drew the dragging body down with haſte,
Then croſs a rower's ſeat the neck he plac'd;
There, aukward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headſman's art was then but rudely known).
Straight on the ſpoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robs the heartleſs villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meaner miſchief poorly ſhares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow,
In hoary ringlets, on his generous brow,

To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Thoſe ſacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the liſtening Forum oft has hung;
That tongue which could the world with eaſe reſtrain,
And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which ſucceſs came ſmiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome;
Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a ſpear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his deteſted deed.
His ſlaves ſtraight drain the ſerous parts away,
And arm the waſting fleſh againſt decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void veſſels paſs,
And for duration fix the ſtiffening maſs.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and baſe!
Thou laſt and worſt of the Lagæan race!
Whoſe feeble throne, ere long, ſhall be compell'd,
To thy laſcivious ſiſter's reign to yield:
Canſt thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The raſh vain youth of Macedon inſhrine;
Can Ægypt ſuch ſtupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canſt thou, beneath ſuch monumental pride,
Thy worthleſs Ptolomæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headleſs trunk is toſs'd
In ſcorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coaſt?
Was it ſo much? Could not thy care ſuffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?

In

In this, his fortune ever held the ſame,
Still wholly kind, or wholly croſs, ſhe came.
Patient, his long proſperity ſhe bore,
But kept this death, and this ſad day, in ſtore.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To eaſe his ſorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the ſweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No ſooner was he ſtruck by fortune's hand,
But, ſee! he lies unbury'd on the ſand;
Rocks tear him, billows toſs him up and down,
And Pompey by a headleſs trunk is known.
Yet ere proud Cæſar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile:
In pity half, and half in ſcorn, ſhe gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His quæſtor in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a cloſe cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring ſhore betook his way:
Safe in the ſhelter of the gloomy ſhade,
And by ſtrong ties of pious duty ſway'd,
The fearleſs youth the watery ſtrand ſurvey'd.
'Twas now the thickeſt darkneſs of the night,
And waining Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet ſoon the glimmering goddeſs plainly ſhew'd
The paler corſe, amidſt the duſky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with ſtrong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long ſtrove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the ſacred burden on with pain.

Nigh weary now, the waves inſtruct him well,
To ſeize th' advantage of th' alternate ſwell:
Borne on the mounting ſurge, to ſhore he flies,
And on the beach in ſafety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then, lifting to the gloomy ſkies his head,
Thus to the ſtars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:
See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, laſt little boon beſtow.
He aſks no heaps of frankincenſe to riſe,
No eaſtern odours to perfume the ſkies;
No Roman necks his patriot corſe to bear,
No reverend train of ſtatues to appear;
No pageant ſhows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering ſword;
No inſtruments in plaintive notes to ſound.
No legions ſad to march in ſolemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With ſome poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, theſe wretched relicks now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loſs, ſuffice;
She takes not her laſt leave, ſhe weeps not here,
And yet ſhe is, ye gods! ſhe is too near.
Thus while he ſpoke, he ſaw where through the ſhade
A ſlender flame its gleaming light diſplay'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.

He

He ſeiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he ſaid)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendleſs ſhade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyſelf a better office ſhalt ſupply.
If there be ſenſe in ſouls departed, thine
To my great leader ſhall her rites reſign:
With humble joy ſhall quit her meaner claim,
And bluſh to burn, when Pompey wants the flame.
He ſaid; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring ſhore.
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the flood, half reſting on the ground.
With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the ſky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late ſhipwreck caſt upon the ſtrand;
Theſe pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the blaze began to riſe around,
The youth ſat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the ſtormy ſeas
Seem better to thy ghoſt, than rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd ſhade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit.
Fate ſeems itſelf, in my excuſe to plead,
And thy hard fortune juſtifies my deed,

I only wiſh'd, nor is that wiſh in vain,
To ſave thee from the monſters of the main;
From vultures claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæſar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withſtand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.
If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Heſperian land to ſee,
With me thy exil'd aſhes ſhall return,
And chaſte Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Mean-while, a ſignal ſhall thy care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to theſe thy limbs reſtore:
Then ſhall he mark the witneſs of my ſtone,
And, taught by me, thy ſacred ghoſt atone.

He ſpoke; and ſtraight, with buſy, pious hands,
Heap'd on the ſmoaking corſe the ſcatter'd brands,
Slow ſunk amidſt the fire the waſting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering ſtars to fade away,
Before the roſy promiſe of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfiniſh'd rites forſook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.

Ah! why thus raſhly would thy fears diſclaim
That only deed, which muſt record thy name?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf ſhall juſt applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his ſon is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled head.

But

But ſoon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmouldering carcaſe burns;
Ere yet the cleanſing fire had melted down
The fleſhy muſcles, from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, haſty, in a narrow grave:
Then with a ſtone the ſacred duſt he binds,
To guard it from the breath of ſcattering winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs mariner ſhould come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps,
"Beneath this ſtone the once great Pompey ſleeps."
Oh fortune! can thy malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with Cæſar's every wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire ſtretches, Pompey lies:
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyſa's hill, for Bacchus only, ſtand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome?
If fate decrees he muſt in Ægypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply:
Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.

But

But if one ſtone muſt bear the ſacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the paſſenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquiſh'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With theſe, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquiſh'd eaſt:
Tell with what loud applauſe of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greateſt, beſt renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the taſk ſuffice!
Inſtead of theſe, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Faſti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

Oh fatal land! what curſe can I beſtow,
Equal to thoſe, we to thy miſchiefs owe?
Well did the wiſe Cumæan maid of yore
Warn our Heſperian chiefs to ſhun thy ſhore.
Forbid, juſt heavens! your dews to bleſs the ſoil,
And thou withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to ſandy deſerts turn.
Have we, with honours, dead Oſiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's ſound;

Rece

Receiv'd her Iſis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in deſpite to Pompey's injur'd ſhade,
Low in her duſt his ſacred bones are laid!
And thou, oh Rome! by whoſe forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, ſtand,
Canſt thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghoſt in baniſhment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy baſe fear,
Bad thee, at firſt, the pious taſk forbear;
Yet now, at leaſt, oh let him now return,
And reſt with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let miſtaken ſuperſtition dread,
On ſuch occaſions, to diſturb the dead:
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious taſk ſhould be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his aſhes in my boſom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth ſhall from the center ſhake;
When blaſting dews the riſing harveſt ſeize,
Or nations ſicken with ſome dire diſeaſe:
The gods, in mercy to us, ſhall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accurſed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long proceſſions ſhall the prieſts appear,
And their great chief the ſacred relicks bear.
Or if thou ſtill poſſeſs the Pharian ſhore,
What traveller but ſhall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning ſoil,
Or viſit ſultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:

Or

Or if the merchants drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy ſhade ſhall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable ſtone.
For who but ſhall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raiſe
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praiſe;
Though his proud name on altars may preſide,
And thine be waſh'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave ſhall the vain pageantry deſpiſe,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.
Ev'n thoſe who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer ſacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worſhip where the bury'd thunder lies.
Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble ſhall record thy mighty name.
So may thy duſt, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age ſhall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this ſtone;
When Ægypt's boaſt of Pompey's tomb ſhall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheoſis; from thence, after a ſhort account of Cato's gathering up the relicks of the battle of Pharſalia, and tranſporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to deſcribe Cornelia's paſſion upon the death of her huſband. Amongſt other things, ſhe informs his ſon Sextus of his father's laſt commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus ſets ſail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occaſion the poet deſcribes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the diſorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeaſes. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he reſolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a deſcription of the Syrts, and their dangerous paſſage by them, follows Cato's ſpeech to encourage the ſoldiers to march through the deſerts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deſerts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digreſſion concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's perſuaſion to Cato to enquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous anſwer. From thence, after a warm elogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of ſerpents in Afric; and this, with the deſcription of the various kinds, and the ſeveral deaths of

the ſoldiers by them, is perhaps the moſt poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæſar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having ſhewn him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occaſion to ſpeak well of poetry in general, and himſelf in particular. Cæſar, upon his arrival on the coaſt of Ægypt, is met by an ambaſſador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the preſent (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a ſeeming grief for the misfortune of ſo great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great ſoul upon the banks of Nile,
Nor longer, by the earthy parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched reliques was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling ſtarry ſphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her ſilver light;
Their happy ſeats the demi-gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliſs;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and ſtars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's ſoul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt abode, with wonder fill'd,
The ſtars and moving planets he beheld;

Then

Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our duſky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the ſhore forlorn
His headleſs trunk was caſt for public ſcorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, ſtill,
Took pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs carcaſe ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below,
Then lightly paſſing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy ſcatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæſar's tents; he fix'd at laſt
His reſidence in Brutus' ſacred breaſt:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he ſate,
The ſtate's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might ſtill her Pompey find,
There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep ſuſpenſe the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it ſhould obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's ſelf did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though, by the ſenate's juſt command, they ſtood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharſalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd ſide.
His helpleſs country, like an orphan left,
Friendleſs and poor, of all ſupport bereft,
He took and cheriſh'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the trade of war.

Nor luſt of empire did his courage ſway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Paſſions and private intereſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing victor to prevent;
Who, marching ſudden on to new ſucceſs,
The ſcatter'd legions might with eaſe oppreſs,
There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
The flying hoſt, a thouſand ſhips he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had deſcry'd
The paſſing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diſtant ocean ſpread,
Could have believ'd thoſe mighty numbers fled?
Malea o'erpaſt, and the Tænarian ſhore,
With ſwelling ſails he for Cythera bore:
Then Crete he ſaw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Dictæan iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold Phycuntine's churliſh pride,
(Their ſhores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable city waſte.
Thence wafted forward, to the coaſt he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name.
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince Libya's Palinure has ſhown
Her peaceful ſhores were to the Trojan known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry with doubtful pain,
Another navy on the diſtant main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:

The victor's haſte inclines them moſt to fear;
Each veſſel ſeems a hoſtile face to wear,
And every ſail they ſpy, they fancy Cæſar there.
But oh thoſe ſhips a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they wafted to the ſhore:
Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.
When long the ſad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
With Sextus long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relicks of her murder'd lord;
The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs ſhore:
Still grief and love their various hopes inſpire,
Till ſhe beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,
Till on the land ſhe ſees th' ignoble flame
Aſcend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into juſt complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious indignation ſpoke:
Oh fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t'afford
My love's laſt office to my deareſt lord?
Am I one chaſte, one laſt embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold ſide,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad torch to bear,
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the ſhore the noble ſpoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and ſacred duſt be borne,
In this ſad boſom, to their peaceful urn?

Whate'er the laſt conſuming flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relicks give?
Perhaps, this laſt reſpect, which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile Ægyptian hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the Roman ſhade below.
Happy, my Craſſus, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beaſts of prey!
Here the laſt rites the cruel gods allow,
And for a curſe my Pompey's pile beſtow.
For ever will the ſame ſad fate return?
Still an unburied huſband muſt I mourn,
And weep my ſorrows o'er an empty urn?
But why ſhould tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
And fix'd in every deareſt vital part?
O'er monuments ſurviving wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need them, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they riſe,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy ſmoke all eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the riſing day.
Me too the winds demand, with freſhening gales;
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
No land on earth ſeems dear as Ægypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did beſtow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.

That

That happy Pompey to my thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed land:
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian ſhore.
Thou, Sextus, thou ſhalt prove the chance of war,
And through the world thy father's enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt command, intruſted to my care.
" When e'er my laſt, my fatal hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my ſons, for liberty and Rome;
" While one ſhall of our free-born race remain,
" Let him prevent the tyrant Cæſar's reign.
" From each free city round, from every land,
" Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
" Theſe are the parties, theſe the friends he leaves,
" This legacy your dying father gives.
" If for the ſea's wide rule your arms you bear,
" A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
" Heirs of my fame, my ſons, ſhall wage my war.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
" And, like your father, ſtill defend the right.
" To Cato, if for liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
" Brave, juſt, and only worthy to command."
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my truſt;
Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing ſhade I go:

If longer with a lingering fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love, and fatal grief, ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for ſuccour to the ſword,
The ſteepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herſelf ſhall find her own relief,
And ſcorn to die of any death but grief.
So ſaid the matron; and about her head
Her veil ſhe draws, her mournful eyes to ſhade.
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt ſhades her woe,
She ſeeks the ſhip's deep darkſome hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her ſorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with freſh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her huſband's ſtead.
In vain the beating ſurges rage aloud,
And ſwelling Eurus grumbles in the ſhroud;
Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noiſy cries of fear can move;
In ſullen peace compos'd for death ſhe lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempeſt riſe;
Then hopes the ſeamens vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the ſtorm, and wiſhes to be loſt.
Soon from the Pharian coaſt the navy bore,
And ſought through foamy ſeas the Cyprian ſhore;
Soft eaſtern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
With mournful looks from land, (as oft, we know,
A ſad prophetic ſpirit waits on woe,)

Pompey

Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haſte he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries:
Do we yet live? Stands yet the ſovereign ſtate?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and ſeas divide
From woes, which did to theſe ſad eyes betide:
Theſe eyes! which of their horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our godlike father ſlain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor ſuffer'd him to fall by Cæſar's ſword.
Truſting in vain to hoſpitable gods,
He dy'd, oppreſs'd by vile Ægyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's ſlimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
Theſe eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and ſcarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Ægyptian could ſo greatly dare;
But ſtill I look'd, and fancy'd Cæſar there.
But, oh! not all his wounds ſo much did move,
Pierc'd my ſad ſoul, and ſtruck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a ſpear;
Through every town 'tis ſhown, the vulgar's ſport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.

'Tis

'Tis said, that Ptolemy preſerves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent or borne away,
By foul Ægyptian dogs, and birds of prey:
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by thoſe wretched flames, we ſaw, conſum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpuniſh'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preſerv'd alone we grieve.
Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury, calls aloud to arm;
Nor ſeeks in ſighs and helpleſs tears relief,
But thus in pious rage expreſs'd his grief:
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to ſea,
Urge on againſt the winds our adverſe way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relicks aſk your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Ægypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And ſooth the ghoſt with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander ſhall his prieſts defend,
Forc'd from his golden ſhrine he ſhall deſcend:
In Mareotis deep I 'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh waves the royal carcaſe drown.
From his proud pyramid Amaſis torn,
With his long dynaſties my rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.
Each ſtately tomb and monumental ſtone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, ſhall atone.

Iſis

Iſis no more ſhall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor God Oſiris in his linen ſhrowd;
Stript of their ſhrines, with ſcorn they ſhall be caſt,
To be by ignominious hands defac'd;
Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
To Pompey's duſt a ſacrifice ſhall bleed,
While burning deities the flame ſhall feed.
Waſte ſhall the land be laid, and never know
The tiller's care, not feel the crooked plow:
None ſhall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
Till, the gods baniſh'd, and the people gone,
Ægypt to Pompey ſhall be left alone.
He ſaid; then haſty to revenge he flew,
And ſeaward out the ready navy drew;
But cooler Cato did the youth aſſwage,
And praiſing much, compreſt his filial rage.
Meantime the ſhores, the ſeas, and ſkies around,
With mournful cries for Pompey's death reſound.
A rare example have their ſorrows ſhown,
Yet in no age beſide, nor people known,
How falling power did with compaſſion meet,
And crouds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
But when the ſad Cornelia firſt appear'd,
When on the deck her mournful head ſhe rear'd,
Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
With all the pomp of grief's diſorder'd grace;
When they beheld her, waſted quite with woe,
And ſpent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their loſs, again complain,
And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.

Soon

Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly ſtrand,
Her lord's laſt rites employ her pious hand;
To his dear ſhade ſhe builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble ſpoil.
There ſhone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which ſhe herſelf had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erſt diſplay'd:
The relicks of his paſt victorious days,
Now this his lateſt trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
The ſoldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharſalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the ſhores, the flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandering ſhades, aſcend,
So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
The wintery paſtures to their verdant hue,
That flowers may riſe, and ſpringing graſs return,
With ſpreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the diſtant wandering ſwains to gaze;
Far are the glittering fires deſcry'd by night,
And gild the duſky ſkies around with light.
But, oh! not all the ſorrows of the croud
That ſpoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's ſoul, like Cato's pride, could move;

Few

Few were his words, but from an honeſt heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for paſſion and for art.
We 've loſt a Roman citizen (he ſaid):
One of the nobleſt of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by their ſtricteſt rules of juſtice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, tranſgreſs'd her law,
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom ſtill, though he was great;
He ſway'd the ſenate, but they rul'd the ſtate.
When crouds were willing to have worn his chain,
He choſe his private ſtation to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundleſs power he never ſought to uſe,
Nor aſk'd, but what the people might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his ſtore,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the ſword, but knew its rage to charm,
And lov'd peace beſt, when he was forc'd to arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter houſhold and his frugal board,
Nor lewdneſs did, nor luxury afford,
Ev n in the higheſt fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerably round the nations known,
And as Rome's faireſt light and brighteſt glory ſhone.

When

When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toſt,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom loſt,
Some ſhadow yet was left, ſome ſhew of power;
Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant bluſh to mount the throne.
Oh, happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling ſtate,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe Pharian ſwords to want.
Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy Julia's father reign;
Free death is man's firſt bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such mercy only I from Juba crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me Juba's ſlave)
To Cæſar let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my carcaſe, ſo he takes my head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble ſhade below,
More than a thouſand orators could do;
Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
And Rome's full Forum with his praiſe had rung.
But diſcord now infects the ſullen croud,
And now they tell their diſcontents aloud:
When Tarchon firſt his flying enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the ſhore;
Him Cato thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd:
Oh, reſtleſs author of the roving war,
Doſt thou again piratic arms prepare?
Pompey, thy terror and thy ſcourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the ſeas alone.

He

He ſaid, and bent his frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief addreſs'd,
And thus their wearineſs of war confeſs'd:
For Pompey's ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, theſe arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to peace: but, Cato, now,
That cauſe, that maſter of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our abſent country mourn,
But to our homes and houſhold gods return;
To the chaſte arms from whoſe embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For, oh! what period can the war attend,
Which nor Pharſalia's field nor Pompey's death can end?
The better times of flying life are paſt,
Let death come gently on in peace at laſt.
Let age at length with providential care
The neceſſary pile and urn prepare,
All rites the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquiſh'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke;
The victor ſtill a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the ſovereign ſway;
Cæſar was next, and him we now obey;
With reverence be the ſacred ſhade ador'd,
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæſar and ſuperior chance we yield:
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.

Not

Nor ſhall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes moleſt the ſtate,
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow Fate.
What terms, what ſafety, can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy ſhall allow?
Once Pompey's preſence juſtify'd the cauſe,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
With him the honours of that cauſe lie dead,
And all the ſanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome theſe arms doſt bear,
If ſtill thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's enſigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high:
No matter who to Pompey's power ſucceeds,
We follow where a Roman conſul leads.
This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful ſort
Join in his flight, and haſte to leave the port;
The ſenſeleſs croud their liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæſar's chain.
Tyrannic power now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born ſtate,
Till Cato ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her fate:
Did then your vows and ſervile prayers conſpire
Nought but a haughty maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The ſlaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the ſhining ſword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.

Some

Some mighty chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Yourſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourſelves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do at length afford
A cauſe moſt worthy of a Roman ſword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your ſucceſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign power invade,
Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
And ſhall the Pharian ſword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?
Baſe as you are, in vile ſubjection go,
And ſcorn what Ptolemy did ill beſtow.
Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy hands in blood;
Feebly awhile you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire Pharſalia's field;
Go then ſecure, for Cæſar will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with eaſe ſubdued;
The pitying victor will in mercy ſpare
The wretch, who never durſt provoke his war.
Go, ſordid ſlaves! one lordly maſter gone,
Like heirlooms go from father to the ſon.
Still to enhance your ſervile merit more,
Bear ſad Cornelia weeping from the ſhore;
Meanly for hire expoſe the matron's life,
Metellus' daughter fell, and Pompey's wife;

Take too his ſons: let Cæſar find in you
Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
But let not my devoted life be ſpar'd,
The tyrant greatly ſhall that deed reward;
Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
That all your former wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my blood do Cæſar right,
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.
He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying naval power;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the ſhore.
As when the bees their waxen town forſake,
Careleſs in air their wandering way they take,
No more in cluſtering ſwarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various ſky;
No more from flowers they ſuck the liquid ſweet,
But all their care and induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling braſs they hear,
With ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and ſip the balmy dew.
Meantime, ſecure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
With joy exults the happy ſhepherd ſwain;
Proud that his art had thus preſerv'd his ſtore,
He ſcorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient ſoldiers minds prepare,
To learn obedience and endure the war.
And now the winds, unknowing of repoſe,
With busy toil to exercise he choſe;
Still with ſucceſſive labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary marches try'd.

Before Cyrene's walls they now ſit down;
And here the victor's mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no vengeance of the captive town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the vanquiſh'd live,
Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the ſwarthy Moor;
But Nature's boundaries the journey ſtay,
The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn oppoſition, and ſtill hope ſucceſs.
When nature's hand the firſt formation try'd,
When ſeas from lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The Syrts, not quite of ſea nor land bereft,
A mingled maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;
For nor the land with ſeas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the waters deep their oozy bed,
Nor earth defends its ſhore, nor lifts aloft its head.
The ſite with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lies;
Or 'tis a ſea with ſhallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
Here ſhores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
And there an inland ocean lags behind.
Thus nature's purpoſe, by herſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to herſelf and unemploy'd,
And part of her creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the world and time began,
Her ſwelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
But long confining on the burning zone,
The ſinking ſeas have felt the neighbouring ſun.

Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant ages, 'twill be found,
When future ſuns have run the burning round,
Theſe Syrts ſhall all be dry and ſolid grouud;
Small are the depths their ſcanty waves retain,
And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
And now the loaden fleet with active oars
Divide the liquid plain, and leave the ſhores,
When cloudy ſkies a gathering ſtorm preſage,
And Auſter from the South began to rage.
Full from the land the ſounding tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling ſurge, and ſweeps the ſhores;
The wind purſues, drives on the rolling ſand,
And gives new limits to the growing land.
'Spite of the ſeamen's toil, the ſtorm prevails;
In vain with ſkilful ſtrength he hands the ſails,
In vain the cordy cables bind them faſt,
At once it rips and rends them from the maſt;
At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
Then whirl and whiſk it through the ſportive air.
Some, timely for the riſing rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe ſheet, and laſh it to the yard:
In vain their care; ſudden the furious blaſt
Snaps by the board, and bears away the maſt;
Of tackling, ſails, and maſts, at once bereft,
The ſhip a naked helpleſs hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling ſea.
But happier ſome a ſteady courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper main.

Their

Their masts they cut, and, driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride:
In vain did, from the southern coast, their foe,
All black with clouds, old stormy Auster blow;
Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay,
Old ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their way.
Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand.
Now pent amidst the shoals the billows roar,
Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore:
Now by the wind driven on in heaps they swell,
The stedfast banks both winds and waves repel:
Still with united force they rage in vain,
The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,
And lift their heads secure amidst the watery plain.
There 'scap'd from seas, upon the faithless strand,
With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seamen stand,
And, cast ashore, look vainly out for land.
Thus some were lost; but far the greater part,
Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,
And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.
These waters to the tuneful god are dear,
Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear;
These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came,
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And speaks the nearer Sun's immediately rays)
Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
And call'd herself from hence the chaste Tritonian maid.

Ere

Here Lethe's ſtreams, from ſecret ſprings below,
Riſe to the light; here heavily, and ſlow,
The ſilent dull forgetful waters flow,
Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Heſperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long ſince, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their loſt honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to queſtion, now, the poet's ſacred ſong.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golden boughs low bending ſtood;
On ſome large tree his folds the ſerpent wound,
The fair Heſperian virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Alcides came to end their care,
Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the Argive ſhore,
And the bright ſpoil to proud Euryſtheus bore.

Theſe famous regions and the Syrts o'erpaſt,
They reach'd the Garamantian coaſt at laſt;
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentleſt clime of Libya's ſkies.

But Cato's ſoul, by dangers unreſtrain'd,
Eaſe and a dull unactive life diſdain'd.
His daring virtue urges to go on,
Through deſert lands, and nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhoſpitable ground,
To ſhun the Syrts, and lead the ſoldier round.

Since

Since now tempeſtuous ſeaſons vex the ſea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way;
He ſees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the ſultry air:
So happ'ly may they journey on ſecure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing froſts endure;
But while cool winds the winter's breath ſupplies,
With gentle warmth the Libyan ſun may riſe,
And both may join and temper well the ſkies.
But ere the toilſome march he undertook,
The hero thus the liſtning hoſt beſpoke:
Fellows in arms! whoſe bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt good,
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood;
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war;
Be now for virtue's nobleſt taſk prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard.
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go:
No leafy ſhades the naked deſerts know,
Nor ſilver ſtreams through flowery meadows flow.
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And ſerpents guard th' unhoſpitable ground.
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;
Rome and her laws we ſeek amidſt theſe ſands.
Let thoſe who, glowing with their country's love,
Reſolve with me theſe dreadful plains to prove,
Nor of return nor ſafety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the reſt to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to diſguiſe,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes,

Thoſe, only thoſe, ſhall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's ſake;
Thoſe who can ſuffer all the worſt can come,
And think it what they owe themſelves and Rome.
If any yet ſhall doubt, or yet ſhall fear;
If life be, more than liberty, his care;
Here, ere we journey farther, let him ſtay,
Inglorious let him, like a ſlave, obey,
And ſeek a maſter in ſome ſafer way.
Foremoſt, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet ſhall foremoſt print the duſty ſoil:
Strike me the firſt, thou flaming God of Day,
Firſt let me feel thy fierce, thy ſcorching ray;
Ye living poiſons all, ye ſnaky train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal plain.
In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirſt.
If e'er for ſhelter to the ſhades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry ſky.
If while the weary ſoldier marches on,
Your leader by diſtinguiſh'd eaſe be known,
Forſake my cauſe, and leave me there alone.
The ſands, the ſerpents, thirſt, and burning heat,
Are dear to patience, and to virtue ſweet;
Virtue, that ſcorns on cowards terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with eaſe;
But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her ſtate,
Then faireſt to herſelf, then moſt complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.

So

So Libya's plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul diſhonours of Pharſalia's day;
So ſhall your courage now tranſcend that fear:
You fled with glory there, to conquer here.
He ſaid; and hardy love of toil inſpir'd;
And every breaſt with godlike ardour fir'd.
Straight, careleſs of return, without delay
Through the wide waſte he took his pathleſs way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his laſt retreat,
Receives the hero, fearleſs of his fate;
Here the good gods his laſt of labours doom,
Here ſhall his bones and ſacred duſt find room,
And his great head be hid, within an humble tomb.
If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part ſhall ſandy Libya claim:
But if we count, as ſuns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by eaſt and weſt the ſkies,
Then, with fair Europe, Libya ſhall combine,
And both to make the weſtern half ſhall join.
Whilſt wide-extended Aſia fills the reſt,
Of all from Tanais to Nile poſſeſt,
And reigns ſole empreſs of the dawning eaſt.
Of all the Libyan ſoil, the kindlieſt found
Far to the weſtern ſeas extends its bound;
Where cooling gales, where gentle Zephyrs fly,
And ſetting ſuns adorn the gaudy ſky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the ſoil, and gurgles o'er the plain;
But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,
Refreſhing dews and fruitful rains are driven;

All

All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, ſpreads his wing,
And with our winter gives the Libyan ſpring.
No wicked wealth infects the ſimple ſoil,
Nor golden ores diſcloſe their ſhining ſpoil:
Pure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
To guilty pride and avarice unknown:
There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
There cool retreats and fragant ſhades beſtow,
And hoſpitably ſcreen their gueſts below.
Safe by their leafy office, long they ſtood
A ſacred, old, unviolated wood,
Till Roman luxury to Afric paſt,
And foreign axes laid their honours waſte.
Thus utmoſt lands are ranſack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd dainties, and the coſtly board,
But rude and waſteful all thoſe regions lie
That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
Their ſultry ſummer ſun, and parching ſky.
No harveſt, there, the ſcatter'd grain repays,
But withering dies, and ere it ſhoots decays:
There never loves to ſpring the mantling vine,
Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine:
The thirſty duſt prevents the ſwelling fruit,
Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root;
Through ſecret veins no tempering moiſtures paſs,
To bind with viſcous force the mouldering maſs;
But genial Jove, averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected ſoil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle head,
As every vegetable ſenſe were dead;

Thence

Thence the wide dreary plains one viſage wear,
Alike in ſummer, winter, ſpring appear,
Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
Thin herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The Naſamonian hinds collect around;
A naked race, and barbarous of mind,
That live upon the loſſes of mankind:
The Syrts ſupply their wants and barren ſoil,
And ſtrow th' unhoſpitable ſhores with ſpoil.
Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy ſtrand,
And hold a commerce, thus, with every diſtant land.
Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
Here he purſued, while Virtue led the way.
Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
Fearleſs of ſtorms and raging winds, by land
Repeat the dangers of the ſwelling main,
And ſtrive with ſtorms and raging winds again.
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his force,
Impetuous Auſter runs his rapid courſe;
Nor mountains here, nor ſtedfaſt rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpacious liſt.
No ſtable groves of ancient oaks ariſe,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling duſt, like waves in eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid heaven is caught;
There hangs a ſullen cloud; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.

Gazing

Gazing, the poor inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt poſſeſſions there,
From earth tranſported, and now fix'd in air.
Not riſing flames attempt a bolder flight;
Like ſmoke by riſing flames uplifted, light
The ſands aſcend, and ſtain the heavens with night.
But now, his utmoſt power and rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy god invades the Roman hoſt;
The ſoldier yields, unequal to the ſhock,
And ſtaggers at the wind's ſtupendous ſtroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
Oh Libya! were thy pliant ſurface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe-compacted ground;
Or hadſt thou rocks, whoſe hollows deep below
Would draw thoſe ranging winds that looſely blow;
Their fury, by thy firmer maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal caves inclos'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once compiete,
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy ſeat:
But well thy ſlitting plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the field.
Helms, ſpears and ſhields, ſnatch'd from the warlike hoſt,
Through heaven's wide regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant nations, with religious fear,
Beheld them, as ſome prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
Such haply was the chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious tale, in prieſtly Numa's days;

Such

Such were thoſe ſhields, and thus they came from heaven,
A ſacred charge to young patricians given;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence through long airy journeys ſafe did come,
To cheat the croud with miracles at Rome.
Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the ſtormy ſouth,
Thus every way aſſail'd the Latian youth:
Each ſeveral method for defence they try,
Now wrap their garments tight, now cloſe they lie:
Now ſinking to the earth, with weight they preſs,
Now claſp it to them with a ſtrong embrace,
Scarce in that poſture ſafe; the driving blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves them off at laſt.
Meantime a ſandy flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling heaps the proſtrate legions drown;
New to the ſudden danger, and diſmay'd,
The frighted ſoldier haſty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and ſtruggling rears his head.
Soon ſhoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty ſummit to the ſky:
High ſandy walls, like forts, their paſſage ſtay,
And riſing mountains intercept their way:
The certain bounds which ſhould their journey guide,
The moving earth and duſty deluge hide;
So landmarks ſink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid ſeas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's ſacred lights above:
Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern ſtars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known luſtre from their eyes.

Now

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on.
The slackening storms the neighbouring sun confess,
The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less,
Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats increase.
As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
Amidst the desert, desolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around, in crouds, the thirsty legions stood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrew'd,
And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure view'd.
Around the leader cast his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce bespoke:
And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most?
Am I the meanest of this Roman host?
Am I the first soft coward that complains?
That shrinks, unequal to these glorious pains?
Am I in ease and infamy the first?
Rather be thou, base as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'st drink, when all beside thee thirst.
He said; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand.
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the general want supply'd.
Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
Whose only altars Libyan lands revere;

There,

There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, ſtands heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal enſigns grace his potent hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the lightning's flaming brand;
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There though he reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Though ſwarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the bleſt, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his ſhrines with coſtly ſheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great fore-fathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temple ſafe from Roman gold.
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's ſpace,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the looſe ſands by plenteous ſprings are bound,
Knit to a maſs, and moulded into ground:
Here ſmiling nature wears a fertile dreſs,
And all things here the preſent god confeſs.
Yet here the ſun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly ſhelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches ſhield;
The rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the ſhadow chace.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:

Here

Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rife,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the ſkies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor hides the Maid the fifty ſign defcend.
The Boys and Centaur fully time divide,
And equally their ſeveral ſeaſons guide:
Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return,
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan ſires, and ſcorching zone;
Northward from them the ſun's bright courſe is made,
And to the ſouthward ſtrikes the leaning ſhade:
There ſlow Bootes, with his lazy wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they ſee,
No ſtar what-e'er from Neptune's waves is free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges in the ſea.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crouds of eaſtern pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His hoſt, (as crouds are ſuperſtitious ſtill)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's ſkill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common ſuit to Cato mov'd:
Chance, and the fortune of the way, he ſaid,
Have brought Jove's ſacred counſels to our aid:

This

This greateſt of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each redreſs ſhall be a ſure relief;
Shall point the diſtant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wiſe! and juſt!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their fore-determin'd will ſhall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance ſhall come
To impious Cæſar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at leaſt, thy country's doom.
Aſk if theſe arms our freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if laws and right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great breaſt with ſacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect rule to guide mankind.
Full of the god that dwelt within his breaſt,
The hero thus his ſecret mind expreſs'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
Become ev'n oracles themſelves to tell.
Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
What myſtic fate, what ſecret, would'ſt thou know?
Is it a doubt if death ſhould be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than ſee a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or would'ſt thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?

What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the ſenſe of pain?
Of if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The univerſal malice of mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt mind?
If ſtable virtue can her ground maintain,
Whilſt fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and juſtneſs with uprightneſs dwell,
And honeſty conſiſt in meaning well?
If right be independent of ſucceſs,
And conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my friend, the ſecrets thou would'ſt know,
Thoſe doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our prieſts are mute, and temples ſtill,
God never wants a voice to ſpeak his will.
When firſt we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our ſouls were fraught,
And then the maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our uſeful knowledge, then.
Canſt thou believe, the vaſt eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan ſands confin'd?
That he would chooſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſerts drown'd?

Is

Is there a place that God would chooſe to love
Beyond this earth, the ſeas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the nobleſt throne for Jove?
Why ſeek we farther then? behold around,
How all thou ſeeſt does with the god abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the croud at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch anſwers as the prieſt ſhould give.
Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning ſand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at eaſe:
The panting ſoldier at his toil ſucceeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of ſleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the fountain, laſt, his thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by chance ſome living ſtream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling draughts go round,
Stays till the laſt and meaneſt drudge be paſt,
And, till his ſlaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good men deſerve immortal fame,
If virtue, though diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;

Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his due.
Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honours brought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,
With death and desolation compass'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine war.
His country's father here, O Rome, behold,
Worthy thy temples, priests, and shrines of gold!
If e'er thou break'st thy lordly master's chain,
If liberty be e'er restor'd again,
Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy gods.
Now to those sunny regions were they past,
Which Jove to stop inquiring mortals plac'd,
And as the [illegible] southern limits cast.
Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,
And only one, amidst the sands, they found.
Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd:
The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard;
Dry dipsas on the fatal margin stood,
And Dipsas thirsted in the middle flood.
Back from the stream the frighted soldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languishing for drink she dies:
The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,
Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain,
My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain.

When

When urg'd to rage, their teeth the ſerpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix;
The peſt infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the maſs, and death is in the wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful draught eſſay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their thirſt,
Demanded, here alone, to drink the firſt.
Why plagues, like theſe, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various ſhapes appear;
Why, fruitful to deſtroy, the curſed land
Is temper'd thus, by nature's ſecret hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain enquirer's pains;
Unleſs a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.
Where weſtern waves on fartheſt Libya beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting ſun's deſcending heat,
Dreadful Meduſa fix'd her horrid ſeat.
No leafy ſhade, with kind protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſqualid, unfrequented fields;
No mark of ſhepherds, or the plowman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow ſoil:
But, rude with rocks, the region all around
Its miſtreſs, and her potent viſage, own'd.
'Twas from this monſter to afflict mankind,
That nature firſt produc'd the ſnaky kind:
On her, at firſt their forky tongues appear'd;
From her, their dreadful hiſſings firſt were heard.

Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waſte depended long;
Some with their riſing creſts her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtil around, and drops of livid foam.
None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
So ſwift their fate, preventing death and pain:
Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
And motion, ſenſe, and life, were loſt in ſtone.
The ſoul itſelf, from ſudden flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune ſhar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inſpire,
But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did ſoon aſſuage,
Lull'd him to reſt, and ſooth'd his triple rage;
Hydra's ſeven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he ſaw, and what he ſaw, ſubdued:
Of theſe in various terrors each excell'd;
But all to this ſuperior fury yield.
Phorcus and Cœto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the ſea,
This monſter's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her ſight her ſiſter Gorgons fled.
Old ocean's waters, and the liquid air,
The univerſal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works ſhe could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbneſs ſhed,
And over all a ſtony ſurface ſpread.
Birds in their flight were ſtopt, and ponderous grown,
Forgot their pinions, and fell ſenſeleſs down.

Beaſts

Beaſts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of ſtone and marble nations found.
No living eyes ſo fell a ſight could bear;
Her ſnakes themſelves, all deadly though they were,
Shot backward from her face, and ſhrunk away for fear.
By her, a rock Titanian, Atlas grew,
And heaven by her the giants did ſubdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half diſmay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aſide their fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monſter race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.
To ſeek this monſter, and her fate to prove,
The ſon of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above,
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd;
The god aſſiſted with his wings the ſword,
His ſword, which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And Iö from her cruel keeper freed:
Unwedded Pallas lent a ſiſter's aid;
But aſk'd, for recompence, Meduſa's head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his ſight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent ſhield,
And ſhews how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep ſlumbers had the drouſy fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem, her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her ſnakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid miſtreſs, wakes

The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her head,
And o'er her drouſy lids and face were ſpread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a ſtroke:
His faltering hand the virgin goddeſs guides,
And from the monſter's neck her ſnaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers, can expreſs
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poiſon from her lips ariſe!
What death, what vaſt deſtruction, threaten'd in her eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herſelf could bear.
The victor Perſeus ſtill had been ſubdued,
Though, wary ſtill, with eyes averſe he ſtood:
Had not his heavenly ſiſter's timely care
Veil'd the dread viſage with the hiſſing hair.
Seiz'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his courſe, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to ſteer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their ſight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wondrous flight?
Therefore, by gales of gentle Zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coaſt the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the ſultry line, expos'd it lies
To deadly planets, and malignant ſkies.
Still, with his fiery ſteeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burning way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade;
If through the summer signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield.
Where-e'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;
The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.
  First of those plagues the drousy Asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell,
None with so many deaths such plenteous venom swell;
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun;
But Nile no more confines them now: What bound
Can for insatiate avarice be found!
Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous Asps are things of price at Rome.
  Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhoïs unbends,
And her vast length along the sand extends;
Where-e'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flo

Amphibious ſome do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found.
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth diſtain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.
The ſpotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:
Not Theban marbles are ſo gayly dreſs'd,
Nor with ſuch party-colour'd beauties grac'd.
Safe in his earthly hue and duſky ſkin,
Th' Ammodites lurks in the ſands unſeen:
The Swimmer there the cryſtal ſtream pollutes;
And ſwift, through air, the flying Javelin ſhoots.
The Scytale, ere yet the ſpring returns,
There caſts her coat; and there the Dipſas burns;
The Amphisbæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas ſtands,
And, as he paſſes, furrows up the ſands.
The Preſter by his forming jaws is known;
The Seps invades the fleſh and firmer bone,
Diſſolves the maſs of man, and melts his fabric down.
The Baſiliſk, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by every ſerpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the deſert plains.
And you, ye dragons of the ſcaly race,
Whom glittering gold and ſhining armours grace,
In other nations harmleſs are you found,
This guardian Genii and protectors own'd;

In

In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some maſter of the herd, ſome mighty bull:
Around his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt,
By force compreſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.
Not elephants are by their larger ſize
Secure, but, with the reſt, become your prize.
Reſiſtleſs in your might, you all invade,
And for deſtruction need not poiſon's aid.
Thus, though a thouſand plagues around them ſpread,
A weary march the hardy ſoldiers tread,
Through thirſt, through toil and death, by Cato led.
Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate;
Wondering, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial wound
Extend a valiant Roman on the ground.
Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the ſtandard, on a Dipſas trode;
Backward the wrathful ſerpent bent her head,
And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
Scarce did ſome little mark of hurt remain,
And ſcarce he found ſome little ſenſe of pain;
Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret venom ſpreads,
And every nobler part at once invades;
Swift flames conſume the marrow and the brain,
And the ſcorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;

Upon

Upon his heart the thirſty poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred juice of life away.
No kindly floods of moiſture bathe his tongue,
But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
No trickling drops diſtil, no dewy ſweat,
To eaſe his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not ſupply
Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
The never-failing ſource of tears was dry.
Frantic he flies, and with a careleſs hand
Hurls the neglected eagle on the ſand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
For ſprings he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
For ſprings, in vain, explores the deſert round,
For cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
And quench the burning venom in his heart.
Plung'd in the Tanaïs, the Rhone, or Po,
Or Nile, whoſe wandering ſtreams o'er Ægypt flow,
Still would he rage, ſtill with the fever glow.
The ſcorching climate to his fate conſpires,
And Libya's ſun aſſiſts the Dipſas' fires.
Now every where for drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the Syrts and briny ſeas he flies;
The briny ſeas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice.
Nor yet he knows what ſecret plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the poiſon, but believ'd it thirſt.
Of thirſt, and thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
Raving for thirſt, he tears his ſwelling veins;
From every veſſel drains a crimſon flood,
And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.

This

This Cato ſaw, and ſtraight, without delay,
Commands the legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' enquiring ſoldier time to know
What deadly deeds a fatal thirſt could do.
But ſoon a fate more ſad, with new ſurprize,
From the firſt object turns their wondering eyes.
Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was ſtung;
Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung:
Sudden the ſoldier ſhook it from the wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive ſerpent race,
None have ſo much of death, though none are leſs.
For ſtraight, around the part, the ſkin withdrew,
The fleſh and ſhrinking ſinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading poiſons all the parts confound,
And the whole body ſinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muſcles boaſt,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are loſt;
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mixt in one putrid ſtream, together flow;
The firm Peritonæum, rent in twain,
No more the preſſing entrails could ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small relics of the mouldering maſs were left,
At once of ſubſtance, as of form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous puddle ſhrunk the man.
Then burſt the rigid nerves, the manly breaſt,
And all the texture of the heaving cheſt;

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs way the conquering venom made,
And ſecret nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred privacies all open lie
To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad ſhoulders did the peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the mind's imperial ſeat, the head.
So ſnows diſſolv'd by ſouthern breezes run,
So melts the wax before the noon-day ſun.
Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are known
To waſte the fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt remains were ſeen;
No marks to ſhew, that once the man had been.
Of all the plagues which curſe the Libyan land,
(If death and miſchief may a crown demand)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boaſt of their power to force the ſoul away,
Yet ſoul and body both become thy prey.
A fate of different kind Naſidius found,
A burning Preſter gave the deadly wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden flame began to ſpread,
And paint his viſage with a glowing red.
With ſwift expanſion ſwells the bloated skin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſhed maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human form lies loſt within.
The puffy poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monſter drown'd.
No more the ſteely plate his breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting poiſon way.
Not waters ſo, when fire the rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons riſe:

Nor

Nor ſwells the ſtretching canvas half ſo faſt,
When the ſails gather all the driving blaſt,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty maſt.
The various parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry beaſt;
With horror ſeiz'd, his ſad companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd carcaſe flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the monſter grew.
But fertile Libya ſtill new plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid monſters turns their eyes.
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoïs impreſt
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breaſt,
The noble youth: with virtue's love inſpir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to ſhare,
With him, each chance of that diſaſtrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's ſpectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious ſeat,
At once, by ſecret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures guſh from every antique head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the croud below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray:

His

His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.
  Lævus, a colder Aspic bit, and straight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.
  Not swifter death attends the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce.
Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.
  Fierce from afar a darting Javelin shot,
(For such, the serpents name has Afric taught)
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier slew.
No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
Stones for the sounding sling, compar'd, are slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
  A basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his shining blade:
The serpent's force by sad example taught,
With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.
  Who that the Scorpion's inlet form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?

Threaten

Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vaſt Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the ſky.
Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal threads of life commands,
And quickens oft the Stygian ſiſters' hands.
Purſued by dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs night, and thus the cheerleſs day;
Ev'n earth itſelf they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary head:
There no kind trees their leafy couches ſtrow,
The ſands no turf nor moſſy beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal ſoil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breaſt his ſnaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful gueſts, a ſhelter there.
Thence freſh ſupplies of poiſonous rage return,
And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.
Reſtore, thus ſadly oft the ſoldier ſaid,
Reſtore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
This grace, at leaſt, ye cruel gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hoſtile ſword.
The Dipſa's here in Cæſar's triumph ſhare,
And fell Ceraſtæ wage his civil war.
Or let us haſte away, preſs farther on,
Urge our bold paſſage to the burning zone,
And die by thoſe æthereal flames alone.

Afric, thy deſerts we accuſe no more,
Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
From man thou wiſely didſt theſe wilds divide,
And for thy monſters here alone provide;
A region waſte and void of all beſide.
Thy prudent care forbad the barren field,
The yellow harveſt's ripe increaſe to yield;
Man and his labours well thou didſt deny.
And bad'ſt him from the land of poiſons fly.
We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
We, this the ſerpent's world, did firſt invade;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed clime:
What god ſoe'er, that only lov'ſt to reign,
And doſt the commerce of mankind diſdain;
Who, to ſecure thy horrid empire's bound,
Haſt fixt the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
Here the wild waves, there the flames ſcorching breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle ſpace with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt ſeats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the limits of the world to know.
Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
New deaths, new monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to theſe far ſeas our journey bends,
Where to the waves the burning ſun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down heaven's azure ſteep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing deep.
Low ſinks the pole, declining from its height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid weight.

Nor

Nor farther lands from fame herſelf are known,
But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful place;
Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe ſerpents, and theſe ſands again.
One joy at leaſt do theſe ſad regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to live;
That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.
Nor aſk we now for Aſia's gentler day,
Nor now for European ſuns we pray;
Thee, Afric, now, thy abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
Say, in what part, what climate, art thou loſt?
Where have we left Cyrene's happy froſt?
Cold ſkies we felt, and froſty winter there,
While more than ſummer ſuns are raging here,
And break the laws of the well-order d year.
Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we paſs'd,
And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye gods, one pleaſure ere we die,
Add to our harder fate this only joy,
That Cæſar may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the ſoldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
But moſt the virtues of their matchleſs chief
Inſpire new ſtrength, to bear with every grief;
All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
On the bare ſands expos'd the hero lies;
In every place alike, in every hour,
Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.

Unweary'd ſtill, his common care attends
On every fate, and chears his dying friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad call he flies,
And more than health, or life itſelf, ſupplies;
With virtue's nobleſt precepts arms their ſouls,
And ev'n their ſorrows, like his own, controls.
Where-e'er he comes, no ſigns of grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting groan.
Still urging on his pious cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward evils to remove;
And, by his preſence, taught them to diſdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain.

But now, ſo many toils and dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at laſt.
Of all who ſcorching Afric's ſun endure,
None like the ſwarthy Pſyllians are ſecure.
Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
Them, nor the ſerpent's tooth, nor poiſon harms;
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
And taught with vital force the venom to repel.
With healing gifts and privileges grac'd,
Well in the land of ſerpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they have,
And border ſafely on his realm, the grave.
Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
That oft with aſps they prove their doubtful brood;
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;

If

If ſubject to the wrathful ſerpent's wound,
The mother's ſhame is by the danger found;
But if unhurt the fearleſs infant laugh;
The wife is honeſt, and the huſband ſafe.
So when Jove's bird, on ſome tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the neſt they lie,
Wary ſhe turns them to the eaſtern ſky;
Then if, unequal to the god of day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away:
But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender ſhe broods them with a parent's love,
The future ſervants of her maſter Jove.
Nor ſafe themſelves, alone, the Pſyllians are,
But to their gueſts extend their friendly care.
Firſt, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then, chanting, charm the ground
And chace the ſerpents with the myſtic ſound.
Beyond the fartheſt tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield;
There foreign Galbanum diſſolving fries,
And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort riſe;
There Tamariſk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy Syrian Coſtos burns.
There Centory ſupplies the wholeſome flame,
That from Theſſalian Chiron takes its name;
The gummy Larch-Tree, and the Thapſos there,
Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the air.

There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
With Southern-wood, their odours ſtrong impart
The monſters of the land, the ſerpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the hoſtile ſmell.
Securely thus they paſs the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
The Pſyllian artiſts ſtraight their ſkill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the Leach the power of charms to ſ
And bravely combats with the deadly foe:
With ſpittle firſt, he marks the part around,
And keeps the poiſon priſoner in the wound;
Then ſudden he begins the magic ſong,
And rolls the numbers haſty o'er his tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for breath,
To ſtop the progreſs of approaching death:
He fears the cure might ſuffer by delay,
And life be loſt but for a moment's ſtay.
Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
By magic numbers chac'd, the miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the potent charmer to obey;
With forceful lips he faſtens on the wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the venom to the ground.
Thus, by long uſe and oft experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poiſon paſ
And knows each various ſerpent, by the taſte.
The warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their pains,
Held on their paſſage through the deſert plains:
And now the ſilver empreſs of the night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd, her borrow'd light,

While Cato, wandering o'er the waſteful field,
Patient in all his labours, ſhe beheld.
At length condens'd in clods the ſands appear,
And ſhew a better ſoil and country near:
Now from afar thin tufts of trees ariſe,
And ſcattering cottages delight their eyes.
But when the ſoldier once beheld again
The raging lion ſhake his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his ſoul poſſeſt!
What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beaſt!
Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from ſtorms, and the ſun's parching ray,
At eaſe they paſs'd the wintery year away.

When ſated with the joys which ſlaughters yield,
Retiring Cæſar left Emathia's field;
His other cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the footſteps of his flying ſon.
Led by the guidance of reporting fame,
Firſt to the Thracian Helleſpont he came.
Here young Leander periſh'd in the flood,
And here the tower of mournful Hero ſtood:
Here, with a narrow ſtream, the flowing tide,
Europe, from wealthy Aſia, does divide.
From hence the curious victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring fought the fam'd Sigæan ſhore.
There might he tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,
Renown'd in ſacred verſe by bards of old.
There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,
Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:
There ſtood old Troy, a venerable name;
For ever conſecrate to deathleſs fame.

Now blaſted moſſy trunks with branches ſear,
Brambles and weeds, a loathſome foreſt rear;
Where once, in palaces of regal ſtate,
Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, ſat.
Where temples once, on lofty columns born,
Majeſtic did the wealthy town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
Here Cæſar did each ſtory'd place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
Heſione was bound the monſter's prey.
Here, in the covert of a ſecret grove,
The bleſt Anchiſes claſp'd the queen of love:
Here fair Oenone play'd, here ſtood the cave
Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;
Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was born,
Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.
Here all that does of Xanthus' ſtream remain,
Creeps a ſmall brook along the duſty plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The Phrygian guide forbids to preſs the graſs;
This place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred bones of Hector ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Diſjointed ſtones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt fate, he cries, did Priam prove;
Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.
O poeſy divine! O ſacred ſorg!
To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;
Thou, goddeſs! thou eternity canſt give,
And bid ſecure the mortal hero live.

Nor

Nor, Cæſar, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verſe;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muſe excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours ſhall reward,
And Lucan flouriſh, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers ſhall to lateſt times convey
The tyrant Cæſar, and Pharſalia's day.
When long the chief his wondering eyes had caſt,
On ancient monuments of ages paſt;
Of living turf an altar ſtraight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his vows, he pray'd.
Ye ſhades divine! who keep this ſacred place,
And thou, Æneas! author of my race,
Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domeſtic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd;
Pallas, who doſt thy ſacred priviledge confide
To Rome, and in her inmoſt temple hide;
Hear, and auſpicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greateſt of the Julian line:
Proſper my future ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient ſtate and honours to beſtow;
Auſonian hands ſhall Phrygian walls reſtore,
And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
He ſaid; and haſted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loſs of this delay.

The coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing day
Then ſafely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crouds o'erſpread he ſees t
And echoing hears the loud tumultuous r
Diſtruſtful of his fate, he gives command
To ſtand aloof, nor truſt the doubted land
When lo! a meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's kin
Hid in a veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale viſage in his hand he bore.
An impious orator the tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting words, the monſtr
mends.

Hail! firſt and greateſt of the Roman r
In power moſt mighty, moſt renown'd in
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king beſtows the prize thy arms have
For which Pharſalia's field, in vain, was

Thee, Cæſar, with this coſtly pledge we buy,
Thee to our friendſhip, with this victim, tie.
Ægypt's proud ſceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:
Accept the treaſures which this deed has ſpar'd;
Accept the benefit, without reward.
Deign, Cæſar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious ſword:
In the firſt rank of greatneſs ſhall he ſtand;
He, who could Pompey's deſtiny command.
Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd ſpoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with blood and toil;
But think, oh think, what ſacred ties were broke,
How friendſhip pleaded, and how nature ſpoke:
That Pompey, who reſtor'd Auletes' crown,
The father's ancient gueſt was murder'd by the ſon.
Then judge thyſelf, or aſk the world and fame,
If ſervices like theſe deſerve a name.
If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reaſon, Cæſar owes the more;
This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the benefit, and we the guilt.

He ſaid, and ſtraight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing victor held.
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæſar knew before.
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful ſight too ſoon.
Awhile his eyes the murderous ſcene endure,
Doubting they view; but ſhun it, when ſecure.

And ſeeks in tears the ſwelling joy to hide
Thus the curſt Pharian tyrant's hopes were
Thus all the merit of his gift was loſt;
Thus for the murder Cæſar's thanks were
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, through Pharſalia rod
And on the ſenate's mangled fathers trod
He who, without one pitying ſigh, beheld
The blood and ſlaughter of that woeful fie
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthl
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh myſtery of fortune, and of fate!
Oh ill-conſorted piety and hate!
And canſt thou, Cæſar, then thy tears afl
To the dire object of thy vengeful ſword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his hoſtile he
Purſue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle ties of kindred move
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad Julia'

Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder, due to Cæsar's hand alone.
What secret springs soe'er these currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didst thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Pursue him flying, only to defend?
Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
Well was he snatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
Forbad thy power to save, and spar'd the Roman shame.
Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the easy croud.
Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee more;
Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.
At Cæsar have you aim'd the deadly blow,
And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now;
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my sword had won,
That noblest prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live.
Then tell your king, his gift shall be repay'd;
I would have sent him Cleopatra's head;
But that he wishes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman sword?
Did I, for this, in heat of war, distain
With noblest blood Emathia's purple plain,
To licence Ptolemy's pernicious reign?
Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share?
And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?

In

In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful ſound
Has rouz'd the univerſe to arms around;
Vain was the ſhock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious ſhores I came,
'Twas to aſſert at once my power and fame;
Leſt the pale fury Envy ſhould have ſaid,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;
I know the welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's field preſerves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
What ruin, Gods! attended on my arms,
What dangers unforeſeen! what waiting harms!
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
See yet a fourth, ſee Ptolemy appear!
The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the moſt we can beſtow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine,
And pious cares, the warrior's head inſhrine:
Atone with penitence the injur'd ſhade,
And let his aſhes in their urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his ghoſt lamenting Cæſar know,
And feel my preſence here, ev'n in the realms below.
Oh, what a day of joy was loſt to Rome,
When hapleſs Pompey did to Ægypt come!
When, to a father and a friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the Pharian boy to truſt.
The wretched world that loſs of peace ſhall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendſhip might enſue:

But

But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain, for peace, and for repoſe, I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,
That, ſuppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their juſt reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories ſhar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all paſt and gone,
In pleaſure had the peaceful years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou ſhouldſt thy harder fate, and Rome my wars forget.
Faſt falling ſtill the tears, thus ſpoke the chief,
But found no partner in the ſpecious grief.
Oh! glorious liberty! when all ſhall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!
Each in his breaſt the riſing ſorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, though Cæſar wept.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar, upon his atrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his ſiſter Cleopatra; whom, at the inſtigation of Photinus, and his other evil counſellors, he had deprived of her ſhare in the kingdom, and impriſoned: ſhe finds means to eſcape, comes privately to Cæſar, and puts herſelf under his protection. Cæſar interpoſes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this feaſt Cæſar, who at his firſt arrival had viſited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever elſe was curious in that city, enquires of the chief prieſt Achoreus, and is by him informed of the courſe of the Nile, its ſtated increaſe and decreaſe, with the ſeveral cauſes that had been till that time aſſigned for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achillas, to draw the army to Alexandria, and ſurprize Cæſar; this he immediately performs, and beſieges the palace. But Cæſar, having ſet the city and many of the Ægyptian ſhips on fire, eſcapes to the iſland and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he ſtill kept in his power with him; there having diſcovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the ſame time Arſinoë, Ptolemy's younger ſiſter, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, aſſumed the regal authority, orders Achillas to be killed likewiſe, and renews the war againſt Cæſar. Upon

Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompaſſed by the enemy, and very near being ſlain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the ſea, and with his uſual courage and good fortune ſwims in ſafety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty ſhore,
Yet red with ſtains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his ſtill prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beſet.
The ſtrife was now, if this deteſted land
Should own imperial Rome's ſupreme command,
Or Cæſar bleed beneath ſome Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner ſhade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly ſword withſtood,
Nor ſuffer'd Nile, again, to bluſh with Roman blood.
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, ſlain ſo late,
Proud Cæſar enters Alexandria's gate:
Enſigns on high the long proceſſion lead;
The warrior and his armed train ſucceed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Faſces borne in ſtate along:
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And ſcornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon ſaw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his ſake.
Wiſely, howe'er, he did his ſecret fear,
And held his way, with well-diſſembled chear.
Careleſs, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power;

But neither god, nor ſhrine, nor myſtic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his ſoul delight:
Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
To ſearch the gloomy manſions of the dead:
Thither with ſecret pleaſure he deſcends,
And to the guide's recording tale attends.

There the vain youth who made the world his prize,
That proſperous robber, Alexander, lies.
When pitying death, at length, had freed mankind,
To ſacred reſt his bones were here conſign'd:
His bones, that better had been toſs'd and hurl'd,
With juſt contempt, around the injur'd world.
But Fortune ſpar'd the dead; and partial Fate,
For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
If e'er our long-loſt liberty return,
That carcaſe is reſerv'd for public ſcorn:
Now, it remains a monument confeſt,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the reſt.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vaſt ambitious ſpoiler ow'd his birth:
There, ſoon, he ſcorn'd his father's humbler reign,
And view'd his vanquiſh'd Athens with diſdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's reſiſtleſs force,
Through Aſia's realms he took his dreadful courſe:
His ruthleſs ſword laid Human Nature waſte,
And deſolation follow'd where he paſs'd.
Red Ganges bluſh'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undiſtinguiſhing, his wrath deſtroys:

Such

Such to mankind, portentous meteors riſe,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blaſt the ſkies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his reſtleſs rage withſtand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan ſand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And ſeeks the boundleſs empire of the ſea;
Ev'n to the utmoſt weſt he would have gone,
Where Tethys' lap receives the ſetting ſun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from ſecret Nile's remoteſt head,
When nature's hand his wild ambition ſtay'd.
With him, that power his pride had lov'd ſo well,
His monſtrous univerſal empire, fell:
No heir, no juſt ſucceſſor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends aſſign'd,
To tear the world, and ſcramble for mankind.
Yet ſtill he dy'd the maſter of his fame,
And Parthia to the laſt rever'd his name:
The haughty Eaſt from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than ſhe pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the ſouthern ſun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where-e'er ſoft Zephyrs fan the weſtern ſky;
Still to the haughty Parthian muſt we yield,
And mourn the loſs of Carræ's dreadful field:
Still ſhall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift thoſe heads aloft which Pella taught to bow.
From Caſium now the beardleſs monarch came,
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.

Th' unwarlike rabble ſoon the tumult ceaſe,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
When, veil'd in ſecrecy, and dark diſguiſe,
To mighty Cæſar, Cleopatra flies.
Won by perſuaſive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her priſon gates unbarr'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.
Oh, fatal form! thy native Ægypt ſhame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
How wert thou doom'd our furies to increaſe,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an hoſt, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Auguſtus' head;
When thy ſhrill timbrel's ſound was heard from far,
And Rome herſelf ſhook at the coming war;
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's ſtrand,
Suſpended long the world's ſupreme command,
And almoſt gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage ſwells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Glowing alike with greatneſs and delight,
She roſe ſtill bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapleſs, Antony, no more,
Loſt and undone by fatal beauty's power;
If Cæſar, long inur'd to rage and arms,
Submits his ſtubborn heart to thoſe ſoft charms;
If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thouſands ſlain,
He ſinks laſcivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghaſtly ſpectre haunts the place.

If Julia's chaſteſt name he can forget,
And raiſe her, brethren of a baſtard ſet;
If indolently he permits, from far,
Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
If he can give away the fruits of blood,
And fight to make a ſtrumpet's title good.
To him, diſdaining or to feign a tear,
Or ſpread her artfully diſhevel'd hair,
In comely ſorrow's decent garb array'd,
And truſting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like theſe began the Pharian maid.
If loyal birth and the Lagæan name,
Thy favouring pity, greateſt Cæſar, claim,
Redreſs my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her ſtate an injur'd queen reſtore.
Here ſhed thy juſter influence, and riſe
A ſtar auſpicious to Ægyptian ſkies.
Nor is it ſtrange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
No laws our ſofter ſex's powers reſtrain,
But undiſtinguiſh'd equally we reign.
Vouchſafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:
My juſt pretenſions ſtand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to ſhare.
Nor would the gentle boy his love refuſe,
Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to chooſe;
But now in vaſſalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and paſſions not his own.
Nor is my ſoul on empire fondly ſet,
But could with eaſe my royal rights forget,

So thou the throne from vile diſhonour ſave,
Reſtore the maſter, and depoſe the ſlave.
What ſcorn, what pride, his haughty boſom ſwell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell!
(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods, avert,
His ſword is level'd at thy noble heart)
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he ſhall dare,
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to ſhare.
In vain her words the warrior's ears aſſail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
From thence reſiſtleſs eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet perſuaſion gains her cauſe.
His ſtubborn heart diſſolves in looſe delight,
And grants her ſuit, for one laſcivious night.
Ægypt and Cæſar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feaſting to the war ſucceed:
The wanton queen diſplays her wealthy ſtore,
Exceſs unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich, as ſome fane by laviſh zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, ſtood the hall prepar'd:
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:
Of ſolid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd;
While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In maſſy columns, roſe a proud ſupport.
Of ſolid ebony each poſt was wrought,
From ſwarthy Meroë profuſely brought:
With ivory was the entrance cruſted o'er,
And poliſh'd tortoiſe hid each ſhining door;

While

While on the cloudy ſpots enchas'd was ſeen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches ſhone,
Beamy and bright with many a coſtly ſtone,
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drunk the nobleſt Tyrian dye:
Others, as Pharian artiſts have the ſkill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,
With winding trails of various ſilks were made,
Where branching gold ſet off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crouds, whole nations of attendants ſwarm:
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquiſh'd Rhine ſhew'd Cæſar none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging ſhades.
Here ſqueaking eunuchs, a diſmember'd train,
Lament the loſs of genial joys in vain:
There nature's nobleſt work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood ſtand.
All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The princes round the board recline in ſtate,
With mighty Cæſar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,
Richer than thoſe with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown ſhe ſcorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the miſchiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper roſes dyes;

Amidſt the braidings of her flowing hair,
The ſpoils of orient rocks and ſhells appear;
Like midnight ſtars, ten thouſand diamonds deck
The comely riſing of her graceful neck:
Of wondrous work, a thin tranſparent lawn
O'er each ſoft breaſt in decency was drawn;
Where ſtill by turns the parting threads withdrew,
And all the panting boſom roſe to view.
Her robe, her every part, her air, confeſs
The power of female ſkill exhauſted in her dreſs.
Fantaſtic madneſs of unthinking pride,
To boaſt that wealth, which prudence ſtrives to hide!
In Civil Wars ſuch treaſures to diſplay,
And tempt a ſoldier with the hopes of prey!
Had Cæſar not been Cæſar, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waſte the world for gold,
But juſt as all our frugal names of old;
This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plow,
As Cæſar, they had ſeiz'd the mighty ſpoil,
And to inrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of ſlaves, the various feaſt
In maſſy gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever earth, or air, or ſeas afford,
In vaſt profuſion crowns the labouring board.
For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
Nor ſpares thoſe very gods her zeal adores.
The Nile's ſweet wave capacious cryſtals pour,
And gems of price the grapes delicious ſtore;
No growth of Mareotis' marſhy fields,
But ſuch as Meroë maturer yields;

Where

Where the warm ſun the racy juice refines,
And mellows into age the infant wines.
With wreaths of Nard the gueſts their temples bind,
And blooming roſes of immortal kind;
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous ſpices breathe their ſtrong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the ſpacious room.
Here Cæſar Pompey's poverty diſdain'd,
And learn'd to waſte that world his arms had gain'd.
He ſaw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And wiſh'd ſome fair pretence to ſeize the prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious feaſt,
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæſar, curious of ſome new delight,
In converſation ſought to wear the night:
Then gently thus addreſt the good old prieſt,
Reclining decent in his linen veſt.
O wiſe Achoreus! venerable ſeer!
Whoſe age beſpeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say from what origin thy nation ſprung,
What boundaries to Ægypt's land belong?
What are thy people's cuſtoms, and their modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
Each ancient ſacred myſtery explain,
Which monumental ſculptures yet retain.
Divinity diſdains to be confin'd,
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
'Tis ſaid, thy holy predeceſſors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:

And ſure the ſages of your ſchools have known
No ſoul more form'd for ſcience than my own.
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian ſhore my journey drew;
Yet know, the love of learning led me too.
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The ſtars, the gods, and heavens, were ſtill my care.
Nor ſhall my ſkill to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.
Long has my curious ſoul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble ſearch of ſacred truth:
Yet ſtill no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remoteſt fountain to explore,
Then ſay what ſource the famous ſtream ſupplies,
And bids it at revolving periods riſe;
Shew me that head from whence, ſince time begun,
The long ſucceſſion of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils ſhall ceaſe,
The ſword be ſheath'd, and earth be bleſt with peace.

The warrior ſpoke; and thus the ſeer reply'd:
Nor ſhalt thou, mighty Cæſar, be deny'd.
Our ſires forbad all, but themſelves, to know,
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My ſoul, I own, more generouſly inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
Nor would I truth in myſteries reſtrain,
But make the gods, their power, and precepts, plain;
Would teach their miracles, would ſpread their praiſe,
And well-taught minds to juſt devotion raiſe.
Know then, to all thoſe ſtars, by nature driven
In oppoſition to revolving heaven,
Some one peculiar influence was given.

The ſun the ſeaſons of the year ſupplies,
And bids the evening and the morning riſe;
Commands the planets with ſuperior force,
And keeps each wandering light to his appointed courſe.
The ſilver moon o'er briny ſeas preſides,
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the ſtorm, and rattling hail;
Where Jove aſcends, the ſkies are ſtill ſerene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
While every limpid ſpring, and falling ſtream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
When in the Crab the humid ruler ſhines,
And to the ſultry Lion near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent ſource,
He ſtrikes the watery ſtores with ponderous force;
Nor can the flood bright Maia's ſon withſtand,
But heaves, like ocean at the moon's command;
His waves aſcend, obedient as the ſeas,
And reach their deſtin'd height by juſt degrees.
Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal ſcales the days and nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian ſnows believ'd:
From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
When the firſt ſwelling of the flood began.
But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
In icy bonds conſtrains the wintery year,
But ſultry ſouthern winds eternal reign,
And ſcorching ſuns the ſwarthy natives ſtain.

Yet more, whatever flood the froſt congeals,
Melts as the genial ſpring's return he feels;
While Nile's redundant waters never riſe,
Till the hot Dog inflames the ſummer ſkies;
Nor to his banks his ſhrinking ſtream confines,
Till high in heaven th' autumnal balance ſhines.
Unlike his watery brethren he preſides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
From dropping ſeaſons no increaſe he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy ſhowers of melting ſnows.
His river ſwells not idly, ere the land
The timely office of his waves demand;
But knows his lot, by Providence aſſign'd,
To cool the ſeaſon, and refreſh mankind.
Whene'er the Lion ſheds his fires around,
And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering ſoil.
Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the ſkies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroä projects her lengthening ſhades.
Nor let inquiring ſcepticks aſk the cauſe,
'Tis Jove's command, and theſe are Nature's laws.
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By weſtern winds the ſpreading deluge brought;
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they laſt,
Poſſeſs the ſkies, and drive a conſtant blaſt;
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
And ſhed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
To heave the flood, and ſwell th' abounding ſpring.

Or

Or when the airy brethren's ſtedfaſt force
Reſiſts the ruſhing current's downward courſe,
Backward he rolls indignant, to his head:
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are ſpread.
Some have believ'd, that ſpacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through theſe, by turns, revolving rivers paſs,
And ſecretly pervade the mighty maſs;
Through theſe the ſun, when from the north he flies,
And cuts the glowing Æthiopic ſkies,
From diſtant ſtreams attracts their liquid ſtores,
And through Nile's ſpring th' aſſembled waters pours:
Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, diſembogues the load,
And ſpews the foamy deluge all abroad.
Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their ſaltneſs they no longer keep,
By ſlow degrees ſtill freſhening as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all,
And pours them looſely ſpreading, as they fall.
The ſtars, and ſun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery ſign purſues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the ſea;
The refuſe of his draughts the nights return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.
Were I the dictates of my ſoul to tell,
And ſpeak the reaſons of the watery ſwell,
To Providence the taſk I ſhould aſſign,
And find the cauſe in workmanſhip divine.

Leſs

Leſs ſtreams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent Earth which brought them forth:
While this, as early as the world begun,
Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
And ſtill, unfathom'd by our ſearch, ſhall own
No cauſe, but Jove's commanding will alone.
Nor, Cæſar, is thy ſearch of knowledge ſtrange;
Well may thy boundleſs ſoul deſire to range,
Well may ſhe ſtrive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have ſought the ſame before;
Each for the firſt diſcoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the ſecret down;
But ſtill their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitleſs pain.
Philip's great ſon, whom Memphis ſtill records,
The chief of her illuſtrious ſcepter'd lords,
Sent, of his own, a choſen number forth,
To trace the wondrous ſtream's myſterious birth.
Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot ſun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god s reſiſtleſs beams repell'd,
An unbeginning ſtream they ſtill beheld.
Fierce came Seſoſtris from the eaſtern dawn,
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawleſs will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But ſooner much the tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd Heſperian Po, or Gallic Rhone.
Cambyſes too, his daring Perſians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;

Till

Till ſore diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of food,
He ſtain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his hoſt the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden head, thou ſacred ſtream,
Nor fiction dares to ſpeak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many ſeen, though ſtill by all unknown;
No land preſumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble tale no more ſhall tell,
Than what our juſt records demonſtrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus myſterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.
Far in the ſouth the daring waters riſe,
As in diſdain of Cancer's burning ſkies;
Thence, with a downward courſe, they ſeek the main,
Direct againſt the lazy northern wain;
Unleſs when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Libyan or Arabian ſide.
The diſtant Seres firſt behold the flow;
Nor yet thy ſpring the diſtant Seres know.
'Midſt footy Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The footy Ethiops wonder whence it comes:
Nature conceals thy infant ſtream with care,
Nor lets thee, but in majeſty, appear.
Upon thy banks aſtoniſh'd nations ſtand,
Nor dare aſſign thy riſe, to one peculiar land.
Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various ſeaſons from the ſun:
Though high in heaven the fiery ſolſtice ſtand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.

From

From pole to pole thy boundleſs waves extend;
One never knows thy riſe, nor one thy end.
By Meroë thy ſtream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
Of ſable hue the coſtly timbers ſtand,
Dark as the ſwarthy natives of the land:
Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance ſpread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly ſhade;
So vertically ſhine the ſolar rays,
And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.
From thence, through deſerts dry, thou journey'ſt on,
Nor ſhrink'ſt, diminiſh'd by the Torrid Zone,
Strong in thyſelf, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy ſtreams are parcel'd o'er the plain,
Anon the ſcatter'd currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's ſide;
Thence, with a peaceful, ſoft deſcent, they creep,
And ſeek, inſenſibly, the diſtant deep;
Till through ſeven mouths the famous flood is loſt,
On the laſt limits of our Pharian coaſt;
Where Gaza's iſthmus riſes, to reſtrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With ſcarce a wrinkle on thy glaſſy brow,
Can gueſs thy rage, when rocks reſiſt thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward courſe;
When ſpouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation riſe,
And daſh their foamy fury to the ſkies?

Theſe wonders reedy Abatos can tell,
And the tall cliffs that firſt declare thy ſwell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy ſpring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious river's ſides;
As in a vale thy current ſhe reſtrains,
Nor ſuffers thee to ſpread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis, firſt, free liberty ſhe yields,
And lets thee looſe to float the thirſty fields.
In unſuſpected peace ſecurely laid,
Thus waſte they ſilent night's declining ſhade.
Meanwhile accuſtom'd Furies ſtill infeſt,
With uſual rage, Pothinus' horrid breaſt;
Nor can the ruffian's hand from ſlaughter reſt.
Well may the wretch, diſtain'd with Pompey's blood,
Think every other dreadful action good.
Within him ſtill the ſnaky ſiſters dwell,
And urge his ſoul with all the powers of hell.
Can fortune to ſuch hands ſuch miſchief doom,
And let a ſlave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to ſtand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, gods! that Cæſar's hallow'd blood,
To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a leſs occaſion e'er be ſpilt,
And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpoſe with a daring brow;
Scorns the mean aids of falſehood and ſurprize,
And openly the victor chief defies.

Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to ſucceed,
He truſts that Cæſar muſt, like Pompey, bleed.
The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked ſympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the firſt and fitteſt of his friends,
Thus, by a truſty ſlave, Pothinus ſends:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe the great Achillas lies,
And ſleep ſits heavy on his ſlothful eyes,
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the diſhoneſt price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Uſurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Doſt thou alone withdraw thee from her ſtate,
Nor on the bridals of thy miſtreſs wait?
To-night at large ſhe laviſhes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæſar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuſe of the Roman's bed;
Doubly a bride, then doubly ſhall ſhe reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her chai
Nor truſt thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers empl
Mark with what eaſe her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæſar, ruthleſs, hard, and old?
Were the ſoft king his thoughtleſs head to reſt,
But for a night, on her inceſtuous breaſt;
His crown and friends he 'd barter for the bliſs,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiſs;

On croſſes, or in flames, we ſhould deplore
Her beauty's terrible reſiſtleſs power.
On both, her ſentence is already paſs'd,
She dooms us dead, becauſe we kept her chaſte.
What potent hand ſhall then aſſiſtance bring?
Cæſar 's her lover, and her huſband king.
Haſte, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have ſpilt,
Haſte, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace the hoſtile charmer hold,
Find, and tranfix her in the luſcious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian Lord
Abaſh thy courage, or reſtrain thy ſword;
In the ſame glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we ſeek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to riſe.
Witneſs the ſtains of yonder bluſhing wave,
Yon bloody ſhore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wiſh to paſs?
This Cæſar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boaſt nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with ſome purple monarch claim?
Conſcious of Fate's decree, ſuch aid we ſcorn,
And know we were for mighty miſchief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all paſt offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome ſhall the deed approve,
And this laſt merit the firſt crime remove.

Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Cæſar 's a ſingle ſoldier and no more.
Think then how eaſily the taſk were done,
How ſoon we may an injur'd world atone;
Finiſh all wars, appeaſe each Roman ſhade,
By ſacrificing one devoted head.
Fearleſs, ye dread united legions, go;
Ruſh, all undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achillas! may the praiſe be thine;
Haſte thou, and find him on his bed ſupine,
Weary with toiling luſt, and gorg'd with wine.
Then ſtrike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods ſhall give to thy more favour'd hand.
Nor fail'd the meſſage, fitted to perſuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
No noiſy trumpets ſound the loud alarm,
But ſilently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And buſtle through the night with buſy care.
The mingled bands who form'd this mongrel hoſt,
To the diſgrace of Rome, were Romans moſt;
A herd, who had they not been loſt to ſhame,
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had bluſh'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head;
Yet now were by his meaner vaſſal led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou ſlave of gold!
How is thy faithleſs courage bought and ſold!

For

For baſe reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away.
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domeſtic wars;
The fury, that from pale Theſſalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
Had ſhe receiv'd the haughty victor's ſon?
But thus the gods our ſinking ſtate confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around;
In every land fit inſtruments employ,
And ſuffer ruthleſs ſlaughter to deſtroy.
Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides preſume
To meddle in the ſacred cauſe of Rome;
Thus, had not Fate thoſe hands of murder ty'd,
Succeſs had crown'd the vile Achillas' ſide.
Nor wanted fit occaſion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place ſucceed,
While in ſecurity the careleſs gueſt,
Lingering as yet, his couch ſupinely preſt:
No gates, no guards, forbad their open way,
But all diſſolv'd in ſleep and ſurfeits lay;
With eaſe the victor at the board had bled,
And loſt in riot his defenceleſs head;
But pious caution now their rage withſtands,
And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorſe, unknown before,
They dread to ſpill their royal maſter's gore;
Left, in the tumult of the murderous night,
Some erring miſchief on his youth may light.

Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to ſucceed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that ſuch wretches ſhould ſo proudly dare!
Can ſuch a life be theirs to take, or ſpare?
Till dawn of day the warrior ſtood repriev'd,
And Cæſar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aſpiring Caſium's eaſtern head
The roſy light by Lucifer was led;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were borne,
And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn:
When from proud Alexandria's walls, afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions ſhine in juſt array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conſcious, mean while, of his unequal force,
Straight to the palace Cæſar bends his courſe:
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit ſtretching far too wide:
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his boſom tears;
He fears, but ſtill with indignation fears.
His daring ſoul, reſtrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge ſcorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if ſome power could Mulciber inſlave,
And bind him down in Ætna's ſmoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' impriſon'd god would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below.

He

He who ſo lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd,
With juſtice and the ſenate on his ſide;
Who, with a cauſe which gods and men muſt hate,
Stood up, and ſtruggled for ſucceſs with fate;
Now abject foes and ſlaves inſulting fears,
And ſhrinks beneath a ſhower of Pharian ſpears.
The warrior who diſdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades, or the eaſtern Inde,
Now in a narrow houſe conceals that head,
From which the fierceſt Scythians once had fled,
And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.
From room to room irreſolute he flies,
And on ſome guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpleſs maids, when towns are won,
To ſecret corners for protection run.
Still by his ſide the beardleſs king he bears,
Ordain'd to ſhare in every ill he fears:
If he muſt die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the ſhades below;
Reſolves his head a victim firſt ſhall fall,
Hurl'd at his ſlaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æëtes fierce Medea fled,
Her ſword ſtill aim'd at young Abſyrtos' head;
Whene'er ſhe ſees her vengeful ſire draw nigh,
Ruthleſs ſhe dooms the wretched boy ſhould die.
Yet ere theſe cruel laſt extremes he proves,
By gentler ſteps of peace the Roman moves:
He ſends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war diſclaim.

But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor univerſal laws, by all rever'd;
No right of ſacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the meſſenger of peace purſue,
And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.
Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians claim,
Such prodigies exalt their nation's name.
Nor purple Theſſaly's deſtructive ſhore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a ſoft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.
Inceſſant ſtill the roar of war prevails,
While the wild hoſt the royal pile aſſails.
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with ſpreading miſchief fling:
Bellowing around they run with fruitleſs pain,
Heave at the doors, and thruſt and ſtrive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæſar's fortune ſtands,
And mocks the madneſs of their feeble hands.
On one proud ſide the lofty fabric ſtood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw near,
But find the ſame defending Cæſar there:
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight ſupplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor ſeems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Againſt the ſhips Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid ſulphur flames.

The

The ſpreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous ſides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top-maſt rides:
Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning veſſel hiſſes in the ſeas;
While floating arms and men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Hide the whole ſurface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells deſtruction on their fleet alone,
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring town:
On rapid wings the ſheety flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
Not much unlike, the ſhooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight ſky.
Soon as the croud behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the ſiege they turn.
But Cæſar, prone to vigilance and haſte,
To ſnatch the juſt occaſion ere it paſs'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving ſhade,
A ſafe retreat to Pharos timely made.
In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An iſle it ſtood, incompaſs'd by the main:
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide ſeas the ſafer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:
In cloſe reſtraint the captive town is held,
While free behind he views the watery field.
There ſafe, with curs'd Pothinus in his power,
Cæſar defers the villain's doom no more.
Yet, ah! by means too gentle he expires;
No gaſhing knives he feels, no ſcorching fires;

Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid croſs are borne:
Beneath the ſword the wretch reſigns his breath,
And dies too glorioufly by Pompey's death.
Mean-while, by wily Ganymede convey'd,
Arſinoë, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
Aſſumes the ſceptre of ſupreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herſelf the ſole Lagæan heir.
Then, ſince he dares diſpute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achillas to be ſlain.
With juſt remorſe, repenting fortune paid
This ſecond victim to her Pompey's ſhade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hecatombs of tyrants ſhall ſuffice,
Till Brutus ſtrikes, and haughty Cæſar dies.
Nor yet the rage of war was huſh'd in peace;
Nor would that ſtorm, with him who rais'd it, ceaſe.
A ſecond eunuch to the taſk ſucceeds,
And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
He chears the drooping Pharians with ſucceſs,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new diſtreſs.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to lateſt times record,
And conſecrate to fame the warrior's ſword.
While to their barks his faithful band deſcends,
Cæſar the mole's contracted ſpace defends.
Part from the crouded key aboard were paſs'd,
The careful chief remain'd among the laſt;

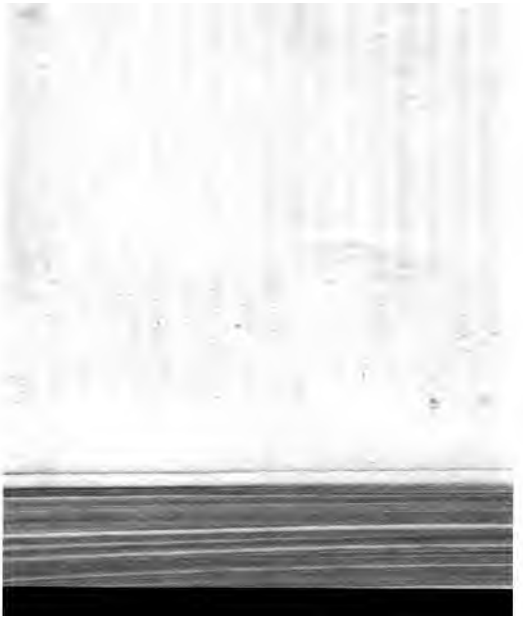
When

When ſudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
By land the numerous foot, by ſea the fleet,
At once ſurround him, and prevent retreat.
No means for ſafety or eſcape remain,
To fight, or fly, were equally in vain:
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obſcurely ends.
No ſeas of gore, no mountains of the ſlain,
Renown the fight on ſome diſtinguiſh'd plain:
But meanly in a tumult muſt he die,
And, over-borne by crouds, inglorious lie:
No room was left to fall as Cæſar ſhould,
So little were the hopes, his foes and fate allow'd.
At once the place and danger he ſurveys,
The riſing mound, and the near neighbouring ſeas:
Some fainting ſtruggling doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his navy ſtill regain?
Or ſhall he die, and end th' uncertain pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva to his thought returns;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted ſtood,
And ſingly made the dreadful battle good;
Whoſe arm advancing Pompey's hoſt repell'd,
And, coop'd within a wall, the captive leader held.
Strong in his ſoul the glorious image roſe,
And taught him, ſudden, to diſdain his foes;
The force oppos'd in equal ſcales to weigh,
Himſelf was Cæſar, and Ægyptians they;
To truſt that fortune, and thoſe gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring hopes before.

Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he ſhook,
And through the throng his courſe reſiſtleſs took:
Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly,
While mingling ſcreams and groans aſcend the ſky.
So winds, impriſon'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy ſea.
Juſt on the margin of the mound he ſtay'd,
And for a moment, thence, the flood ſurvey'd:
Fortune divine! be preſent now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the land;
Her ſervile waves officious Tethys ſpread,
To raiſe with proud ſupport his awful head.
And, for he ſcorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themſelves in aught of Cæſar's ſpoil,
In his left hand, above the water's power,
Papers and ſcrolls of high import he bore;
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthleſs ſword:
Safe in his right, the deadly ſteel he held,
And plow'd, with many a ſtroke, the liquid field;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciouſly retain
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train;
Th' incumber'd folds the curling ſurface ſweep,
Come flow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thouſand hands a thouſand javelins throw;
The thrilling points dip bloodleſs in the waves,
While he their idle wrath ſecurely braves.

So

So when ſome mighty ſerpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
Whether he range voracious for the prey,
Or to the ſunny ſhore directs his way,
Him if by chance the fiſhers view from far,
With flying darts they wage a diſtant war:
But the fell monſter, unappall'd with dread,
Above the ſeas exerts his poiſonous head;
He rears his livid creſt and kindling eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
His ſwelling breaſt a foamy path divides,
And, careleſs, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
Some looſer Muſe, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of love,
Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
Imploring, ſad, th' almighty father's grace,
For the dear offspring of her Julian race.
While to the juſt recording Romans eyes,
Far other forms, and other gods ariſe;
The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemeſis the ſhield of ſafety ſpreads;
Juſtice and fate the floating chief convey,
And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withſtand,
And ſave him for avenging Brutus' hand.
His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
With joy receive him from the ſwelling ſea;
In peals on peals their ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Roll o'er the diſtant flood, and thunder to the ſkies.



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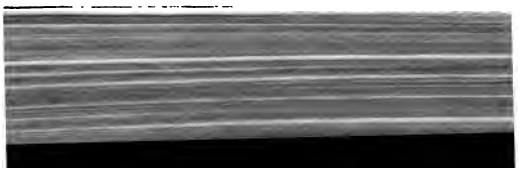
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